MY DAY AND GENERATION

Frank E. Carr.

973.08
C23

PRESENTED BY
James B. Ford

DEACCESSIONED
THE EXPLORERS CLUB
DEACCESSIONED

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/mydaygeneration0000clar

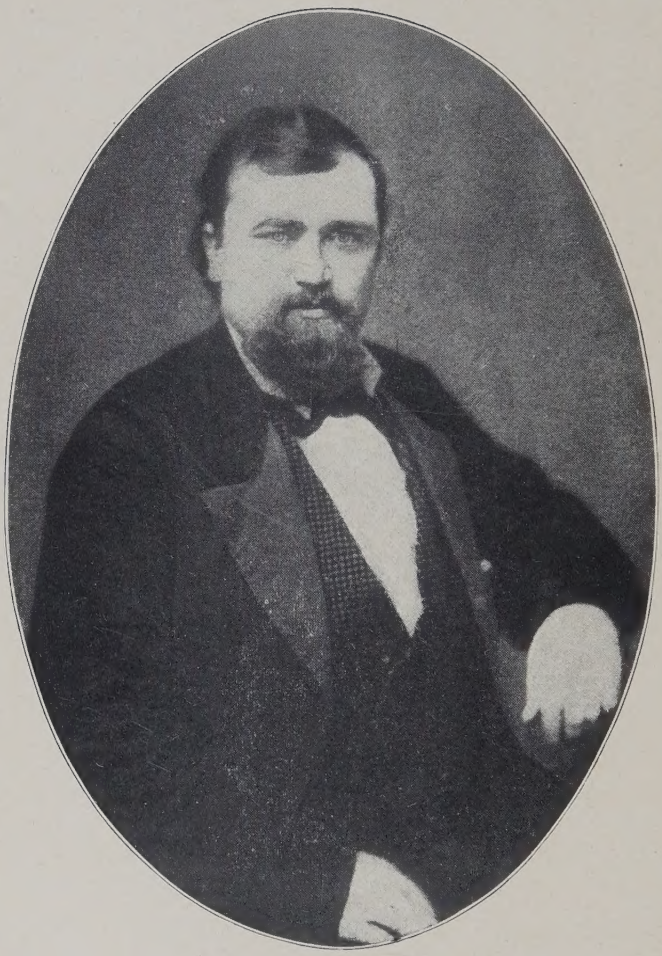
MY DAY AND GENERATION

By CLARK E. CARR

THE ILLINI: A Story of the Prairies. With many portraits. *Seventh edition.* 8vo, $2.00 *net.*

LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG. With portraits. *Third edition.* 16mo, $1.00 *net.*

A. C. McClurg & Co., Publishers
CHICAGO



Very Sincerely Yours
Andrew E. Carr

FROM PORTRAIT TAKEN IN 1869

MY DAY
AND
GENERATION

BY

CLARK E. CARR
AUTHOR OF "THE ILLINI: A STORY OF THE PRAIRIES," "LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG," ETC.

WITH SIXTY-THREE ILLUSTRATIONS

CHICAGO
A. C. McCLURG & CO.
1908

Copyright
CLARK E. CARR
1908

Published April 4, 1908

The Lakeside Press
R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS COMPANY
CHICAGO

FOREWORD

THE author of this work has been many times urged to put into permanent and enduring form accounts of some of his own life experiences and of the characteristics of certain of those with whom he has been associated, or whom he has had an opportunity of knowing, and also of events and incidents in which he has had a part.

Moved by solicitations of this character, I began to write chronicles of what had come under my observation, and as these have multiplied I have finally decided to take the general public as well as personal friends into my confidence, and therefore present to my readers the articles in this volume.

I have sought to relate incidents that are not generally known, or not generally known as I knew them. While making no claim to infallibility, I am confident in laying my book before the public that its statements and conclusions, and estimates of men, are in the main correct.

CLARK E. CARR.

GALESBURG, ILL.,
March 10, 1908.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
I.	A Journey to California in 1869 with Governor Yates	13
II.	Lincoln	105
III.	Louise, Queen of Denmark	111
IV.	Why Lincoln was not Renominated by Acclamation	131
V.	King Christian IX of Denmark	145
VI.	His Highness, Prince Hans of Glucksborg	161
VII.	General Sherman	167
VIII.	Millard Fillmore	179
IX.	An Icelandic Saga	183
X.	Benjamin F. Butler	209
XI.	Martin Van Buren	217
XII.	Henry Ward Beecher	227
XIII.	A Story of Roscoe Conkling	235
XIV.	Senator Cullom and King Christian IX	239
XV.	Lincoln and Lovejoy	249
XVI.	Edward D. Baker	255
XVII.	Lincoln, Lovejoy, Joe Knox, and Bissell	271
XVIII.	Oliver P. Morton	283
XIX.	The Crisis of 1876	291
XX.	When I Heard Colonel Ingersoll Pray	307
XXI.	Benjamin F. Wade	313
XXII.	How Illinois was not turned over to Greeley in 1872	321
XXIII.	Ingersoll as a Democrat	329

5380

CONTENTS — *Continued*

XXIV.	"The Battle Cry of Freedom"	339
XXV.	The Home-Coming of John Ericsson	349
XXVI.	George B. Armstrong, George S. Bangs, James E. White, and the Railway Mail Service	365
XXVII.	James J. Hill	413
XXVIII.	Our Corn Kitchen at the Paris Exposition of 1900	421
Index		439

ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

Portrait of Clark E. Carr in 1869 . . . *Frontispiece*
Salt Lake City in the Late Sixties 22
Portrait of Brigham Young 30
Portrait of William P. Kellogg ("Pitt" Kellogg) . 36
Sacramento at the Period of the Building of the Central Pacific Railway 40
Portrait of Carl Schurz 44
Portrait of William C. Ralston 48
Portrait of David D. Colton 52
Portrait of Richard Yates, War Governor of Illinois 58
Portrait of Henry Yates 64
A Concord Coach 68
San Francisco in 1869 82
A Scene in the Yosemite Valley 94
Portrait of Abraham Lincoln 108
Portrait of Louise, Queen of Denmark . . . 114
Castle of Kronborg, Denmark 118
Portrait of Admiral Winfield Scott Schley . . 122
Queen Louise of Denmark and Her Daughters at Home 128
Portrait of John C. Frémont 134
Portrait of Joseph Medill 138
Portrait of John G. Nicolay 142
Portrait of King Christian IX of Denmark . . 148
Portrait of King Frederick of Denmark . . . 152
Rosenborg Castle, Denmark 156
The Danish Royal Family 158
Portrait of His Highness, Prince Hans of Glucksborg 164
Portrait of William T. Sherman 172
Portrait of Millard Fillmore 182
United States Legation at Copenhagen . . . 188
Facsimile Reproduction of Two Pages from the Flatey Book 194
Portrait of Benjamin F. Butler 212

PORTRAIT OF MARTIN VAN BUREN 220
PORTRAIT OF ANDREW JACKSON 224
PORTRAIT OF HENRY WARD BEECHER 230
PORTRAIT OF ROSCOE CONKLING 237
PORTRAIT OF SHELBY M. CULLOM 242
FREDENSBORG CASTLE, DENMARK 246
PORTRAIT OF OWEN LOVEJOY 252
PORTRAIT OF EDWARD D. BAKER 262
PORTRAIT OF JOHN C. BRECKENRIDGE 268
PORTRAIT OF JOSEPH KNOX ("OLD JOE" KNOX) . . 273
PORTRAIT OF JEFFERSON DAVIS 276
PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM H. BISSELL 280
PORTRAIT OF OLIVER P. MORTON 286
PORTRAIT OF JOSEPH P. BRADLEY 296
PORTRAIT OF RUTHERFORD B. HAYES 300
PORTRAIT OF ROBERT G. INGERSOLL 310
PORTRAIT OF BENJAMIN F. WADE 315
PORTRAIT OF ROGER B. TANEY 318
PORTRAIT OF HORACE GREELEY 323
PORTRAIT OF ULYSSES S. GRANT 326
PORTRAIT OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS 334
PORTRAIT OF GEORGE F. ROOT 342
PORTRAIT OF JULES G. LUMBARD 346
PORTRAIT OF JOHN ERICSSON 352
PORTRAIT OF GEOGRE B. ARMSTRONG. 374
BRONZE TABLET ON SHAFT OVER THE GRAVE OF GEORGE B. ARMSTRONG 382
PORTRAIT OF GEORGE S. BANGS 388
THE FAST MAIL 398
PORTRAIT OF JAMES E. WHITE 402
PORTRAIT OF ALEXANDER GRANT 410
THE AMERICAN CORN KITCHEN, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1900 . 424
PORTRAIT OF HORACE PORTER 432

I

A JOURNEY TO CALIFORNIA IN 1869

My Day and Generation

I

A JOURNEY TO CALIFORNIA IN 1869 WITH GOVERNOR YATES

IN the Summer of 1869 I accompanied the Hon. Richard Yates to California. While not the first, ours was one of the first parties to make the journey over the lines of railway that had just been completed across the continent. The building of this great highway had been contemplated for a long time before it was begun, and had been several years in building. Now that it was finished and in operation, everybody was desirous of making the journey.

It had not seemed within the possibilities that I could do so, but I found myself at Omaha early in August, in the company of the great war Governor, who also had with him his son, Henry, a boy of about sixteen, and the Hon. W. P. Kellogg, an old Illinois friend with whom I had been acquainted almost since boyhood. They had decided to make what

was then the great journey to San Francisco and asked me to go with them. I replied that I should be glad to go, but that it was impossible for me to make so great an outlay of money as would be necessary.

We had been out together about Omaha during the forenoon of the day after our arrival there, and I expected to go out with them again in the afternoon, but when the time came, they told me that they had some private affairs to arrange and must leave me with Henry. On their return, to my great astonishment, they presented me with free passes, issued at their request by the railway officials, all the way to San Francisco and return, saying, "Now you have to go." I decided to go, on the spot, and sent home for spending money,— although that was really more than I could afford, too frequently the case with those who are provided with free transportation.

Richard Yates, who had won imperishable renown as war Governor of Illinois, was then a United States senator. He was in middle life, and when at his best, few equalled him in the qualities that go to make up the statesman and the orator. He was esteemed and loved as was no other living Illinoisan. Had he maintained the equilibrium and self-poise with which he entered upon his public

career, there is no estimating the possibilities of attainment which he might have reached.

The Hon. W. P. Kellogg was also a United States senator, representing Louisiana in our highest legislative body. He had been reared in Illinois, drifted into Louisiana in the days of reconstruction, and was known as and called a "carpet-bagger." He had also been Governor of Louisiana. But he was one of the "carpet-baggers" who had the respect and confidence and esteem of the people of the community and the State in which he was reared, which he in his advancing years still retains. We three, with Henry, Governor Yates's son, made up the party.

There was little to see traversing the great plains, on the journey from Omaha to Cheyenne, and we were constantly but imperceptibly rising to higher altitudes. We saw almost no improvements in Nebraska after we had gone a few miles from Omaha. Numbers of Indians showed themselves at the stations, and we heard of their depredations, and massacres of white settlers. Buffalo had not entirely disappeared, and herds were pointed out, but so far away as to be dim and shadowy. Prairie dog villages often appeared, with owls and rattlesnakes to guard the entrances to the abodes of the little rodents as they scampered about in play or in search

of food. There were occasionally great herds of cattle, which, with the cowboys to round them up, were quite picturesque.

Fort McPherson, at that time commanded by General E. A. Carr, was pointed out to us in the distance and we stopped for some time at North Platte on the Platte River, which we were ascending, then quite an important cattle centre.

From Cheyenne we began ascending the outlying Rockies, called the Black Hills, and finally reached Sherman, then said to be the highest railway station in the world.

RIDE ON A "COWCATCHER"

At Sherman we were told that the descent of the mountain would be made very slowly, "as slow as a man could walk," and it occurred to a young gentleman from Pittsburg, whom I have never since seen — I was not old myself then,— that it would be a fine thing for us to ride down on the "cow-catcher" of the locomotive. Being assured that we should move slowly and that it would be perfectly safe, we climbed on. Fortunately, as it proved, an iron bar or stanchion came down on either side of the engine to the platform on which we sat, which each of us took hold of on his side.

At the same time Senator Yates and his son and

Senator Kellogg had, at the invitation of the engineer, ensconced themselves in the cab.

Never have I enjoyed any other ride as I did the beginning of that, down those steep and rugged mountains. The engineer was keeping his train well in hand. We were moving so slowly that we felt no uneasiness. It was a perfect day. At the front there was no dust, no noise, and we were perfectly comfortable. On either side mountains, I don't know how many thousands of feet high, rose. Sometimes we made our way around a huge rock upon what seemed to be a shelf cut into its side for the train to run upon, with a gorge, deep as the mountain was high, yawning below. Miles away in the distance we occasionally had glimpses of the beautiful plains to which we were descending. So beautiful and sublime was everything that there arose in our bosoms — we could not help it — a feeling of sympathy for our less favored friends who were riding behind us in the Pullman palace cars.

But my exultation and exaltation did not last all the way down the mountain. Suddenly — it was afterwards said that it was when we had got down the mountain and were descending the foothills — suddenly we noticed that our speed was increasing. I could hardly believe it possible at first, but surely we were gradually making faster time. While not

so precipitous as at first, the grade was still steep, and our speed was constantly augmenting. Faster and faster we went until we were making more than a mile a minute. I can give no adequate idea of how appalling it was. We dashed along straight toward a yawning chasm. It seemed that we and the thirteen passenger coaches behind us must be precipitated over its brink. At the critical moment, the mighty locomotive would give a lurch and with a great straining and groaning, almost a shriek, around a point of rocks we swung and away along a "bench" we sped, a sheer wall on one side and the awful chasm on the other. Sometimes we were about to dash straight into the wall, when, just in time to avoid the crash, we whirled and scurried through a gorge and into a tunnel, out of which we instantly emerged, to repeat again and again the same frightful experiences in our mad flight.

Worst of all was the vision of the ties of the railway bending and twisting as with a mighty and irresistible power they were drawn under us. I had my left arm around the stanchion of which I have spoken. I had to put forth all my strength and effort, as I looked at those speeding railroad ties curling under us, to keep from being drawn with them out of my seat and beneath the wheels. The twist of them under the engine was so fascina-

ting that I could hardly take my eyes away. By a supreme effort I raised my eyes to the mountains and held them there, and thus diverted from my gaze at the track, I regained my composure to a considerable degree. Curiously, as we flew on, the exclamation rose upon my lips, as it always does when I recall that thrilling experience, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

At last the speed slackened. We could not hear the hand brakes, the only ones then used, but we began to go more slowly and in a few minutes came to a full stop. We were at Red Buttes, a little station whose name I have never since heard, but which I can never forget, for we were safely at the end of our perilous ride.

We got down to find Senator Kellogg almost in a frenzy of rage at Governor Yates, applying to him epithets of which fool, idiot, lunatic, were among the mildest. The Governor was in one of those transports of enthusiasm,— exaltation, I should say,— which came upon him in times of peril and struggle, too often in his case attributed to artificial stimulants. All the time we were descending the mountain the Governor had been urging the engineer to increase the speed, and he had finally subsidized him to do so with a good-sized coin, frightening poor Kellogg

nearly out of his wits. The Governor always said that he had forgotten that I was on the cowcatcher. My companion there, though he had been a railroad man, declared that he himself did not care to have another such experience. Certainly I did not, and we pursued the rest of our journey in comfort — in the Pullman cars.

SALT LAKE CITY

At Ogden we were met by some Illinois gentlemen, friends of Governor Yates, who escorted us up the valley to Salt Lake.

The city we found there was beautiful. We were surprised at its wonderful growth during the twenty years that had passed since it was laid out by the Mormons under the leadership of Brigham Young. We were charmed with the streets, one hundred and twenty-eight feet wide, crossing each other at right angles, shaded on both sides by fine trees. Where frequently in other towns were sluggish gutters, streams of clear swift-running water came down from the mountains. Almost every lot was a garden, or an orchard abounding in delicious fruit, just then ripening. The principal building was the tabernacle, capable of seating fifteen thousand persons, which, with its circular rounded roof, stood up so great among the other buildings that it re-

SALT LAKE CITY IN THE LATE SIXTIES

minded one of the Acropolis at Athens. This great edifice was already completed and occupied. There was a monster pipe organ — which they claimed to be the largest in the world, and it was certainly the largest I had ever seen. Its tones were delightful as we heard it played. They told us that this great organ was built right there under the direction of one of their own people who had come to Salt Lake immediately after his conversion to Mormonism in Europe.

The acoustics of the building were admirable. The man who showed us through ran down into the main body of the building while we were in the gallery, made his way up to the pulpit, and called to us to listen as he dropped an ordinary pin upon a table. We distinctly heard the pin drop.

The foundations of the great temple, since completed at a cost of four millions of dollars, had then been laid. As I was standing looking at the foundations, I remarked to the elder who was showing us about, that I did not see, having as they did the tabernacle, why they needed to build this temple. His answer was: "The tabernacle will not last more than a thousand years. We expect the temple to last forever."

The few gentiles living at Salt Lake, some from our own State and acquainted with Governor Yates, although they detested Mormonism

and especially polygamy, dared not speak out. It was *said* that a gentile who was regarded by the Mormons as too free in his talk, would sometimes disappear, murdered by the "Danites." While there was some reason for the fears of our people, we thought these reports were exaggerated.

Brigham Young was then, as always, the autocrat of the city and the Territory. He was living with several of his numerous wives in the Lion House, while some of the more favored wives were given fine houses by themselves. The effigy of a huge lion carved in stone surmounted the portico.

President Brigham, as he was called, used to hold a sort of high court, surrounded upon occasion by his apostles. We noticed as we went about the city quite a number of one-story adobe houses, having several doors, each of which led to the separate apartments of the several wives of the owners. A fine house of modern construction was pointed out in which was living the President's latest, youngest, and just then, favorite wife. This much-married husband was at this time sixty-eight years old.

Whenever polygamy was discussed, the Mormons declared that they were the most virtuous people of the country — that among them incontinence was unknown. Admitting that their plural marriages were real and genuine and legal, this

assertion was justifiable. Certainly nowhere else in the wide world was conjugal infidelity more severely punished, and nowhere was he who invaded a home for an immoral purpose so sure to have meted out to him retribution so severe.

As we drove about the city and up and down the valley, I became much interested in the development of agriculture through irrigation. Surely the Mormons had done a great work since they had been driven out of Illinois. We found that they had many flocks and herds, and that they raised a very considerable amount of breadstuffs, as well as vegetables, sufficient for the needs of their people, and enormous quantities of fruit,— apples, peaches, pears, plums, and apricots, then ripening, which we found to be delicious.

The work in the fields and gardens was performed in a great degree by women, many of them plural wives, and we realized that polygamy was a means of adding to the revenues of a family. Many of these women were of foreign birth, accustomed to similar work in the old country, from which they had been induced to migrate by Mormon missionaries sent out from Salt Lake. We were frequently told that their lot in Utah was much less deplorable than it had been at home.

At the hotel where we were staying, we found in

charge of the dining-room, directing everything, a robust, buxom young woman, who was very polite to us and saw to it that we were well waited upon. On the second floor we found another woman still younger and more attractive, who was the housekeeper. These two women had the entire charge of the house, and they certainly did their work well.

There were chairs out in the open air in front of the hotel, where we sat in the summer evenings. One evening we spoke to a gentile friend, with whom we had become intimate, of these women and how well they performed their duties. He leaned back in his chair, motioning us to do the same, and directed our attention to a small window away up in the peak of the roof, dimly lighted as by a tallow candle, and, in a whisper, said, "Away up there in a little garret room is the wife of the landlord's youth, an old lady, as old as he, whom he married in Vermont when they were both young. She is now a prisoner in that little room, and has never come down since he married the two women of whom you have spoken. She will stay there until she is carried out dead. That is polygamy."

A CALL FROM PRESIDENT BRIGHAM

Brigham Young, supported by several of his apostles, made a call upon Governor Yates. It

was an unusual thing for him to do, but its object was afterwards apparent. This interview was entirely formal. No subject concerning the peculiar interests of the Mormons or their relations to the general government was then broached. Brigham addressed Governor Yates as "Senator Yates," and the Governor him as "President Young." Upon leaving, the President especially asked the Senator to return the call, including our party in the invitation. This was at once accepted, and the time set at eleven o'clock of the second morning thereafter, at which hour we were all welcomed at the Lion House.

President Young had with him several of his cabinet, I will call them, all able men, who held the title of apostles. They scrupulously followed the line of conversation initiated by their chief. The interview continued for more than an hour, President Young and the apostles being seated on one side of quite a long room, and we on the other side facing them. No women appeared.

After cordial greetings the conversation opened with the usual generalities, in the course of which Governor Yates spoke of the beauties of the city, its fine streets and public buildings, and especially of the development of the country in agriculture under the system of irrigation. This gave Brigham

the opportunity he desired, which he improved in an entertaining and forcible manner.

He told of the sacrifices he and his people had made in migrating from the "States" to this *terra incognita*, of their finding that valley and all that region only twenty-two years before, of how barren and unproductive it then was, of the privations and hardships they had endured until by the system of cultivation which they had developed it had become one of the most productive regions of the country. He told how, by furnishing a half-way resting place where supplies could be furnished, they had made possible the migration to California when gold was discovered, and he added, bitterly, that notwithstanding all this, instead of being encouraged and fostered by the general government, efforts were made to discourage and crush them. He was particularly severe upon the government for sending an army against them in 1857, at the time of what was known as the Utah War. He drew a striking contrast between the manner in which Utah, and Nevada on the west, had been treated; Utah still kept out of the Union, a Territory, without a full member of Congress, only a delegate, and no senators; while Nevada had been for five years a State of the Union, represented in Congress by two senators and a full member of the House; and he exclaimed

with great earnestness and vehemence, "Nevada has to-day only one-half the population of Utah."

"We are happy," continued he, "in having with us two senators of the United States. We have known and read of Governor Yates for a long time. We hope that he will take up our cause in Congress."

I had never seen Governor Yates apparently more surprised and taken aback. He was always courteous and considerate. He hesitated for some moments and then replied in substance as follows:

"President Young, I admit all you have said about the wonderful development of this Territory under your direction. It is all you have asserted. We have, in our journey hither, traversed much of the arid region. We have been surprised and gratified to find here that you, the Mormons, who pitched your tents when you came upon desert sands, have made that desert fertile and fruitful. I have no doubt that the settlement of this valley was in a great degree helpful to the emigrants to California and Nevada. But it is hard to convince our people in the States of this. Whenever the subject is broached in the States, some one speaks of the awful Mountain Meadow massacre in 1857, when out of a party of one hundred and forty emigrants all but seventeen were killed.

"Hear me through," said the Governor, as Brigham was about to speak. "I know that you say this was the work of savages. This is no doubt true; but evidence is accumulating that the Indians were led by Mormons, and that while they, the Indians, did the bloody work, it was instigated by Mormons. It is now hoped and expected that these Mormons will be brought to justice.*

"We came here," continued the Governor, "to your house to make a social visit, with no intention of calling you to account for your misdeeds, I will not say crimes. But you, sir, have yourself introduced the disagreeable subject and made it imperative for me, painful as it is, to express my views frankly. You know, President Young, that you, and all the leading men who under you are in control of this Territory are living in open and direct violation of the law of the United States, passed by Congress in 1862, which has been upon the statute books seven years. That law, as you know, makes polygamy a crime, and still, utterly disregarding it, you and your associates, here present, have lived and are living publicly each with several women with whom you are cohabiting.

"Under these circumstances, can you suppose

* John D. Lee, a Mormon, was afterwards arrested by the United States authorities, tried for the crime and convicted, and executed at the place where the massacre had been committed twenty years before.

BRIGHAM YOUNG

that your Territory can be admitted into the Union as a sovereign State? You know, President Young, how sacred the relation of husband and wife is regarded throughout the Union. You were born and reared in Vermont, where the marriage relation is even more sacred than elsewhere, so sacred that such a thing as a divorce is almost unheard of. You have lived in other States, in Ohio, Missouri, and in my own State of Illinois, and you know with what abhorrence our people regard polygamy."

Governor Yates had spoken with great earnestness as he warmed into the subject, but with the utmost courtesy. President Young was evidently disappointed at the position the Governor took, as he undoubtedly had hope, not only of convincing him, but of gaining his active support. Senator Kellogg followed Governor Yates with declarations and illustrations of the way in which the people of the United States looked upon polygamy. He said that he too was a native of Vermont, and expressed his surprise that so able a man as President Young, born and reared in the Green Mountain State, could ever have had an idea that the American people would excuse and condone polygamy.

President Young replied: "But, gentlemen, do you not see that the position you take is in direct antagonism to and a violation of the Constitution

of the United States? The first section of the first amendment to the Constitution provides that, Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. The polygamy of which you speak with such bitterness is a part of our religion, recognized and approved by our Church. It is so firmly established that we cannot without great injustice and hardship give it up. You would have us put away our wives, with whom we are living in lawful wedlock according to the tenets of our Church. To do so would be a cruel wrong to our women. Consider what would be their position before the world if this should be done; and their children,— what would become of them? I need not undertake to show you what was the custom during all the ages in Israel. Polygamy was the rule, and monogamy the exception. We have gone back to Bible ways, and Bible customs, in everything possible."

President Young called attention to the accounts of marital infidelity throughout the country, asserting that such things were scarcely known in Utah. He stated that in no country on earth were the commandments of the Decalogue observed and obeyed as in Utah.

He made out a strong case, and admitting his premises to be correct, his conclusions were un-

answerable. If the polygamic marriages in Utah were, as he said, as proper and right and sacred as our own, he had justified the course of himself and his people.

The matter of the church hierarchy existing in and controlling the Territory, of which Brigham was the head, was one too delicate to be entered upon. Its importance and evils are strikingly brought out by Senator Shelby M. Cullom in an able article on the Reed Smoot case, recently published in the *North American Review*. The Senator says, "We can no better afford to have our national life tainted by church hierarchy than to have our social life tainted by polygamy."

The interview had already become much more extended than we expected, and it was necessary to draw it to a close. Governor Yates said that we had simply come there to make a call of courtesy, and that, if they continued to argue the question, there might be no end to it; but that before withdrawing he felt obliged to say that the American people could not admit that polygamous marriages are lawful.

"You argue from the standpoint that your people are lawfully married to more than one wife. The American people are of the opinion that when you take more than one woman in wedlock you break

the seventh commandment. We cannot remain to argue with you," the Governor said as Brigham was about to speak, "but you know as well as we that ours is a Christian and not a Mohammedan country,— that this is not Asia, but America. You made a fatal mistake, President Young, in attempting to introduce Asiatic customs into this country. Polygamy is a blight to Utah which will grow worse and worse until it is stamped out. This will surely be done. It may not be this year nor next, but so sure as we live it will be done. We have abolished slavery. The doom of polygamy is sure to follow. Utah can never be admitted as a sovereign State in the Union until, as President Lincoln said of slavery, 'The public mind shall rest in the belief of its ultimate extinction.' "

We all arose and withdrew, after shaking hands with and bidding farewell to President Young and his apostles.*

* The practice of polygamy continued with little interruption for thirteen years after our visit to Salt Lake, when, in 1882, Senator George F. Edmunds, also of Vermont, formulated and introduced into Congress a drastic bill which became a law. This was a blow to polygamy from which it cannot recover. The legality of the law was upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States in several decisions, after which there was warfare against polygamy so persistent that more than eleven hundred polygamists served terms in the penitentiary. The result was that the people of Utah finally voted in conference to discontinue the practice. While in isolated cases it is kept up, it is generally discredited and is rapidly dying out. In 1896, six years after her people declared against polygamy, Utah was admitted into the Union as a sovereign State.

The day after this interview at the Lion House, our party was speeding away in a Pullman car for California, making no stop until we reached Sacramento, where we took a steamboat down the river to San Francisco.

We had been joined by another party from the States at Salt Lake, among whom were several senators and members of the House. Of this party I remember only Senators Justin S. Morrill of Vermont, General Carl Schurz, who had just been elected by Missouri, and James W. Nye, Senator from Nevada.

Among the passengers in our Pullman car was Mrs. Jennings, a lady of culture and refinement and a wife of the leading banker at Salt Lake. She was accompanied by a sister whose home was in San Francisco and who had been visiting her but had no relations with the Mormons. We learned from the sister that Mr. Jennings had recently taken to himself other wives, among whom the lady who accompanied us was the first.

We became interested in these ladies, especially in Mrs. Jennings, who gave us an account of the social life in Utah, speaking without reserve of families in which there was a plurality of wives. It was unusual to hear a lady of breeding and bearing talk of such families. In the course of our conver-

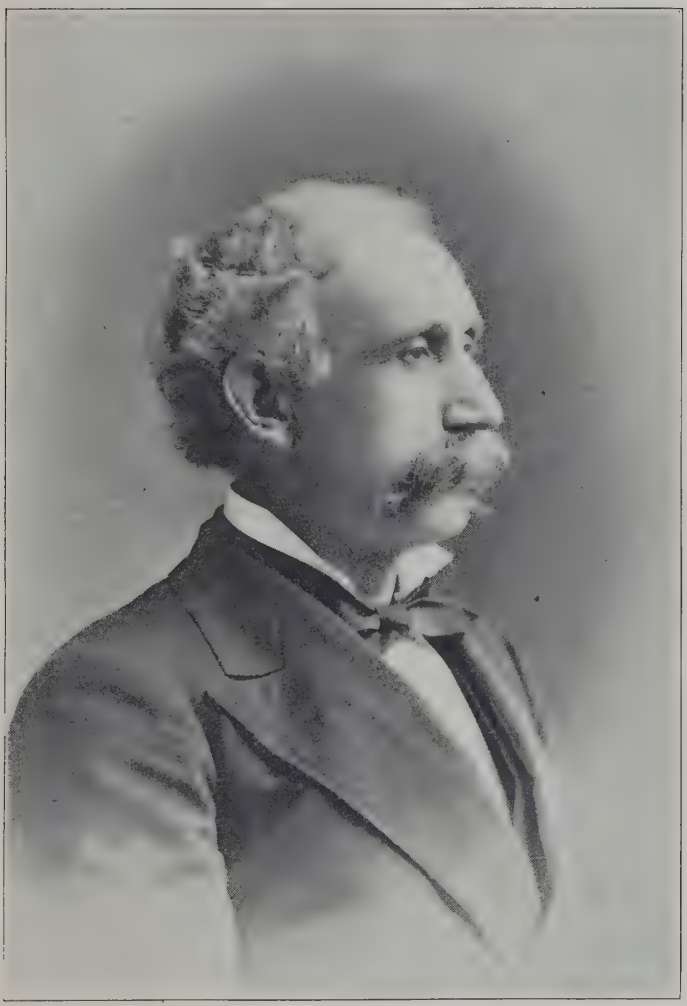
sation, one of us remarked, "In a family where several women undertake to share the affections of one man there must be jealousy and envy and heart-burning."

"That is true, too true," replied the lady. "I have seen it and experienced it. It can hardly be overestimated. But," she added, "we submit to it because it is our duty. Your Bible teaches it, and our Bible teaches it," and she proceeded to quote text after text from the Bible to prove the correctness of her position. Probably because she was better read in polygamy than we, I then thought and still think that she had the best of the argument.

AN ANGRY SENATOR

At one stopping place, Colfax I think it was, we were met by San Francisco morning papers. We found in them telegrams announcing our approach, giving the names of all the members of the party. This information had been sent by H. M. Kinsley, the famous Chicago caterer, who had gone out with the party that joined us at Salt Lake.

Suddenly there was a violent explosion from Senator Kellogg. He assailed Mr. Kinsley bitterly for sending such a despatch. The message looked innocent enough and seemed rather complimentary than otherwise, mentioning among the party, "The



WILLIAM P. KELLOGG
["Pitt" Kellogg]

Hon. Richard Yates and the Hon. W. P. Kellogg, United States *Senators from Illinois*."

I had known the Hon. W. P. Kellogg, "Pitt" we always called him, for many years. His first office was, I think, that of justice of the peace at Farmington in the county of Fulton, adjoining my own, and he was elected when he had scarcely attained his majority. In 1860, when Mr. Lincoln was first nominated, he was the presidential elector for our district, which he canvassed thoroughly, speaking generally throughout the State as well. The old-timers in Illinois still talk of "Pitt Kellogg's eloquent speeches" in that campaign. He had been a delegate in the Illinois State convention four years before when Frémont was a candidate, and heard the famous "lost speech" which has been declared the best that Mr. Lincoln ever made.

Among his first appointments, Mr. Lincoln made Mr. Kellogg chief justice of the Territory of Nebraska, a position which he held until the War came, when he raised a regiment and went to the field. This brought him finally to New Orleans, where Mr. Lincoln made him collector of the port, from which position he was elected Governor and United States Senator. He held these positions so long as the Republicans controlled the politics of that State.

I knew few of the "carpet-baggers" in those troublous times, but we were constantly reading about them. From what I knew of them, I have always regarded Senator Kellogg as the most worthy and able of the Northern men who were taken up in the South and elected to high position in reconstruction days. From what I know of his work and public service, I think that it would have been better for Louisiana to have overcome her prejudices and continued him in the Senate.

But at the time of which I am writing, there was a great clamor against "carpet-baggers" throughout the South. It was asserted in Louisiana that Kellogg was really an Illinois man — that Louisiana had really no senator and Illinois had three, Yates and Trumbull and Kellogg. Now to be telegraphed to all the San Francisco papers as a "United States Senator from Illinois" was too much for our friend, and his indignation knew no bounds.

"It will be in every paper in New Orleans," he exclaimed, "and I shall never hear the last of it." Poor Kinsley, who intended his telegram as a courtesy, was much mortified at what he had done. The Governor's son Henry and I could not help laughing at Kellogg's discomfiture. I never knew whether the telegram was commented upon in Louisiana, and in fact, I never heard of it afterwards.

We enjoyed beyond measure the company of Senator Nye. He had been a prominent man in the State of New York, where he had grown to manhood and was honored with high position, and was cheek by jowl with such men as William H. Seward, Thurlow Weed, and Horace Greeley. He had broken away from his New York friends, and cast his fortunes with the Territory and new State of Nevada. He was not reëlected to the Senate — he was not a candidate for reëlection,— but returned to his home in New York.

This story was afterwards told of him, but for its truth I do not vouch. It was said that before his term expired, a wealthy man in Nevada, whose fortune had been made in mining, wished to be elected to the Senate and offered Senator Nye a large sum of money to step aside and decline to be a candidate.

"But," replied the Senator, "I cannot be bribed to give you my support."

"I do not ask your support," was the answer, "I do not ask you to lift a finger for me. I do not ask you to take any part in the campaign. I simply want you to step aside and decline to be a candidate, which certainly every American citizen has a right to do. No American can be *compelled* to become a candidate against his will."

As I said, I know nothing of the truth or falsity of this story, yet there can be no doubt that Senator Nye gave up his candidacy.

Senator Nye's anecdotes and illustrations about the Western people, especially the Mormons at Salt Lake and the people of Nevada, and of his colleagues in the Senate, were inexpressibly droll. They were not very bad, but I do not recall any that would quite do to print.

THE CHARMS OF CALIFORNIA

I do not remember anything more delightful than our descent of the Sierra Nevada mountains into that delectable land — California. Short as our journey had been as compared with the time made by the mule and ox teams of only a few weeks before, it was much longer than it is to-day. It had been over vast alkali plains, desert sands, and rugged, barren mountains. Now we were winding down into fertile valleys covered with verdure, along beautiful streams of clear, pure water, shaded by graceful trees which beckoned the traveller to repose. The air became balmy; orchards and vineyards groaning under the weight of delicious fruit abounded; exquisite flowers gave fragrance and beauty to the landscape, birds singing sweet madrigals charmed the ear, and enraptured visions de-

SACRAMENTO AT THE PERIOD OF THE BUILDING OF THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILWAY

lighted the eye. I have since sat upon the banquet seat of a diligence as I descended the Alps by way of the Simplon Pass, but the transition from their snowy-capped summits to sunny Italy, so rapid that it seemed magical, did not arouse in my bosom such ecstasy as did those heavenly influences of my first view of California. I have seen much of California since that first visit, have traversed the Pacific coast from the Mexican to the Canadian border, and, while it cannot be said that such bewitching beauty exists everywhere, take it all in all, I have never seen any region or clime that presents so many charms.

Less than four months before, the great enterprise was completed that made it possible for us from the older States, and for millions after us, to visit this hospitable region. The brave men whose courage and energy and persistency had built "the iron way" were now receiving the plaudits they deserved.

It was not merely in the convenience of travel that the benefits of the great highway appeared. By it the East and the West had become bound together with bands of steel. But we found that these bands were less strong than those of kinship. The denizens of the Pacific slope we found to be Eastern, Southern, Middle West people, trans-

planted indeed, but retaining the same affection as we for the older communities, bound by ties that cannot be broken, while we of the older States were imbued with reciprocal affection for them.

Years afterwards, when descending the Alps, I thought of something which did not then occur to me. We had come to a sudden stop on the side of the mountain and were all obliged to descend from the diligence and open our baggage for examination,— we were about to cross the border into Italy. I had nothing dutiable, and was allowed to pass without any exaction such as was collected from some of the other passengers, but it afforded me a striking illustration of the beneficence of living, moving, and having my being in a country whose people travel from ocean to ocean without being once disturbed by a collector of customs. I have been awakened several times in the night, when travelling through Europe, and required to get up and pass through a custom-house in order to have my baggage examined. In America we travel thousands of miles, through dozens of States and Territories, scarcely realizing that there is a customs official in existence. Notwithstanding all the extravagant declamation of the doctrinaires about what they are pleased to call "the robber tariff," ours is the greatest free-trade country of the earth.

We arrived at Sacramento about noon, and went at once aboard a river steamboat bound for San Francisco. I wanted to see more of Sacramento, which I have done since. It was in this little city that only a few years before four men, engaged in different branches of business, proprietors of stores —shops they would have been called in London,— Leland Stanford, Collis P. Huntington, Mark Hopkins, and Charles Crocker, ever afterwards called "The Big Four," had taken up and undertaken to build the Central Pacific Railway. How grandly they had succeeded was apparent along the line of the great highway we had just traversed, concerning which so much is still being written.

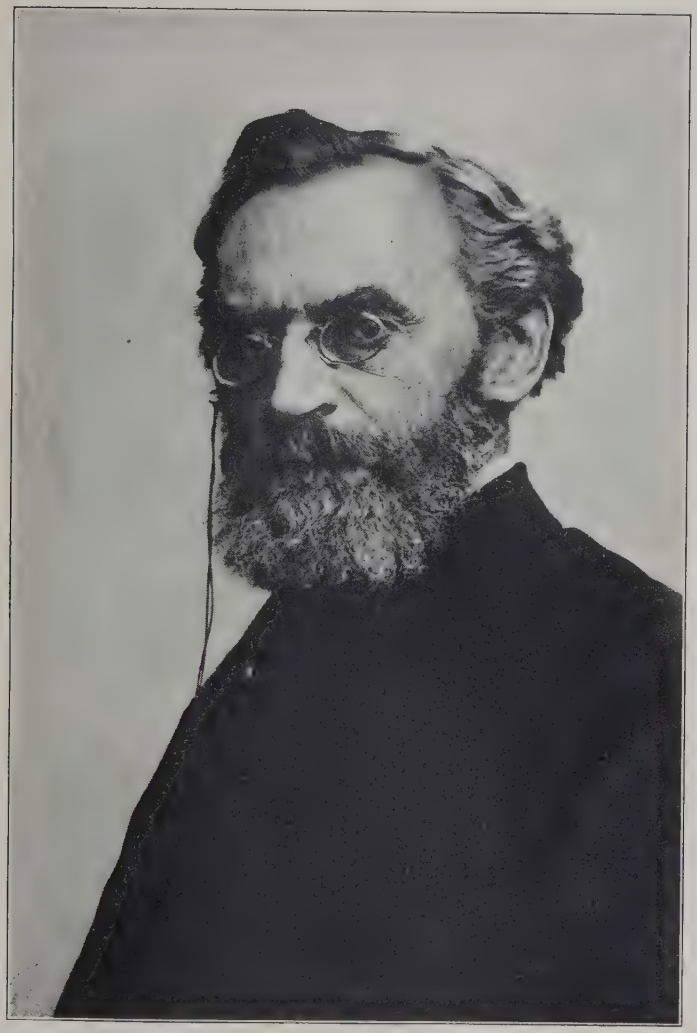
CARL SCHURZ

A committee of San Francisco business men, most of whom were Germans, had come to welcome and escort the Hon. Carl Schurz to their city, where he was to receive a royal welcome on that evening. Some comments were made about so much distinction being given to "that Dutchman" when there were so many other distinguished Senators in the party. As we crossed the bay just on the edge of the evening we saw that the whole city was brilliantly illuminated in his honor. It was a beautiful sight and worthy of the people. Governor Yates was

not at all envious, but the same cannot be said of others of the party.

The fact was, that the demonstration was gotten up and engineered by German patriots of 1848, many of them, like Mr. Schurz, exiles because of their patriotic devotion to liberty.

It was said that upon his being thrown into prison, Mr. Schurz provided himself with an English dictionary and grammar, and a copy of the Bible and of Shakespeare, and that from these he acquired the English language. Certain it is that his English was superb. He was one of the most earnest and eloquent supporters of Lincoln in 1860; I frequently heard him speak where there were other orators with a more extended vocabulary, but I heard no English that was purer than his. His German accent, bringing out and giving more strength and more character to the English consonants than we are accustomed to do, enriched and added to the virility of our language. It is not strange that one who acquires a language frequently speaks it better than those to whom it is their mother-tongue. The reason is that instead of learning our English as we do from Tom, Dick, and Harry as we grow up, he who learns it as did Mr. Schurz, from the best authors, acquires the best diction possible.



CARL SCHURZ

We who had come all the way together, Senators Yates and Kellogg, young Henry Yates and myself, went to the Montgomery Hotel on the street of that name. Of course, as soon as possible, we had to go out to the Cliff House and see for the first time and lave in the waters of the Pacific Ocean.

I had never seen such an aggregation,— conglomeration, I should say,— as appeared upon the streets of San Francisco. Every nationality, every race, and every people upon earth were represented. The Caucasian, the Malay, the Ethiopian; descendants of Shem, Ham, and Japheth; American, English, German, Russian, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Greek, Turk, and Egyptian, including a liberal admixture of Chinese. The original Babel could not have been more bewildering.

I had, up to that time, seen few foreigners, other than Irish and Germans and Scandinavians, whose characteristics differed little from those of our own people. I was really astonished to find that such a variety, so many peoples of strikingly distinctive characteristics, existed upon the face of the earth.

Dennis Kearney was in the zenith of his fame, speaking every night down on the sand lots. He was not what anybody would call an able man — neither a profound thinker nor a reasoner. His philosophy, if it may be called such, was based upon

the idea that "whatever is" is wrong, and his practice was to assail everybody and everything that had succeeded. If he had confined himself to assailing the men who were just then moving to get control through franchises of everything worth having on the Coast, his work might have been of lasting benefit. He was a fluent and impressive speaker, and just the man to move and lead the laboring men who gathered about him.

That was the first practical demonstration I ever saw made by organized labor, which has finally extended over the entire country. It is probable that the system has become so general and has so intrenched itself in popular favor that it cannot, even if desirable, be shaken; but, it may still be questioned whether the adoption of the policy is, after all, really advantageous to the native and the naturalized American. Before the adoption of this policy there were no distinctive classes such as exist in the old countries. We had no peasants. There was no laboring class. By crystallizing the laboring men together they are rapidly becoming a class by themselves, a peasantry under another name. Under the old regime, when we were all simply American citizens, the laboring man of to-day, by the force of his ability, industry, frugality, and initiative genius, became the superintendent, the manager, the "boss,"

and the capitalist of to-morrow. He was constantly emerging from his position of simple wage earner into a position of responsibility and control. By classing himself with the ignorant, the vicious, and the idle, the American, native and naturalized, who is capable of better things than a struggle in regard to the mere matter of wages, becomes so allied with them that it is difficult for him to rise. That is the reason why so few now, as compared with the old days of citizenship, when there were no recognized classes or organizations, rise to supreme power from the ranks.

At the time of our visit, the discussion of the policy of keeping out the Chinese, which culminated in the Exclusion Act, had begun to be a burning question. I saw many apparently intelligent American laboring men who were gradually drawn into the movement which finally carried everybody with it. I then thought and still think that the Orientals were needed to develop the country. Had they continued to be admitted under limitations and regulations that could have easily been imposed, California would now have rivalled New York and Pennsylvania in wealth, and there would have been unbounded prosperity all along the Pacific coast.

By the exclusion of the Chinese, California, Oregon, and Washington deprived themselves of the

thing of all others that they needed, — labor. It will be said, as has so often been urged, that by continuing to admit the Chinese the bread would have been taken out of the mouths of American laborers. This might have been the case temporarily, but in the end those enterprising American laborers, native and naturalized, would themselves have become employers of that cheap Chinese labor which was such a bugaboo, and they, instead of continuing in the same condition as they were then, would now have been living in comfort, if not in luxury. Instead of California languishing undeveloped for half a century, the wealth of her mines and farms and forests and orchards and vineyards would have enriched her and her people beyond the power of calculation. Instead of her great capitalists flying away and draining her resources, their money would have been expended there where it was made.

WILLIAM C. RALSTON

The most potential man in San Francisco and on the Pacific coast at that time was William C. Ralston, called everywhere and by everybody, "Billy" Ralston. He was in charge of the great Bank of California, and was the financial autocrat of all that region. Whatever Billy Ralston said went everywhere, and with everybody. The great capitalists, all the

WILLIAM C. RALSTON

"get-rich-quick" men, the bonanza men who had squeezed vast fortunes out of the Comstock lodes, and all the Virginia City miners, laid their money and stocks at his feet to be invested or hoarded as seemed best to him. It was not understood that Ralston was himself so very rich a man, but no other man had under his absolute sway and direction such vast properties and interests. He lived like a prince, and was the most bountiful entertainer I have ever known. He was of lithe figure, and quick and active in elucidating propositions, in coming to conclusions, and in carrying measures into effect.

At our first meeting he told us that our drafts would be honored for any amount we chose to draw. "You are far from home, gentlemen," he said, "and must not be troubled about money. Draw all you want." I expressed some misgivings about accepting such a courtesy. He replied at once, "We'll take the risk." It was a dangerous offer to make to so young a man as I then was, and it encouraged me to draw more than I otherwise would have done.

The difference in the value of money added considerably to our expenses. California was on a gold basis, while our greenbacks, and money generally throughout the country, were at a discount from gold of about forty per cent. We had to turn our money into coin, and it was a great hardship for us to get only

sixty cents each for our dollars. The smallest coin recognized was the ten-cent piece, which we had to pay for a newspaper even, and nothing was sold for less than that amount.

Mr. Ralston had a country seat — it might have appropriately been called a palace — near the bay, about twenty-five miles from San Francisco, which he called Belmont. It was long before automobile touring cars were thought of, and although a railway ran down there, he drove back and forth, coming up in the morning and back in the evening,— a long drive one would naturally say, but not for him. He had in his stables — I don't know how many, it was said forty — thoroughbred horses, all constantly worked and kept in condition for fast driving. Between his home and San Francisco on the road he kept constantly several stables with relays of horses. He himself drove four-in-hand at great speed, grooms in two or three minutes replacing his team with fresh horses at each of the relays, thus enabling him to make the drive in a very short time. That was only one of the remarkable things we heard of Billy Ralston.

Mr. Ralston arranged several fine excursions for us, only one of which I will attempt to describe.

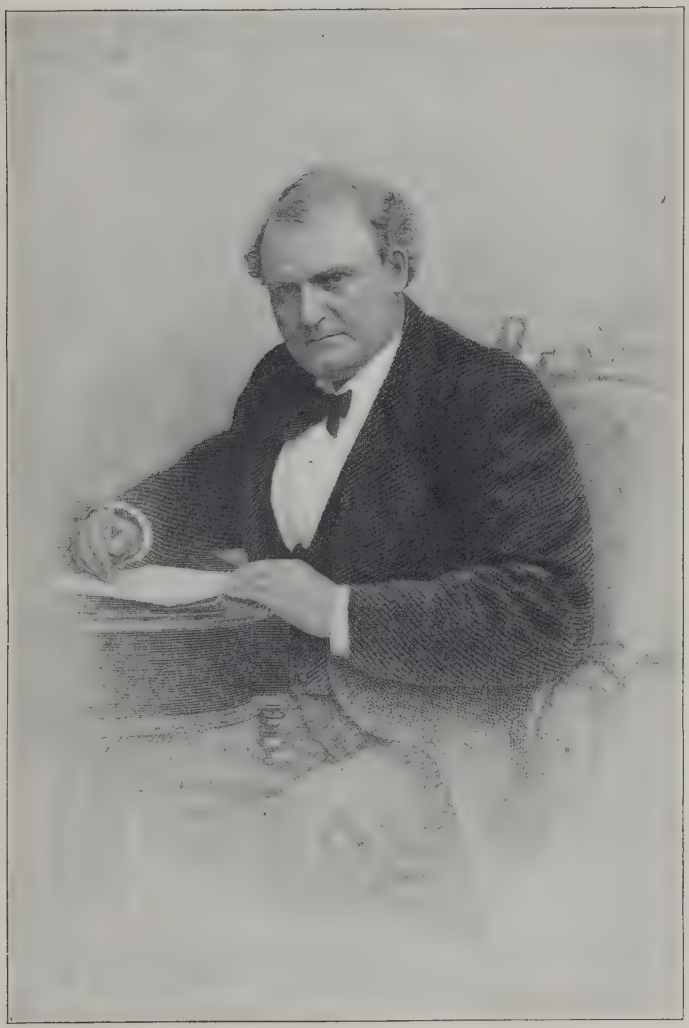
He announced that he wished to take us upon a little jaunt to San José, sixty miles south of San

Francisco. The opening of the highway to California that year prompted many distinguished people to make the journey from the States, some of whom had preceded and others followed us. Mr. Ralston gathered several of these parties together for the journey to San José, in all I should say forty or fifty. He had, to assist him in doing the honors of the occasion, General David D. Colton,* then comparatively a young man, but one who had already gained distinction in political and financial circles. General Colton first became known generally to the people of San Francisco as a second to the lamented Broderick in the duel with Judge David S. Terry. He afterwards became wealthy, but died when just entering upon a career which would, had he lived, have led to greater fortune and to fame. The city of Colton was afterwards named for him.

We steamed out of San Francisco at eight in the morning, on a special train, arriving at San José soon

* General Colton was reared at Galesburg, Illinois, and belonged to one of the oldest and best families in that region. He migrated to California in 1849 when about entering upon his majority. Before leaving Galesburg he was betrothed to a beautiful and accomplished young lady, Miss Ellen White, also of an excellent family. After amassing a handsome fortune, he returned to Galesburg and married Miss White and took his bride to San Francisco, where they lived in luxury on "Knob Hill." So long as the aged parents of General Colton and of Mrs. Colton lived, they made annual visits there, coming usually in General Colton's private car. The prize bestowed every year upon a deserving student by Knox College, known as "The Colton Prize," was founded and endowed by General Colton.

after ten. There was a fine commissary department upon the car, with abundant wines, — none of them native, however, but of the choicest French vintages. It was a jolly party, although none drank to excess. I noticed that Mr. Ralston drank but sparingly, and not at all of champagne, although he was apparently the most convivial man in the party. At San José a sumptuous breakfast had been prepared at the principal hotel by direction of our host. When we finished the meal, we found carriages in waiting, and were driven through the town and up through the next town north, — Santa Clara, I think it was, — along a most beautiful avenue of overhanging trees called the Alameda drive or walk, and finally to the little railway station, where we found our train, which had come back to receive us. At San José and Santa Clara we began to see the fruits and flowers of California in all their luxuriousness. I had never before seen such luscious fruit grown in such abundance. The quantity was so great that it was impossible to gather the harvest. We later saw literally thousands of bushels of fruit that would have commanded good prices in Eastern markets rotting on the ground, because of the inability to get help to take care of it, and still the people of the whole Pacific coast, led by Dennis Kearney, seemed to be clamoring for exclusion laws to keep out the only available laborers.



DAVID D. COLTON

Our train moved back toward San Francisco, but stopped at intervals at interesting spots, where we always found conveyances awaiting to drive us to beautiful rural houses and grounds, and among orchards and vineyards, with hospitable occupants who had been warned that we were to visit them, waiting to receive and feast us. We visited dozens of these great places, at every one of which we were expected to partake of their bounty. Sometimes we would go back to find our train where we had left it, but usually at a town nearer San Francisco to which the train had moved up.

Finally we came to a station where we found Mr. Ralston's own private teams, four-in-hand, and other vehicles awaiting us, and after visiting the places in that neighborhood, were rapidly driven seven miles to Belmont, Mr. Ralston's residence. This was really a palace, with vast parlors and drawing rooms, marvellous in amplitude. In the music room there was a great pipe organ. The house was superbly furnished; carpets and rugs from India and Persia, everything the most luxurious, much of the furniture brought from Europe or the Orient. Notwithstanding all the gastronomic feats we had already accomplished, we were set down to a table loaded with viands and dainties as delicious as could have been served at Delmonico's. These we were expected

to consume, for we were now in his own house, Mr. Ralston's guests, and we must show our appreciation of the entertainment. How we managed to survive all this I shall not attempt to explain, but I heard of no casualties.

It was after dark when we were driven back to our train, Mr. Ralston, still the liveliest of the party, returning with us to the city. As we neared San Francisco he pulled the bell cord and the train stopped.

"I just want to show you a barn," he shouted, and we all got out and he led us up through an alley, calling to the sleeping grooms to wake up and let us in. Soon they had the whole building lighted,— by gas, for of course it was before the time of electric light,— and such luxury ! Harness rooms of exquisite plate glass, floors of mosaic, stalls of rosewood and mahogany, everything the most costly that money could buy. The horses — a dozen I should say — lazily rose from their beds and stretched themselves to show their beautiful proportions; but although they were fine horses, I had seen finer back in Illinois, and better bred, in humble log stables with flat roofs of which wild prairie grass was the only covering. The place belonged to Mr. Hayward, a business man of San Francisco and a friend of Mr. Ralston's, whom we did not disturb.

We saw Mr. Ralston frequently after this great day of entertainment, and he was always the same kind, generous, considerate, devoted gentleman. Among the courtesies he showed to Governor Yates and his party was to place a carriage and horses and driver at our disposal during our stay.

San Francisco had just then begun to get the benefits of the vast mineral wealth which was being developed in the mines, and to realize what it meant to her. Men poor to-day, to-morrow woke up to find themselves bonanza kings with millions upon their hands, which they had no idea how to dispose of, or even take care of. In this dilemma they turned to "Billy" Ralston. He managed it all better than any one else could, but in the end it almost overwhelmed him. He bore the burden for some time after we came home, about six years, when we heard that one afternoon, after the bank closed, he went, as was his custom, for a swim in the Bay. He did not turn back as usual, but continued on until at last he sank out of sight forever.

Mr. Ralston's heart and soul were bound up in San Francisco and the Pacific coast, to the success and development of which he devoted his whole mind and might and strength. I shall always remember him as one of the noblest and most generous of men.

THE MEXICAN WAR

The Mexican War was precipitated through a desire to extend the domain of the slave power in the United States. Pretending to favor the acquisition of territory to the northwest, the Democratic party carried the country in 1844 under the specious cry of "Fifty-four-forty or fight," which meant that unless Great Britain would surrender to us all the region then known as the "Oregon Country," almost up to the present boundary of Alaska, the parallel of fifty-four degrees and forty minutes, war would be declared against her, and we would fight her to the bitter end. So captivating and popular with the people was such a policy, tersely and strikingly expressed and emblazoned upon their banners in the legend of "Fifty-four-forty or fight," that the Democratic party swept the country, and James K. Polk was elected President. But alas! The South had no desire to extend our territory to the northwest. Out of the territory in question, from the forty-ninth parallel — the boundary established — three States as large as Illinois could have been carved, and all of these would have been free States. The South could not be reconciled to giving such a preponderance to the North, and at the very time the country was being carried for Polk a treaty was being nego-

tiated with Great Britain surrendering all that region, and the present boundary was agreed upon.

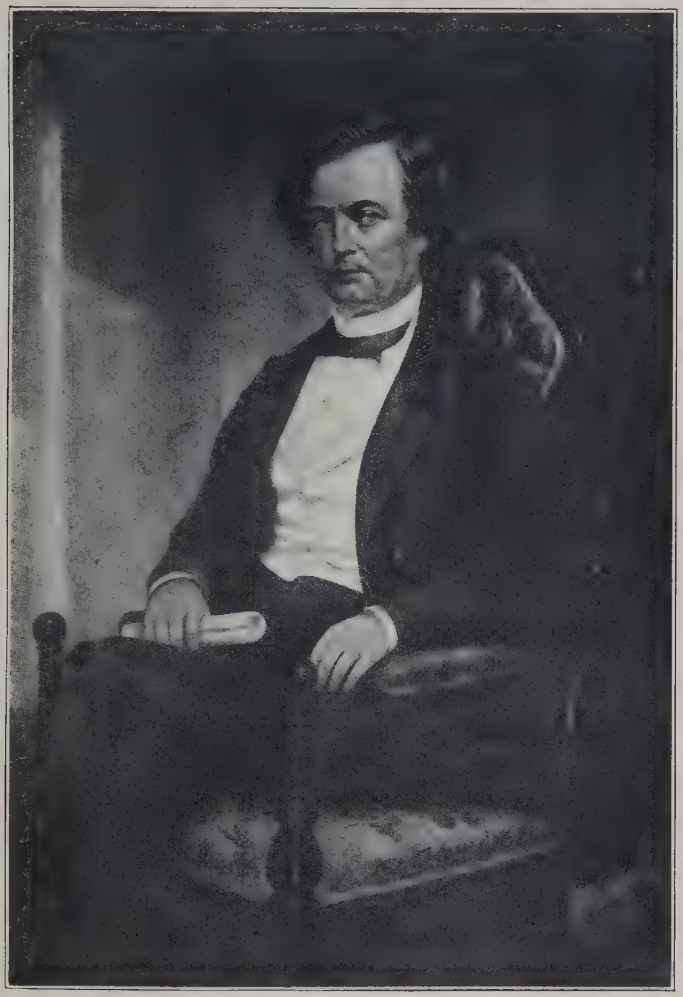
But when there appeared only a short time afterwards an opportunity of acquiring from Mexico territory to the southward in which slavery might be established, the South favored such acquisition and the Mexican War was precipitated. Through the valor and achievements of our brave soldiers, an enormous territory, including California, was acquired. Mexico was driven to cede it to us, which was done by the treaty of Guadalope Hidalgo, signed on the second of February, 1848. Now the South had triumphed and a vast region had been added to our domains, which, on account of its location and climate, it was generally supposed would become slave territory.

CALIFORNIA COMES IN AS A FREE STATE

But how vain are human schemes and plans and hopes and aspirations! During the very month when the treaty of Guadalope Hidalgo was signed, February, 1848, on a small stream of California, near Sutter's mill, some men chanced to see glittering particles in the sand, which proved to be gold. They washed them out in rude pans, and found the shining treasure in such quantities as to bewilder them. Search was made up and down that and other streams,

and it was found that they all abounded in the precious metal. The cry of "Gold, gold, gold!" was taken up, and sent a thrill through the hearts of men to the remotest boundaries of the Republic and throughout the world. Tens of thousands of dauntless men, inspired by fabulous tales of the wealth of the discoveries, were soon upon their way to the new Eldorado. In one year the population of California doubled, and in three years it had increased threefold. The pioneers organized a State government which was soon knocking at the doors of Congress, clamoring for admission into the Union. These hardy men were not of the kind that subsist upon slave labor. No slavery was recognized nor permitted in the constitution they adopted. In less than two years from the discovery of gold, September 9, 1850, after a protracted struggle, California was admitted into the Union as a sovereign State, dedicated forever to freedom. There were 34 votes in the Senate and 150 in the House for her admission, and 18 in the Senate and 56 in the House, all Southern, against her admission. The bill admitting her was one of the celebrated compromise measures of 1850.

Those pioneers who migrated to California in 1849, the year after gold was discovered, and endured the hardships incident thereto were called Forty-niners.



RICHARD YATES, WAR GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS

To be a Forty-niner then was, and still is, a distinction. Being a Forty-niner in California is equivalent almost to a seat in the nobility, a sort of peerage, one may say. These pioneers celebrated the anniversary of their migration every year. Many had gone to their reward at the time of our visit, but many of them still survived. This year, 1869, was a great event as it was their *twentieth* anniversary.

GOVERNOR YATES ADDRESSES THE FORTY-NINERS

There was a local political campaign going on at the time, and it was arranged to have a Republican mass-meeting. Governor Yates had been prominent the year before in the political campaign which had resulted in the election of General Grant to the presidency. What could be more appropriate than that he should be chosen as the principal speaker for the great meeting?

A committee called upon him and asked him to assume this responsibility. After discussing the political issues with him, the committee spoke of this being the twentieth anniversary of the Forty-niners, and asked him to say a few words to them. He had rather hesitated about making a political speech, as the issues were local, but when they asked him to speak to the Forty-niners he became interested, hesitated no longer, and at once decided to speak.

A large number of those pioneers had emigrated from Illinois. Many of these old Illinoisans had called upon the Governor, and he was really delighted to have an opportunity to appear before them.

The meeting was held in the Metropolitan Theatre, which was filled to its utmost capacity by as fine and intelligent a body of men as I have ever seen assembled anywhere.

I had heard the Governor speak upon many occasions. I had heard him from the first inception of the Republican party, all through the struggle to limit the bounds of slave territory; I had heard him during the Frémont campaign, and during the campaigns to elect and to reëlect Lincoln; I was with him and frequently heard him during the Civil War, when, as Governor of Illinois, he was the leader and central figure of patriotism in our State. He was always eloquent, and I may say brilliant, but I never heard him when he so approached sublimity as in his address to those Forty-niners.

He devoted comparatively little attention to politics, and in what he did say addressed himself mostly to national issues, recounting the achievements of the Republican party in successfully carrying on the Civil War, in freeing the slave, in creating a system of finance that was the admiration of the world, in establishing the public credit, and urged that

California keep in line with the party which had accomplished these important results. I noticed that he did not claim all the credit of the success of our armies in the Civil War for the Republicans, but declared that Democrats as well as Republicans had taken their places in the ranks, and, side by side, shoulder to shoulder, had fought for the preservation of the Union.

What interested me most, and what I best remember, was his tribute to the pioneers, — to the Forty-niners.

He recalled the times when these men in our own and other States were, as were we all, aroused by the announcement of the discoveries of gold in this far-away land. He told of the enthusiasm with which they received the news — they, the sons of pioneers, who had migrated to and developed the Mississippi Valley, imbued with the spirit of enterprise which had animated their fathers, and of their decision to break away from home and friends and kindred. He pictured them harnessing the mule teams and yoking the oxen, and starting upon the long and wearisome journey of thousands of miles. He told of the pangs of parting, less poignant to them than to those they left behind. He told of the anxiety with which they were followed, and of how welcome was news of them, of the interest when letters

came, and how families gathered about the fireside to hear them read. He contrasted the hardships they endured with the luxuries of travel we had enjoyed in coming to visit them. He felicitated them upon the wonderful development they had brought about, proving that the gold which first attracted them was a small part of the resources of the wonderful State of California that they had revealed to the world. He spoke especially of their devotion to the homes and kinsfolk they had left, and of our devotion to them, a bond of kinship that could never be broken, which would perpetuate the union of the States for all time. He placed pioneers above all other benefactors of humanity, pioneers who subdued and developed the countries of Europe, pioneers who led the way across the ocean to New England and Virginia and Pennsylvania and the other Atlantic States, pioneers who opened the way into the Mississippi Valley, pioneers in discovery, in statesmanship, in the cause of liberty, in religion and science and art and invention. And he declared that none had endured so many hardships and were deserving higher honor than the pioneers before him.

I wish I could do more than faint justice to the splendors of that remarkable address, especially when the orator depicted the possibilities of the future development of the Pacific coast, as in imagi-

nation he believed it would be attained. He told how the great cities of Europe had grown up on the western coast of that hemisphere, and predicted similar development on the Pacific slope. When twenty years later I visited Los Angeles and San Francisco and Portland and Seattle, it seemed to me that Governor Yates had been moved by a spirit of prophecy.

But the brilliant climax of the oration came when he pictured the possibilities of achievement in literature, art, and science among the peoples that were to come in that region. Toward these ideals, if they have not been attained, the people of the Pacific coast are rapidly advancing.

He gave a short account of the manner in which civilization had advanced for thousands of years from the east to the west, from Egypt to Greece, from Greece to Rome, from Rome throughout Europe, from Europe taking wings and crossing a great ocean, in America advancing to the West, until now here where we were it had met an impassable barrier — the Pacific Ocean. He made the civilization and cultivation and scholarship of all the ages seem to be directed toward this focal point, and to culminate necessarily here, and declared that here were to appear the greatest statesmen, the profoundest philosophers, the most gifted poets, the most bril-

liant artists, the greatest scientists, and the most ingenious inventors.

Of course I can, after the lapse of nearly forty years, give only a general idea of the address, but this I have done to the best of my memory, though merely in substance.

The reader can imagine better than I can describe how such an address must have been received by men whose hearts and souls were bound up in California. They seemed to go mad. They could not contain themselves. They rent the air with shouts, cheering the speaker to the echo. They shouted and laughed and cried as he went on, and at the close there was every possible demonstration of enthusiasm. Governor Yates was long remembered in the affections of the Forty-niners.

A TRIP TO THE YOSEMITE VALLEY

I had read much of the Yosemite Valley before leaving home. Situated so remote from San Francisco and the means of reaching it being so difficult, comparatively few had made the journey from that city. Until that very year, when they could come by the railway, it was seldom indeed that any one from the Eastern or Middle States had ever thought of going there. I was already in San Francisco, where, up to the moment of starting upon the journey, I had

HENRY YATES

never dared hope to be, and it seemed to me beyond all the bounds of possibility that I should ever be there again. In this situation I believed that if ever I was to see the wonderful valley it must be then. I could not possibly have gone, and would not have attempted it, but for the generous offer of Mr. Ralston, which he repeated when I expressed a desire to go.

Henry Yates, the Governor's son, wanted very much to go. His father consented. Mr. Ralston furnished the money, and so it was decided that we go together; I taking a hundred dollars and Henry eighty, for the expense of the journey. Henry was then about sixteen years old, a fine, handsome, promising boy, much more like his father, as it always appeared to me, than his younger brother Richard, then a small boy, though the latter attained the same position his father had held with so much distinction — that of Governor of Illinois.

I had already become interested in Henry on the journey, and in our trip to the Yosemite he proved to be a most agreeable travelling companion. He died at a comparatively early age, while holding a responsible position in the State administration at Springfield, leaving a widow, the daughter of my old friend the Hon. David Simmons of Jacksonville.

Henry and I left Senators Yates and Kellogg at

San Francisco, and did not see them again until we returned to Illinois.

The journey to the Yosemite was at that time far more difficult than now. We had to go up the river to Stockton, and there take an old-fashioned "rock-away" stage-coach across a vast plain for a long distance, finally ascending the Sierra Nevada mountains to Mariposa, the stage-coach journey requiring several days of travel. At Mariposa we were obliged to make a long journey on horseback to the valley, into which we descended by a narrow, very precipitous, and perilous zigzag path. Travellers now, as I understand, make their way in a comfortable railway car almost to the valley, into which they descend in a comfortable carriage upon a finely built driveway.

Travel had not yet been directed to a great degree to California, the overland railway having but just been completed and there were no guide books nor circulars giving directions for the trip. We had given the matter but little investigation and had no adequate conception of what we were undertaking.

NEW ACQUAINTANCES

On the boat a gentleman spoke to me asking if we were going to the Yosemite. When I told him we were, he expressed a desire to, with his wife,who was on board, join us and be of our party, saying

that, as he understood, it was desirable for several to go together as there would be expenses which could be divided. He knew me by name, having, as he said, heard me speak in the Metropolitan Theatre. I did not state in my account of the meeting that I was called out to speak after Governor Yates and made a short response. I was not favorably impressed with the gentleman for a travelling companion. He was, in his manner, grave and slow of speech, and I thought him dull. He seemed to me to be the last man I would have chosen as a companion on a pleasure trip, and I did not like the idea of having a woman with us. I told him, to put him off, that I would talk with Henry about it, and I remember telling the boy my impressions, in which he agreed with me. When we met the lady we found her to be genial and bright and interesting, and full of enthusiasm for the jaunt. Upon further talking with them we found that they had thoroughly studied and made themselves familiar with every detail of the journey, which we ought to have done. We found they had prepared themselves with everything necessary for such an expedition, with proper clothing, wraps, medicine-case, spirits, travelling bags, and the like. Learning that in traversing those precipitous mountain paths and defiles a woman could not with safety ride

a horse otherwise than astride, the lady had with her the necessary divided skirts for that part of the journey.

The next morning we found ourselves with our new acquaintances in the old-fashioned rockaway stage-coach, behind a fine four-in-hand team, the reins handled by an experienced stage-driver.

There is no place where strangers, if they are congenial, so soon become acquainted as when huddled together in one of these stage-coaches. They are necessarily near each other; they cannot rise and move about and isolate themselves as upon a steamboat or in a railway car. They are, if the vehicle be not too crowded, comfortably seated, yet in such proximity as to engage easily in conversation. They travel with sufficient speed to have constant variety in the objects which arrest attention, and still not so fast as to be unable to have a good view of everything worthy of observation. The motion of the coach as it swings upon the great leathern springs, although it sometimes puts one to sleep, makes the passengers when awake vivacious. I have heard Governor Oglesby tell of travelling in a diligence from Moscow down into Poland with a male passenger for a companion who for two days gave him no other recognition than an occasional grunt. To account for this he emphasized the statement that the vehicle

CONCORD COACH

was a European diligence, instead of one of our rockaway stage-coaches, and that the passenger was an Englishman. To one who knew Governor Oglesby, the most genial, agreeable, and vivacious of companions, this incident seems incredible, but even this Englishman, the Governor added, finally thawed out, — and doubtless even he could not have maintained such *sang-froid* for so long a time in an American overland stage-coach.

We learned by the legend upon their travelling bags that our new acquaintances were Mr. and Mrs. David S. True, and that their home was at Davenport, Iowa. They and Henry and I were the only through passengers, although others occasionally got in for shorter distances. We insisted upon their taking the back seat in the coach,— the best, as its occupants face to the front and can see objects on the way as they approach.

I have never been more happily disappointed in anybody than I was in Mr. and Mrs. True. We found Mr. True to be an able and experienced lawyer of large practice, learned, not merely in the law but in general literature. I had myself been practising law for several years, but I soon found that I was but a fledgling in the profession as compared with Mr. True. He was gentle, modest, and rather taciturn, except when he became especially interested

in a subject, when we found him to be earnest and frequently eloquent. Outside of the law, in the domain of general literature, he had garnered a generous store of knowledge, had read many books of the best authors, the treasures of which were stored up in his memory and were upon occasion at his command. Withal dry and solemn as he had at first appeared, he was full of humor, quick at repartee, and frequently amused us with his witticisms. He was apparently not in the best of health, and needed the rest and recreation he was taking.

Mrs. True, on the other hand, was robust and strong, the soul of good nature, enjoying everything, and devoted to the comfort and happiness of her husband.

It was a long journey for persons like ourselves, unaccustomed to such travel. It was quite dry, and sometimes the heat and dust made us uncomfortable. The distance we had to travel by this conveyance, from Stockton to Mariposa, was, as I remember, nearly a hundred miles. Most of the way it was over a long, flat stretch of country in the San Joaquin Valley. We crossed the Stanislaus, the Tuolumne, and the Merced rivers, but they were almost dry. We heard fabulous stories of how these dry rivers would fill up in an incredibly short time when the rains came, and overflow the whole valley. After,

as I remember, nearly two days of travel upon this great plain, we began to ascend the foothills — mountains we in Illinois would call them — of the Sierra Nevadas, which took us a whole day to climb before reaching Mariposa, where we were glad to give up our quarters in the stage-coach. The long journey from Stockton would have been tiresome to us but for the companionship of our new acquaintances, whom we had already come to regard. Brief as had been our relations with them, we had established an intimacy that could scarcely have been possible elsewhere. We had had frequent relays of horses on the journey and made reasonably good time. Most of the local passengers who got in and out were agreeable, and we enjoyed hearing from them about the country. Occasionally a Chinaman who smoked opium would get in, and he was intolerable. The odor was horrible, and after bearing as long as we could with the first one, we made him get up with the driver, — the best place on the coach in good weather. We allowed no other opium-smoking Chinaman inside.

From Mariposa there was no road to the Yosemite other than a blind trail or bridle path which would accommodate only one horse at a time. We were obliged to have saddle horses, and a guide accustomed to mountain-climbing who knew the country.

For horses, which were good mustangs, we found we must pay five dollars a day each, and for the guide and his horse ten dollars a day. The expense of the guide was equally divided among our party of four. We found from this the advantage of having several in a party as Mr. True had suggested, for, had they or Henry and I not been thus accompanied, the expense of the guide must have been borne by two. This was not the only occasion when we were made to realize the wisdom of the suggestion.

We spent a day in the little mountain town of Mariposa, arranging for our horses and our guide. This last was, besides his other duties, to take care of, feed, and saddle the horses for our use, and we were to pay all his expenses and the cost of feed for the animals.

We were interested in Mariposa. It was the centre of the grant of land which General Frémont had acquired, concerning which much had been written and published. For a long time there was a controversy over the title, but it was finally decided by the Supreme Court of the United States in the General's favor. Here we witnessed the polishing by hand of some of the beautiful woods which abound in that region. I bought a little cabinet of exquisite workmanship, made of these woods, in which several specimens appear. It is now before

me upon my table as I write. These woods have since come into quite general use for ornamental work. The interiors of the finest Pullman cars are many of them faced with them, and scarcely any others can be found that take so fine a polish.

At break of day we plunged into the forest. We were obliged to ride in single file, our little cavalcade of five persons extending frequently as much as a quarter of a mile. We travelled very light, our luggage consisting only of a change of underclothing and toilet articles, most of which was carried by the guide. At first we urged our horses into a trot, but we as well as they soon tired of this, and settled down to a walk, which we maintained for most of the journey. The country was uneven, and part of the way the trail ascended or descended mountains. Scarcely ever able to ride abreast, shouting to the one ahead or behind was usually our only conversation. This was difficult and tiresome, and we soon relapsed into silence. I found that it was easier in the saddle for me to climb than to descend a mountain, which, of course, was otherwise with the horse. In ascending I could sit back in the saddle with ease, but in descending I had to exert myself to keep from going down on the shoulders and neck of the poor beast, or over his head. Sometimes we came out upon an eminence which presented a magnificent

view, extending for miles over mountain and valley. In the distance far away we could see dim mountain peaks covered with snow. Wherever there was sufficient space for the party we paused to assemble and together enjoy the spectacle.

Sometimes we moved through the forest upon level or gently sloping land, carpeted with leaves and moss that had accumulated for centuries, and sometimes along the bank of a clear mountain stream, the silvery waters of which formed cascades and pools and waterfalls that sparkled in the sun.

Nothing impressed me so much as the solitude of this mountain region. We were entirely alone, neither seeing nor hearing another human being. Occasionally a wild animal appeared; several times deer crossed the trail, and sometimes stopped and gazed wistfully at us before leisurely trotting off, and occasionally some one saw a bear waddling away. Great majestic birds, eagles and hawks, sailing about over the tops of the trees, looked curiously down upon us; but all these wild denizens of the forests, which make their abodes as far as possible from the haunts of men, only made the solitude more impressive.

The guide had provided a substantial lunch, and monitors more pronounced than our watches, our appetites, indicated the noon hour.

We stopped upon the bank of a stream which we were ascending; Mrs. True spread the cloth upon the leaves, made coffee, the guide having gathered fuel and built the fire, and, hungry as we were, we did ample justice to the plain, hearty, wholesome viands spread before us. It seemed to me that I had never tasted sandwiches so delicious. The coffee was fine, but scarcely more appetizing than the pure cold water from the mountain stream. We sat and talked for an hour and more after the meal, to let our horses, as hungry as we, graze along the bank.

After the death of Charles Dickens a little poem appeared, among hundreds of other tributes to him, which describes just such "mountain solitudes" of California as those in which we were, better than anything I have ever read. The poem first appeared in the newspapers anonymously, and arrested attention in a more marked degree than any other of the tributes to the memory of the great author. After I had learned it and had many times repeated it to friends, it was found to have been written by Bret Harte. I never recall the poem but it brings to my mind that journey in the mountains. The party to which the poem refers was a company of gold-seekers who had camped and were, like us, resting upon the bank of a mountain stream.

Dickens in Camp

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras far beyond uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 't was boyish fancy, for the reader
Was youngest of them all;
But as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp with Nell on English meadows
Wandered and lost its way.

And so in mountain solitudes — o'ertaken
As by some spell divine —
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp and wasted all its fire;
And he who wrought that spell? —
Ah! towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell.

Lost is that camp, but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreathes entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,—
This spray of Western pine.

A FRONTIER CABIN

Before sunset our afternoon ride ended by our coming out upon an open clearing of the forest, fronting upon which was a cabin built of plain boards, but with an ample veranda in front. Rude as was its construction, it was a homelike place, inviting one to rest and repose. The material for the house and furniture had been brought upon the backs of mules and horses from Mariposa, which made them expensive. The partitions were of white muslin cloth, stretched from ceiling to floor and separating the rooms entirely, but so thin that every word spoken could be heard throughout the entire house.

Everything was neat and cosey. Fresh linen, good spring beds and mattresses, blankets and plenty

of them, which were needed because the nights were so cold, furnished us excellent accommodations for sleeping.

It seemed to us that we never had had so fine a meal as the supper which a Chinaman prepared for us there. There were tea biscuits served hot, excellent fresh vegetables, and delicious cups of tea. In the centre of the table was the great dish, which could not have been improved upon in a Paris *café*,—a great platter loaded with mountain trout, perfectly cooked and served.

I had never before seen this most delicious of all fish served so bountifully. I will not undertake to tell how many of these shining specimens of the finny tribe were before us, but ravenous as were our appetites and fond as we were of them, it seemed as though there were enough left to carry into effect the miracle of the loaves and fishes. When we asked in astonishment how and where they could have been obtained, we were told that every mountain stream was filled with them and that one scarcely ever failed to bring in all that were wanted. As tourists in large numbers found their way to the great valley they became less abundant, but, when we were there, the supply far exceeded the demand. After that, while we were in the mountains, we had them at every meal.

When we came to retire, "turn in," as Westerners and sailors say, the situation which presented itself was amusing. If our only lady had been at all prudish and less sensible, it might have been serious. The beds were set against the muslin walls of our rooms. Mrs. True occupied the back of the bed in their room and I was to take the back of ours. Mr. and Mrs. True retired first, and when I innocently scrambled into my bed I found myself so close to Mrs. True that in other circumstances it might have been regarded as highly improper. The thin muslin cloth partition between us, while a perfect barrier against sight, was not a barrier to the touch. I made a hasty retreat, expecting her to scream. So far from that, she broke out into peals of laughter and we all enjoyed the joke, Mr. True more than any other. When the hilarity subsided, it was a simple matter for me to draw our bed into the middle of the room, and weary and worn as we all were, we had a good night's sleep.

THE BIG TREES

Clark's ranch, as it was called, lies near the Mariposa grove of big trees. After an early breakfast the guide brought around our horses, and in a half-hour we were in the midst of those giants of the forest, the Sequoiæ, or redwoods, as they are usually called.

I have all my life been disappointed in the sight

of marvellous things in Nature about which I have read. I was disappointed in Niagara. The trouble always was that I had gained from the descriptions too exalted ideas for the reality. To this the sight of the big trees was no exception. They did not appear so large as they had been painted in my fancy. But upon measuring them and analyzing them, they are even greater than can in the imagination be conceived.

To get an idea of a big tree such as we saw, let us imagine one thirty feet in diameter and four hundred feet high, of perfect proportions and graceful appearance, standing out, isolated and alone, upon an Illinois prairie. The lowest limb of the tree I have in mind, eighty feet from the ground, was six feet in diameter,—no doubt greater than that of any tree in Illinois. The bark of such a tree was two feet thick. A hollow tree was standing near the one I have described that was about as large. Into the hollow of that tree our whole party of five rode on horseback and remained for some time, with plenty of room; the tree was still alive and vigorous. Another tree had fallen to the ground, and rude ladders had been placed against the trunk, up which we climbed, and found ourselves nearly thirty feet from the ground. Let the reader imagine if he can a log like that!

The reason why the trees of that forest did not appear so great as they really were was because each of them was approximately as large as the others. Not one was so much more enormous than its fellows as to be especially marked. Because of so many enormous trees, some of greater and some of lesser proportions, making up the grove, none appeared so majestic as it really was.

We speculated over the ages of the trees, and decided they must have been growing since the dawn of creation. We thought that they might have been planted by Adam and had survived the Deluge.

We spent the forenoon among the big trees and were back at the ranch in time for noon dinner, at which we were again served with trout caught that morning, and young bear meat, which was tender and good. The guide said we must make White and Hatch's ranch for supper, a distance, as I remember, of about twenty miles. He had our horses ready when we rose from the table, and we again took the trail.

When Henry and I first met the Trues, and Mr. True proposed being one of our party with his wife, we had misgivings about having a lady with us. We thought that, with the attentions she would require, she would be an incumbrance and a hindrance. She proved to be more helpful than any other of the

party, and was the life of the expedition. She had scarcely ever before been on horseback, but she rode man-fashion like a cavalier. She had a good sure-footed horse and handled him perfectly. She was enthusiastic in the enjoyment of the scenery and of all the wonderful experiences of that wild region. She seemed never to be weary, and was always bubbling over with pleasantries. Her unrestrained laughter at her husband's and all of our jokes rang through the forest, and could be heard by us all along the line.

When we reached White and Hatch's ranch it was almost dark, and, but for the guide hurrying us during the last hour, it would have been entirely so, — a serious matter in that dense forest, with only the narrow trail to travel upon. We found the house to be similar in construction to that where we had slept the night before, including the partitions. The house was presided over by a refined lady, the wife, as I remember, of Mr. Hatch. They were from Maine, where she had enjoyed the advantages of New England education and culture.

There were no telegraph lines by which we could announce our approach, and they were expecting no one, but this good lady prepared for us an excellent, bountiful supper which she called "tea," the principal viand being the inevitable mountain trout.

I have never before nor since, for several days in succession, had all I wanted of this delicious fish. It tasted as good the last time it was placed before us as the first.

A LUCKY EAVESDROPPING

Henry and I became alarmed at what appeared an appalling and overwhelming calamity. We first began to be frightened at Mariposa when we were negotiating for our horses and guide, and our anxiety increased as we went on, until we were in a state of consternation. We found our money running out, and, with the prices we were obliged to pay for our entertainment on the way, it became evident that by the time we reached the valley our pocket-books would be exhausted, and we should have nothing to take us back to San Francisco. There were few people in that region in those early days, and those had little money. They certainly had none to lend to strangers, and no one could afford to supply us with even the necessaries of life on credit. We ought to have made a careful estimate of the expenses before leaving San Francisco, but so few had made the journey that we found no one there who could give us accurate information.

Our anxiety became so great that we brooded over it, and whenever we were alone together talked about

it. We considered every possible means of "making a raise," by pawning our watches or similar expedients; but all seemed impracticable as there was so little money in the country. As we were discussing the situation late one evening, Mr. True spoke to us through the thin partition. He said he did not wish to intrude, but would like to come in and speak with us. He sat down on the bed and said that he first wanted to ask our pardon. We could conceive of nothing he had done or left undone to ask pardon for, but he went on:

"I have been an eavesdropper. I overheard you two, through the thin partition, saying something that attracted my attention, and I listened. What first attracted me was that you seemed to be in trouble, and I wanted to know what it was all about. You were speaking very low, but I became an eavesdropper in earnest, listened very carefully, and became convinced that you were short of money. Now, I want you to tell me frankly whether this is the case. I am older than either of you and may be able to propose some plan by which you can be helped."

He spoke in a low voice so that no one else in the house, not even his wife, could hear.

It was so kind and frank in him to show such an interest in us that while, from what we had seen of

the amount of money he had, we could not see how he could help us, we told him frankly, precisely what our situation was.

When we had told our story he asked if we would permit him to help us in the emergency if he could find the means of doing so. Still doubting his ability to assist us, we told him that we should certainly be grateful to him if he could help us.

He arose from his seat, took off his coat, and laid it upon the bed with his usual deliberation. He took off his waistcoat and laid that upon the coat. He unbuttoned his suspenders, threw them over his shoulders, and loosed the upper buttons of his trousers. Still deliberately, he unbuttoned his collar and shirt, and began to pull the latter off over his head. It seemed strange that, without one word of explanation, he should proceed to undress himself in our room. Upon removal of his shirt, he began to unbuckle a band or heavy strap, well padded, from the outside of his undershirt, which we had not at first noticed. This band passed over the left shoulder and around under his right arm. He took it off and laid it upon the bed beside his clothing. He fumbled in his trousers pocket, still with great deliberation, for his pocket-knife, which he carefully opened. All this time, of course, Henry and I were looking on with intense interest. He made a little

slit in the band, and out popped a twenty-dollar gold-piece, then another, and then another, when he paused and asked how much we thought we could use, declaring again and again that he had plenty, and for us to take all we wanted, that we were entirely welcome to divide it with them so long as it lasted. When five of the yellow coins, one hundred dollars, had appeared, we stopped him, declaring that he must not take out any more.

It is impossible to describe adequately the relief that this most unexpected shower of gold gave me. Henry was only a boy, and hardly realized what a calamity it would have been to have found ourselves in that wild region without money. But we both were delighted and enthusiastic in our expressions of gratitude to Mr. True. By rigid economy we made this money last us until we returned to San Francisco and to Billy Ralston.

After an early breakfast we were again upon the trail. While we occasionally descended for a short distance, we were most of the time rising higher and higher. This continued hour after hour all the forenoon. Finally we came out upon a place where we could see several miles before us. The landscape across which we were looking was uneven and ragged, seeming to be broken up by hills and rocks, but while to the right there were mountain peaks capped

with snow, in the direction we were going there were none so high as to obstruct the view. The guide proposed that we stop there and take luncheon, the luncheon he had put up before we left the ranch that morning. We were hungry, and enjoyed the hearty food. The guide said we must take time for a good rest, as we had a hard ride before us. As we looked across the country and could see so far with unobstructed vision, Mrs. True asked the guide if we were to continue in that direction. He replied in the affirmative, and was asked how long it would take to get into the valley. He replied that he could not exactly tell, but that it would take "a good while."

A GREAT SURPRISE

After two hours of rest we were again in the saddle. As we leisurely moved along a short distance, — I should say not a hundred yards from where we had been eating,— our attention was attracted by what seemed to be a short line of cleavage in the ground before us. At first it appeared slight, but as we moved forward it extended in length and gradually widened. This line at first seemed to be straight, but as we advanced it began to curve a little, yet kept its general course. As we proceeded, the line continued to extend and become more pronounced. It then appeared to be a fissure in the ground of consid-

erable length and directly across our path. As we continued, we began to express misgivings as to how we should be able to get over it. Soon it developed into a chasm, becoming deeper at every advancing step. Perpendicular rocks appeared facing us from the opposite side, the massive fronts of which we could see farther down as we moved. On account of the bend in the chasm our vision extended even farther down upon the right and left, revealing more and more these rocks. It became evident that we were approaching a great gorge. We hastened on until we were almost at its brink, when the guide stopped us and asked us to dismount. He led us to a rock overlooking a mighty perpendicular precipice, and told us to look down, which we did with much trepidation, so soon as we were able to compose and poise ourselves. Literally we had to look twice to see the bottom. Although the day was clear and bright, our sight could not at once pierce the profound depth, but rested for a moment upon a soft, light, hazy atmospheric substance. As we continued to peer down, our vision pierced through this ethereal gauze until it rested upon *terra firma* nearly a mile below. The mighty gorge was the Yosemite Valley.

As our eyes became accustomed to this great depth, we could begin to descry objects far down

below. The ground upon which our sight rested was carpeted with verdure, fringed here and there with what seemed to be graceful shrubs, which afterwards proved to be trees. Through green fields wound a silvery stream which looked like a narrow ribbon, the glint of whose waters could occasionally be seen. In the distance, away to the right, almost surrounded by lofty mountains, was what seemed to be a pool of clear water, which appeared to be about as large as an ordinary wash-bowl. This the guide told us was Mirror Lake, which proved to be a mile in circumference. The guide tried to make us discern the hotel at which we were to stop. The building looked like an ordinary hen-coop. He called our attention to some objects moving along under the mountain, which looked like beetles or the tumble bugs in Illinois, and said they were horned cattle. Other objects moving more rapidly, and appearing no larger, he said were people on horseback. A five-acre plot of cultivated ground looked little larger than an ordinary family dining-table.

I at first felt quite uncomfortable at this dizzy height, as I think we all did excepting Mrs. True. Even the guide approached the edge of the rock gingerly. Mrs. True stepped out with perfect confidence, and looked down without any appearance of uneasiness.

The walls of the valley, most of which extended perpendicularly down and down a mile to their bases, took on variegated colors as our eyes followed them into the awful depths.

Some of these rocks rose above the plateau upon which we were standing, the most notable of which were to our right, "Cathedral Rock," rising two thousand six hundred feet above the valley, and the "Cathedral Spires," rising still higher. There was "Sentinel Rock," which was majestic, and back of it "Sentinel Dome," rising over four thousand feet above the valley, and, away beyond, the "Half Dome," which looked as might look the half of the dome of the capitol at Washington if it were cut in two from top to bottom and one-half removed, only infinitely greater. These were to our right, and were the snow-capped mountains we had seen two days before as we approached. All were upon the same side of the valley we were.

On the side opposite us was "El Capitan,"— an enormous block of granite projecting into the valley, between three and four thousand feet high, and above it, opposite "Sentinel Rock," the "Three Brothers," three great rocks projecting themselves to a lofty height from and above the summit of the valley; still above these the "Royal Arches," and then the "North Dome," opposite the "Half Dome," which

although greatly larger resembled the dome of the capitol at Washington. Notwithstanding these great peaks and domes and spires rising up above, the general level of the summit of the valley was maintained. Here and there over the brow of the valley, a bright waterfall appeared and glittered down thousands of feet, the rays of the sun and the rustle of the wind giving the water myriads of forms and colors. One was the Vernal Fall, another the Virgin's Tears Fall, another the Bridal Veil Fall, another the Nevada Fall, and another the Yosemite Fall. These falls were made by streams flowing to the valley, and by projecting themselves over its summit they added greatly to its picturesqueness. The spot to which the guide had brought us gave, as we understood, the best general view of the valley.

THE YOSEMITE AND THE GRAND CANYON

I have since visited the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, a general view of which from the Bright Angel Hotel, Rowe's Point, and other places of observation, shows mountains and hills rising up in the canyon, giving it, so to speak, a kind of billowy appearance.

Joaquin Miller calls the Grand Canyon "the world's paintshop." He says that "it seems almost to smell of paint — red paint; pink, scarlet, left and

right, up and down; . . . . a dead light of red, a burning world." Another writer who explored this Grand Canyon calls it "an inferno, ... a whole chaotic underworld."

The prevailing color in the Grand Canyon is red, which one writer has referred to as "the sign of despair," while that of Yosemite is gray. The colors of the Grand Canyon are brilliant and dazzling, I was about to say gaudy; and become more and more pronounced under the rays of the sun. The colors of the Yosemite, on the other hand, are restful. Under the rays of the sun they are given a halo of ethereal beauty, sometimes perfectly white and clear, sometimes pale, sometimes emerald dissolving into blue, and tinged with gold and silver hues, with, upon the setting of the sun, a gauze of crimson, the colors of the rainbow blended and modified into a thousand tints of varying shades. The waterfalls upon every hand are blown by the wind into fantastic shapes, and present to the eye rainbows as vivid and distinct as those seen upon the clouds. Bierstadt in his painting of the Yosemite, one of his masterpieces, which I think was destroyed in the Chicago fire, caught these tints and reproduced them on canvas.

In contemplating the Grand Canyon one might fancy that a million Titans had rolled and hurled

burning, flaming mountains, still cooling, into its depths so long as they could endure the intense heat.

The Yosemite is the mightiest of valleys, carpeted with verdure, set off at its summit on either side with spires and arches and domes. Its walls are hung with tapestries whose enchanting figures are given exquisite variegated hues by the mystic hand of refraction; but, mighty as it is, the Yosemite is still a valley, and the most beautiful valley that has ever been created by the Great Architect.

While it is about six miles in length, it seems much less because of its enormous depth. On account of its celestial beauty and serene restfulness, every element inviting to repose, it has been called a heaven upon earth. The Grand Canyon presents the most sublime spectacle of the upheavals of Nature of which we have any knowledge. It is more than two hundred miles long and, where I looked across from summit to summit, thirteen miles wide. Grand and imposing as is the stupendous phenomenon, varied and marvellous and bewildering as are its prodigies, it is nowhere restful. It is appalling, overwhelming, crushing. It awakens in the bosom a feeling of terror. One feels at the Yosemite a desire to lay down his cares and responsibilities and bask forever in its charms and glories. From the Grand Canyon one feels impelled to flee in terror.

The Yosemite is heaven! the Grand Canyon — purgatory! and the room for accommodation in each is about in proportion to the numbers of those of the human race who will, according to the orthodoxy of those days, be assigned to each for their eternal abode.

The Yosemite Valley is situated in the summit of the Sierra Nevada mountains, about midway between the beginnings of the ascent on the east and west sides. It had already, when we were there, been turned over by the general Government to the State of California to be kept forever as a place of resort and recreation. A Board of Commissioners had been appointed by the State, which had some time before we were there entered upon its work. This board had at that time with great difficulty made a zigzag trail down into the valley, starting near where we were standing and, as I remember, another upon the opposite side. The engineers had found to the left of where we were, a place where the wall was not entirely perpendicular, at which the trail started.

The guide had evasively told us when at lunch that it would take "a good while" to get into the valley. He afterwards explained to us that he so answered because he wished to "give us a surprise," — in which he certainly succeeded. Really it did

A SCENE IN THE YOSEMITE VALLEY

take "a good while" for us to get from where we were, "into the valley,"— as I remember, about five hours.

DESCENT INTO THE VALLEY

The guide led the horses to the point where the trail started, cinched tighter the saddle-girths, and himself took the lead, with Mr. True next, then Mrs. True, then I, and last Henry. The trail was narrow, no wider than necessary for a foothold for a horse. The path was steep, but not so much so as we afterwards frequently found it. At a short distance we, one by one, turned abruptly in a limited space which had been made to give room for this purpose, and at intervals turned and turned again and again, abruptly descending at every step. How a road could have been made there upon which men and women could travel on horseback, was a constant marvel. It was said that at some places, in order to make a foothold, men were swung down with tools in their hands from above. The chasm yawned thousands of feet below upon one side of us, while on the other was a wall of granite. We had found on the way from Mariposa that the horses were sure-footed and careful at every step. I could not say too much in praise of these patient, cautious animals. It detracted nothing from their merit for the guide to declare that they were really looking out for

their own safety. A misstep upon an insecure stone, or a slip, might have been the means of hurling both horse and rider into the abyss below. In the Alps we rode upon mules that were just as sure-footed, but I do not remember a trail there that was so precipitous.

In a short time we had descended hundreds of feet, and the walls of the great valley were closing in upon us. As we descended, the gorge appeared somewhat more narrow, but the walls became more imposing as they rose above and about us. They took on somewhat darker hues, which were constantly changing, sometimes darker and then lighter, affected by the rays of the sun, sometimes direct and sometimes reflected, as it was going down in the Western sky, with here and there touches of color so beautiful and so varied as to be enrapturing. I had never seen shadows that were so picturesque and so extended, giving the outlines upon the faces of the mighty walls opposite, of Sentinel Rock, of the Cathedral Spires, and of everything that rose above the valley.

After thus abruptly descending for a considerable time, our trail led for some distance with a more gradual descent along the side of the wall to another wall, which sloped somewhat and then entered upon another zigzag, which we followed. This gave new

scenes, new views, and new color. Sometimes the trail led around a projection that gave us a view of our own side of the valley, of its walls and towers.

In this zigzagging we were comparatively near together as we rode, some above and some below, so near that we could talk with ease, and we were constantly pointing out to one another objects that demanded attention.

Not the least interesting phenomenon was that which appeared in the sound of our voices as they rang through the cavernous depths. At some places it was difficult to make ourselves understood a short distance, while at others very low articulation could be heard for a great way. Sometimes when we shouted there would be echoes, repeated over and over again, gradually growing more faint until they died away.

After several hours we suddenly heard the report of a gun, — a rifle or musket, — but could not decide from what direction the sound came. Another and another report arose, and it finally became evident that the sound came from the depths of the valley. As we continued to descend we heard the barking of dogs and soon after the lowing of cattle. Finally we came where we could see and distinctly recognize objects in the valley, although they were still far beneath us. We became impatient, and

urged the patient beasts to hasten their footsteps. The guide protested that this was fraught with danger, declaring that left to themselves the horses were more sure of their footing than when prodded, and that we still had a very long and dangerous way before us.

Nothing could be more enchanting than the apparent development of objects when they *took shape*, as we continued our descent. It seemed to me that nowhere else on earth could there be such a carpet of living green as that upon which our eyes rested. It seemed that there could never be another so beautiful a stream as that which meandered through this verdant valley. This stream is the Merced River which, sluggish and uninteresting and almost dry, we had forded on a vast barren plain when travelling in the stage-coach several days before.

When we reached the level ground and were really in the valley we were enraptured. It was so quiet, so serene, and so restful there, in the midst of such grandeur.

This had been our hardest day. The descent had presented objects so wonderful and scenes so impressive, that we had not realized what a task we were performing. We now became conscious that we were worn and weary and sore, and almost famished with hunger. After doing ample justice to the sup-

per that was spread before us at the hotel we at once turned in and slept "the sleep of the just."

The next day was Sunday, which we observed as a day of rest in every sense, the first we had had since leaving San Francisco.

When we arose in the morning we found ourselves to be "sore all over," as one expressed it, from our ride down the mountain. We had been so absorbed with the dissolving views as we went down that we had little realization of the strain put upon us. But now, after several hours had passed, we awoke to find ourselves chafed and our bones and muscles aching. And of all places upon earth this was the one to find rest for both body and soul.

The clear water in which we laved gave some relief, but did not stimulate us to activity. We sat for hours upon the veranda of the hotel and stretched ourselves upon the soft carpet of green grass that was spread out before us, upon which our eyes as well as our limbs rested.

On either side arose majestic walls for nearly a mile, and it was curious, while stretched out upon the greensward, to follow them higher and higher with the eye, presenting a thousand variegated shades of color, into the blue cerulean vault of heaven, which illuminated everything with celestial light.

No sound of "church-going bells" saluted our

ears on that Sunday morning, but the cadences of waterfalls and cascades were no less musical.

It is not my purpose to describe in detail the Yosemite Valley. Information more accurate than I can give from memory may be found in the encyclopædias and the guide-books. I shall be content if I can give the reader some faint conception of the impressions it made upon me. In the Yosemite Valley I was not disappointed. It far surpassed my expectations.

We remained four days in the valley; we wished it could have been as many years. We had our horses for excursions, all of them short, as from the hotel the valley extended but three miles above and about the same distance below. We spent a day at Mirror Lake, the pellucid waters of which afforded the most perfect of mirrors, reflecting perfectly the Dome, the Half-Dome, and all the mountain heights by which it was surrounded. Most of the day we walked about this beautiful lake, or seated ourselves upon its banks, sometimes contemplating the sky and the mountains above, and the trees that lined it, and sometimes also contemplating them all as they appeared reflected in the water. I have never seen a more perfect mirror.

At one time Henry and I went around to the opposite side of the lake from Mr. and Mrs. True and

seated ourselves upon the bank, facing them across the water. We were recalling some of our interesting experiences and spoke especially of the Trues, using an ordinary tone of voice. As we began speaking of the Trues, we heard Mr. True's voice, not louder than we were speaking, saying, "You had better be careful of what you say, as we can hear everything." Upon experimenting we found that we could whisper to and hear each other across the lake, a distance of nearly half a mile.

Trails for horses have since been cut into the rock, leading to many interesting places up and down the valley, to only a few of which we were then able to ascend. Henry and I climbed up beside the Vernal Fall, upon a wooden ladder that had been constructed for that purpose against the walls. They said it was three hundred feet high. I would hardly now attempt such a climb. To the top of this fall a trail has now, as I understand, been built, which tourists ascend with ease on horseback. We were well repaid for our exertions by the view spread out before us.

We spent much time at the foot of the waterfalls, and along the rushing streams and cascades that flowed from them, as the water descended into the Merced River.

Hour after hour we walked about upon the level,

green-covered floor of the valley, varied by the most delicate of Nature's tracery, among the flowers and ferns and groves of trees. There were groups of conifers, cedar, fir, pines of different varieties, besides oak, alder, quaking aspen, dogwoods, and cottonwoods. We were pleased to find fruit trees in full bearing.

While thus interested in all that appeared about us, we found ourselves frequently raising our eyes from those meadows and groves and fruits and flowers, to the stupendous walls ornamented with Nature's own colors and carvings, rising as they seemed into the heavens.

A MIGHTY CATHEDRAL

We fancied ourselves in a mighty cathedral, the floor of which was carpeted with velvety, variegated verdure, more beautiful than the choicest figures that can be inlaid in the rarest and costliest mosaics.

It was not difficult to mark the nave, the central part of the valley, the transept, — a line of trees near the upper end which, stretching out, separated the chancel from the nave, — nor to descry, here and there, chapels and cloisters, — crevices in the rocks, — besides stalls for the retirement of the clergy, aisles leading in different directions appearing on every hand, rose windows, and a thousand fantastic

mural decorations, arches supported by columns representing Gothic, Egyptian, Doric, and every other style of architecture, all canopied by the "brave o'erhanging firmament," a "majestical roof fretted with golden fire," and, rising above all, turrets and domes and spires and towers and minarets, all combining to create a vast temple as compared with which Saint Peter's at Rome, the Mosque of Saint Sophia at Constantinople, and Saint Paul's at London, sink into insignificance.

> Father, Thy hand
> Hath reared these venerable columns.
> . . . . These dim vaults,
> These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
> Report not. No fantastic carvings show
> The boast of our vain race to change the form
> Of Thy fair works. Thou art here — thou fill'st
> The solitude.

We found at San Francisco that Senators Yates and Kellogg had already gone home. Mr. Ralston lent us money to pay Mr. True and to supply all needs for our return, although we required but little to take us home, having our return transportation. We parted from the Trues with regret, and never saw them afterwards. Henry and I separated at Omaha, he going to his home at Jacksonville and I to mine at Galesburg.

II

LINCOLN

II

LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was the drollest man I ever saw.

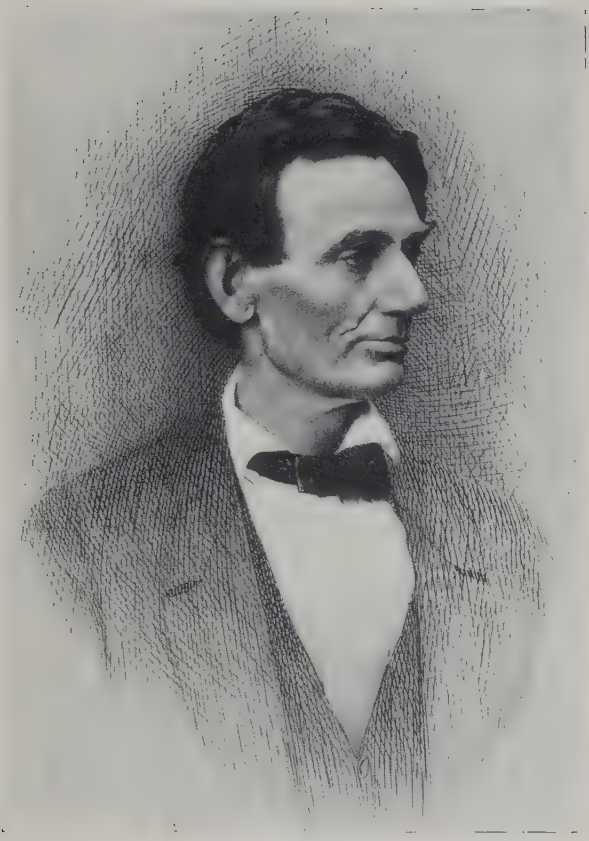
He could make a cat laugh. Never was another man so vivacious; never have I seen another who provoked so much mirth, and who entered into rollicking fun with such glee. He was the most comical and jocose of human beings, laughing with the same zest at his own jokes as at those of others. I did not wonder that, while actively engaged in party politics, his opponents who had seen him in these moods called Abraham Lincoln a clown and an ape.

Abraham Lincoln was the most serious man I ever saw.

When I heard him protest against blighting our new Territories with the curse of human slavery, in his debates with Senator Douglas, no man could have been more in earnest, none more serious. In his analysis of legal problems, whether in the practice of his profession or in the consideration of State papers, he became wholly absorbed in his subject.

Sometimes he lapsed into reverie and communed with his own thoughts, noting nothing that was going on about him until aroused, when perhaps he would enter into a discussion of the subject that had occupied his mind, or perhaps break out into laughter and tell a joke or story that set the table in a roar.

When I saw him at Gettysburg as he exclaimed, "That we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth!" — when I heard him declare in his second inaugural address "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." . . . . "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right," — as I looked upon him and heard him utter these sentiments, upon these occasions, Abraham Lincoln was the most solemn, the most dignified, the most



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

majestic, and at the same time the most benignant human being I ever saw.

Rochefoucauld says that "gravity is a mystery of the body invented to conceal defects of the mind." Lord Shaftesbury says that "gravity is the very essence of imposture." Abraham Lincoln had none of this.

Man is the most serious of animals. Man is the most frivolous of animals. It is said that man is the only animal that can both laugh and cry. Abraham Lincoln gave full vent to his emotions. He went through life with no restraints nor manacles upon his human nature. He was honest in the expression of his feelings, whether serious or otherwise, honest in their manifestation, honest with himself.

It was because Abraham Lincoln was the most human of human beings that he is loved as has never been any other man that ever lived.

III

LOUISE, QUEEN OF DENMARK

III

LOUISE, QUEEN OF DENMARK

OF all the many good men and women whom it has been my fortune to know, the influence of none has been more benign than that of Louise, Queen of Denmark. Those whose rare privilege it was to be admitted to the society of that great lady felt themselves to be in the presence of a superior being, whose acquaintance and friendship tended to make every one about her nobler and better, not because of her royal station, but because she was a good wife, a good mother, a good friend,— in short, a good woman.

The world has come to know and appreciate the sterling worth of her royal children: the Queen of Great Britain, the Empress Dowager of Russia, the Duchess of Cumberland, the present King of Denmark, the King of Greece, and that gallant sailor, Prince Valdemar. It has been said that this illustrious family has at last made royalty respectable. Perhaps this *mot* implies too severe a censure upon royalty, as the world has been accustomed to look upon the personages who have occupied the

thrones of Europe. Yet there can be no question that the influence of this royal Danish family has tended toward the spiritual uplifting of, and has given vigor and personality and character to, the royal and imperial families of every kingdom and empire which have had the happiness to become allied to it.

In another place the attempt has been made by me to picture King Christian IX for my readers. The peoples of Europe are no less deeply indebted to his royal spouse.

What appeared to me to be the chief characteristic of Queen Louise was her single-hearted devotion to her family. As the leader of brilliant assemblages, no one could have been more resplendent in society, yet there was never a more devoted wife and mother. Her solicitude for her royal husband and for their sons and daughters was remarkable. My wife and myself were denied the privilege of knowing the Queen before her children had grown to manhood and womanhood, but we saw enough of her in the company of her offspring to realize how much she must have been to them while they were growing up from infancy at her side. No family in all the kingdom could have been reared with more scrupulous care than hers.

Devoted as she was to her sons and daughters,

QUEEN LOUISE OF DENMARK

no grown children in any walk of life could have been more devoted to their mother. It was our happy lot to meet them many times when they gathered at the hearthstone of their parents. Nothing could be more charming than the sight of the Queen with the Empress of Russia, now widowed, the Princess of Wales, now queen, and the Duchess of Cumberland, loving companions all, every one cheerful and radiant and beautiful, though none of the daughters was more so than her proud mother. And it was quite as interesting to note the sons' manifestations of affection for their mother, coupled with her forethought for them — the Crown Prince of Denmark, now the King, King George of Greece, and Prince Valdemar.

I first saw Her Majesty on the evening of the day that I presented to King Christian my letters of credence in formal audience, as it was arranged that I should dine with them. The entire family came into the drawing-room, among them an elderly lady with two beautiful women, evidently young enough to be her daughters. I knew that all of them were of royal rank, but until the eldest of the three presented me to the Empress of Russia and the Princess of Wales I did not know who any one of the three was. The room was filled with royal persons, all of whom came up and spoke to me; but how could I

know which was which? Both King George of Greece and Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark "jollied" me afterward for not knowing one of them from the other, which was certainly the fact.

Even after I had learned which was the Empress of Russia and which the Princess of Wales, I was not at all sure about the lady who had presented me to them until one in speaking to the other referred to her as "mother." At that time I received the impression that the mother was the cleverest of the trio, an impression that — although the daughters are also remarkably clever — was never eradicated.

The good Queen no doubt saw that I was considerably embarrassed on being for the first time thus precipitated into so brilliant a company, for she straightway set about trying to make me feel at home. She asked me of my family, of my wife and children, of our voyage across the Atlantic, and the like — questions which, though commonplace, were asked in a way so earnest and so interested as to put me at my ease.

Her son, the Crown Prince, took the Queen down to dinner; the King, his father, taking the Crown Princess. I was assigned to the company of Miss Knollys, lady of honor to the Princess of Wales. We were seated nearly opposite the Queen and a little farther down, but where we could look her in

the face. Except for the smile of recognition she gave those she wished to favor, she made no salutations at the table itself. They seldom, if at all, talk across the table at royal dinners, the guests usually addressing themselves to their companions or those nearest them.

Mrs. Carr could not be present at that first dinner, because she had to wait until after I had had audience with the King in order to present my credentials, and this had taken place that very afternoon. A few days afterward Mrs. Carr formally asked to be received by the Queen, and this admitted both of us fully to the charmed circle composed of the royalty and nobility of Denmark and the diplomatic corps, with their respective families, all revolving around the good King and Queen.

It was then and for many years had been the custom for all the royal children, sons and daughters, with their wives and husbands and children, to pay a six weeks' visit to the venerable King and Queen of Denmark every autumn, a custom which continued so long as the royal couple survived. Upon the arrival of their children with their numerous retinues, the King and Queen threw open their great palace of Fredensborg, lying in the midst of a great estate, forty miles north of Copenhagen, the building overlooking the beautiful Ezrom Sea — we

should call it a lake — and environed with orchards and gardens, fruits and flowers, and verdure and forests, where all the royal personages were housed and entertained.

In this sylvan retreat, far from their bustling capitals, relieved of the cares and responsibilities of state, bound together by ties of blood or marriage, presided over by the good King and Queen, whom they all loved and venerated, and canopied by their benignant influence, the members of this illustrious household fairly revelled in one another's society. Their amusements were those of the country-side: shooting, boating, sailing, fishing, riding, driving, with games equally simple and innocent — surely an example worthy to be followed by every family in their respective countries.

Their drives frequently took them to Elsinore, only a few miles away, where frowning down upon the sea is the majestic castle of Kronborg, which every one loves to visit. This castle is now used as a fortress, but was for many years the royal residence. It was so occupied in the time of Shakespeare, and here the great dramatist located the play of "Hamlet." It is but natural that the royal family should take great interest in this castle, and frequently visit it.

The royal folk breakfasted in their own apart-

KRONBORG CASTLE, DENMARK

ments, each family by itself, but, at the midday luncheon, all gathered around a large table, where there was a general interchange of conversation and much merriment and jollity. Coming from and representing different nationalities and diverse tongues, Danish, English, Russian, German, and Greek, they could not without confusion use the speech of their respective countries. I had expected that, as it has so long been the language of diplomacy, French would be spoken; I was surprised and pleased to learn that all used English.

Every evening, punctually at six o'clock, dinner was served — what would usually be called a state dinner — at which all appeared in uniform or evening dress. To this guests were invited to meet the royalties;—one evening, perhaps, the nobility of Denmark; another, the officers of the army and navy; another, bishops and other dignitaries of the Church; another, professors in the University and men of prominence in the arts or in letters, and so on. Once each week the members of the diplomatic corps and their wives were invited, which gave us the opportunity to come frequently into contact and relations with these royal people.

It so chanced that we arrived in Denmark at the moment when these royal festivities were in progress at Fredensborg, and we were at once obliged

to enter into them. We had never before seen anything of royalty, and it was more or less trying to be thus plunged all at once into company so exalted. True, we had carefully and assiduously studied our lessons in deportment, but that was done with the expectation that we should deal with royalty in detail, certainly not with more than one or two at a time.

The only thing for us to do was to precipitate ourselves, so to speak, into the midst of events; with some misgivings we did so — and found that all the difficulties, as with so many apparently appalling dangers, disappeared on being faced. Never were we received more cordially. Guided and led by the mandate of the good Queen, who quietly and gently and with seeming unconsciousness directed everything, the royal people appeared to vie with each other in their efforts to put us at ease, and, as we say, to make us feel at home. I have no doubt that we made mistakes, but they were not brought to our attention in any way; under such guidance and with so much encouragement we got on very well.

And so all the time this good woman's tact and thoughtfulness, not merely with us, but, as we soon observed, with others, smoothed a path that but for her would have been rugged and sore, if not entirely impassable, bringing things about that otherwise

could hardly have been attempted. Thus much told, I can think of no better way to bring this illustrious woman more plainly before you, to let you know her as we knew her, than by relating a few incidents that occurred under my observation or within my knowledge.

A few months after our arrival in Denmark, the *Baltimore*, then our finest war-ship, came to the harbor of Copenhagen under command of Captain, now Admiral, Winfield Scott Schley. It was my duty and pleasure as Minister of the United States to entertain the commander and officers of our great ship. We gave them a reception at the Legation, and a number of other festivities followed. Almost immediately the King and Queen, through me, invited Captain Schley and several of his officers, with Mrs. Carr and me, to dine with them at their Palace of Bernstoff. After the dinner both the King and Queen asked the privilege of going aboard the ship, which delighted its commander beyond measure.

It is unnecessary to enter into detail, but a day was set on which Mrs. Carr and I escorted the King and Queen, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess, and nearly all the members of the royal family on board our ship-of-war, steaming in the King's yacht to the outlying great white American ship. Cap-

tain Schley had all his officers and men drawn up to receive us, a bountiful luncheon was spread for the party in the Captain's cabin, and after it was finished the royal party was shown about the ship.

Captain Schley himself took charge of the Queen, fearing, as he remarked to me, that by some false step or other mishap she might be injured. She insisted upon going everywhere, climbing to the bridge and descending steep and narrow companion-ways to see the machinery, always asking questions. She examined in detail the great guns, and, on her request, was shown how they were handled. She was especially interested in the electrical apparatus, then quite novel. The Captain said afterward that he had seldom seen a woman who had more intelligent comprehension of all she saw on shipboard than good Queen Louise.

She had a pleasant word for every officer, and gave kindly recognition to the men as they stood at attention while she passed. On deck we passed a grated prison, or cage, in which were two men, one white and the other a negro.

"Are those men imprisoned there?" asked Her Majesty.

"They are," replied the Captain; "for punishment."

"Poor fellows!" she exclaimed.

ADMIRAL WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY

[From Photograph taken while Commander of the *Baltimore*]

"Your Majesty is supreme upon this ship," replied the Captain, gallantly. "If it is your wish, they shall be released."

She only answered, "I am so sorry for them; I cannot bear to see any one in trouble."

Captain Schley at once called an officer, who returned promptly with the keys as we all stood in front of the cage. Addressing the prisoners, their Commander said, "Men, you no doubt deserve punishment, but this gracious lady has asked for your pardon, and it is granted." The officer unlocked the door, and the men passed out. The white man gave Her Majesty no recognition whatever, but the colored man made a low bow and thanked her.

One day Queen Louise asked me to come to her, and on my arrival told me that she was in great distress over the poor women who cultivated gardens in the neighborhood of her country palace. These women raised great quantities of cabbage, most of which was exported to New York and there sold. Up to that time there had been only a low *ad valorem* duty upon produce of this sort, which had not materially affected the trade. Her Majesty told me of this, and added that the poor women were being ruined because "that horrid McKinley" had put such an enormous tariff upon their products,— the McKinley Bill set a specific duty of three cents upon

every head of cabbage. She begged me to try to influence my government to take off the duty and save the livelihood of these poor women, exclaiming over and over again:

"They are my friends! They have grown up about me! I have known them ever since they were girls — ever since they were girls!"

I could only promise her that I would, at her request, bring the matter to the attention of our government. This I did, and my despatch is on file at the Department of State. But I could not give her any assurance of relief, as tariff duties are imposed by act of Congress, which the President, like all other officials, must obey.

Mrs. Bertha Honoré Palmer, who was the president of the Board of Lady Managers at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago, was extremely desirous of having a fine exhibit from Denmark, and wrote me both officially and personally about it. Denmark had already made an appropriation of a greater amount, in proportion to its wealth and population, than any other nation in the world, but Mrs. Palmer wanted more particularly a woman's exhibit from that country. Both Mrs. Carr and I realized that, if the Queen once took up the matter, the women of Denmark would enter upon it with enthusiasm. Before approaching Her Majesty directly,

we succeeded in inducing some Danish ladies who were admitted to her friendship to discuss the question with her. As a result she sent for me. I told her how deeply the women of America were interested in having an exhibit from the women of Denmark, told her of Mrs. Palmer and read her some of Mrs. Palmer's letters to me.

As a result, Queen Louise became not only interested, but enthusiastic. She did not stop at persuading the Danish ladies to lend the rarest treasures from their homes, *bric-à-brac*, gold and silver ornaments, and exquisite embroideries and laces, but she sent several beautiful pictures, painted by her own hands, and a number of specimens of her own delicate needlework. The Danish exhibit was, therefore, one of the finest in the Woman's Building. All these rare treasures were, of course, restored to the great ladies who had lent them, at the close of the exposition.

In the meantime, our relations with the good Queen, especially those of Mrs. Carr, had become such that she grew interested in us and in our children. It was at her own royal suggestion that our daughter, now Mrs. Jackson, though then very young, was formally presented at court.

The Queen was good enough to say to me more than once that she was fond of speaking with me.

I believe the principal reason for this lay in the fact that she could quite easily hear and understand what I said. She was somewhat deaf, an infirmity which has unfortunately been inherited in some degree by her daughter, the Queen of England. Queen Louise used to say that, of all things, she abhorred having people scream in her ears. Through being able to articulate distinctly I could, though using my ordinary tone of voice, always make her hear.

In the Winter of 1892–93 I visited Athens, where I was received at the palace of her son, King George of Greece. Upon leaving to return to Copenhagen, I crossed by sea from Patros in Greece to Brindisi in Italy, where I was to take the railway for Verona, and so back to Denmark. Soon after sailing from Patros we landed at Corfu, and there remained several hours to coal. On the ship I had fallen in with a Corfu merchant, who told me much about the city and the island where we were to land — among other things that King George had a fine country seat not far from town. Upon the merchant's kindly offering to act as my guide, I gladly accepted the courtesy, and ordered a carriage upon landing to take us about.

Among the places we visited was King George's estate. Although central and northern Europe was

then in the dead of winter, it was lovely summer weather there, flowers blooming everywhere, besides trees laden with ripe and luscious burdens. Several mandarin-trees in the orange grove were in full bearing, the delicate crimson of their fruit beautifully contrasting with the deep and glossy green of the foliage. While standing there, admiring the lovely sight, it occurred to me that some one far away might be glad of a branch gathered from such beauty, and I requested my companion to ask the man in charge of the gardens for one. My acquaintance replied that it would be impossible, yet repeated my request to the gardener, in Greek. He shook his head and shrugged his shoulders, and refused.

"Tell him," I said, "that I am going hence directly to the King's royal mother, and that I wish to take some fruit to her from her son's orchard."

This the merchant translated to the man, telling him in language that I did not understand what my official position was. The gardener replied briefly, hesitated a moment, but fetched a ladder, upon which he ascended to the top of the tree and brought down to me a beautiful little twig, boasting nearly a score of mandarins.

We had seen, in coming through the town, some of the most beautiful little baskets, made from willows of differing natural colors, native to the island.

I procured one of the finest of these baskets, and curled my bough of fruit and leaves into it. This basket I carried with me the remainder of the voyage, kept it with me upon the train and through the changing of cars after we left Brindisi, over mountain and plain, and across the Danish waters, all the way to Copenhagen. There Mrs. Carr sent it with a note, telling whence and how it had come, to the Queen's chief lady of honor, to be duly presented to Her Majesty.

Many times afterward the good Queen expressed her appreciation of this, and the last time we saw her she told Mrs. Carr and myself that she still kept the little basket upon her dressing-case.

A few days before we finally left Copenhagen, Her Majesty sent for me to ask, as she said, a great favor. She told me that some good Danish women had written to her from a town called Minden in my country, a little settlement far out in Kearney County, Nebraska, setting forth that the people there were building themselves a Lutheran church, and earnestly desired some memento from their Queen to place in it. Accordingly she had painted a little picture for them, and she wished me to tell her how to send it safely. The picture, in its frame, was not more than two feet square.

I suggested that, if she was willing to wait a

QUEEN LOUISE OF DENMARK AND HER DAUGHTERS AT HOME

[Queen of England, Empress Dowager of Russia, and Duchess of Cumberland]

few days, I would have it packed with my own household effects and take it with me to America. This she was glad to have done. I brought the picture across the Atlantic, sending it by express to the good women of Minden after I reached home. In due time I received an autograph letter from Her Majesty, thanking me for my care of the painting, making the kindest inquiries about my family, and telling me of her own royal children.

This letter I treasure as a priceless possession, a guerdon of my acquaintance and friendship with one who combined in her single person all the attributes of a great lady, an admirable wife and mother, and a good and charming woman.

IV

WHY LINCOLN WAS NOT RENOMINATED BY ACCLAMATION

IV

WHY LINCOLN WAS NOT RENOMINATED BY ACCLAMATION

IN the exalted situation, almost equivalent to apotheosis, upon which posterity has placed Washington and Lincoln, there are few who call to mind the reality that, while the great mass of the people, when the test came, manifested unbounded devotion to them, scarcely any other Presidents have been so much traduced and so bitterly assailed while in office.

As his first term drew toward its close, the bitterness and malignity with which President Abraham Lincoln had been repeatedly assailed, from the time he assumed the burdens and responsibilities of his great office, reached their climax. Harsh and relentless as had been the assaults of men of the great organization directly opposed to him, their virulence did not exceed that of men of his own party. These malecontents nothing could satisfy. According to them the President was always going too far, doing too much, or doing too little; was going too rapidly in his measures for universal freedom, or going too slow.

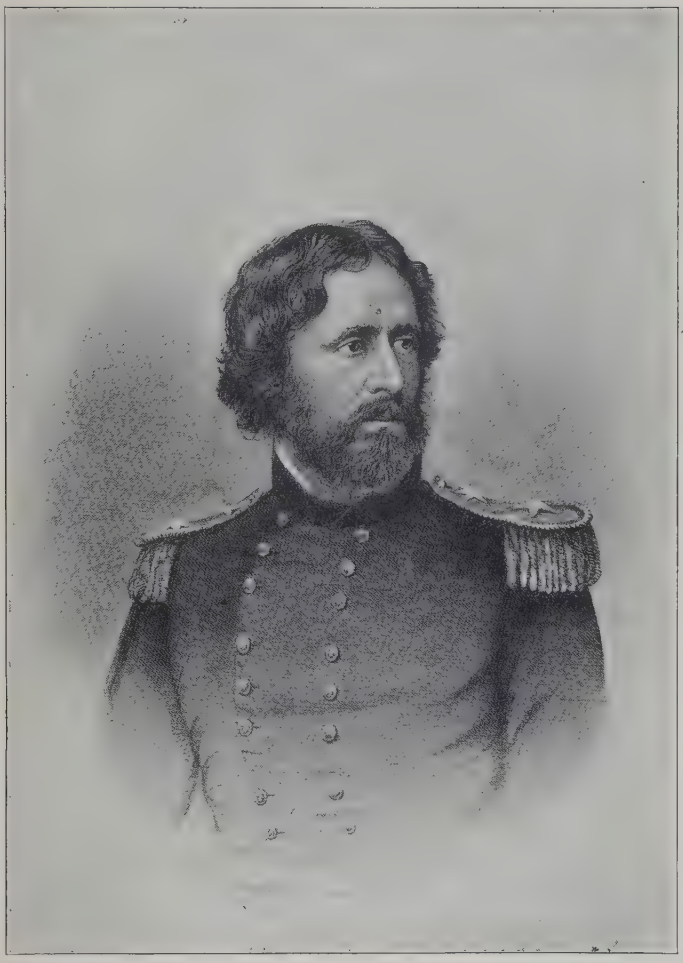
To those of us who remember the perplexities of those troublous times, it even yet is a marvel how, with all his official responsibilities, and notwithstanding these denunciations and animadversions, the President could have maintained himself and brought the great war to a successful termination.

One of the worst malecontents was in his own cabinet. Able as he was, the ablest financier of the century, the Secretary of the Treasury, in his vaulting ambition to succeed his chief in the great office, could not restrain himself from such carping criticism and malevolent fault-finding and final antagonism, as to render his position intolerable both to the President and himself.

This antagonism to President Lincoln finally materialized in an organization among Republicans to defeat him for renomination.

The Republican National Convention was called by the National Committee to meet at Baltimore on June 7, 1864. The writer of this was one of the delegates from Illinois in that convention. There was in Illinois scarcely the slightest opposition to the renomination of Mr. Lincoln. Every Republican there was enthusiastically for him, and we were by ringing resolutions unanimously instructed to support him.

New Hampshire and Pennsylvania led off in



JOHN C. FRÉMONT

declaring for Mr. Lincoln on the same day, so early as January 5th, before the Baltimore convention. The bitterness and malignity against him seemed to stimulate his friends; their effect, if they had any effect at all, was to solidify and intensify the movement in his favor. As their conventions were held, State after State fell in line with instructions for him, and long before the national convention met, it was apparent that Mr. Lincoln's renomination was inevitable.

But there was no cessation in the opposition. The malecontents continued everywhere and on every occasion to assail the President. The antagonism was more virulent in the State of Missouri than elsewhere. In that State the Union men, "constituting, when united, a majority of the whole people," had become involved in a "pestilential factional quarrel among themselves," culminating in two State conventions, each claiming to represent the Republicans of the State. One of the factions was known as "the Radicals of Missouri," and the other as "the Conservatives of Missouri,"— the Radicals denouncing Lincoln, and the Conservatives supporting him. The Radicals of Missouri, and throughout the country, were not particular upon whom they should unite, their main object being to defeat Lincoln.

The man to whom the opponents of the President first turned to defeat him was Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury; but, just when they had become confident that he could be nominated, his own State, Ohio, declared for Lincoln, and he was compelled to withdraw. The attention of the Radicals then turned to John C. Frémont. Finally, becoming convinced that the renomination of Lincoln at Baltimore was inevitable, the malecontents throughout the country called a convention at Cleveland, to nominate a third candidate and launch a third party, in the hope of drawing away from the President sufficient votes to defeat him. They nominated John C. Frémont for President and John Cochrane for Vice-President, christening the new party the Radical Democracy.

Denunciation of President Lincoln was the chief occupation of the Cleveland convention.

Wendell Phillips, "the stormy petrel of all our political disturbances," wrote a letter predicting "the direst results from four more years of Lincoln's administration." This letter, "full of the virulent unreason which distinguished most of the attempts of this matchless orator to apply his mind to the practical affairs of life," was read in the convention. He said, among other things: "The administration I regard as a civil and military failure, and its avowed

policy ruinous to the North. . . . If Mr. Lincoln is reëlected, I do not expect to see the Union reconstructed in my day, except upon terms more disastrous to liberty than ever disunion would be."

Among those who wrote and spoke favoring the movement was Elizabeth Cady Stanton, which caused Samuel Bowles to declare that the convention was composed of "the gentler sex of both genders."

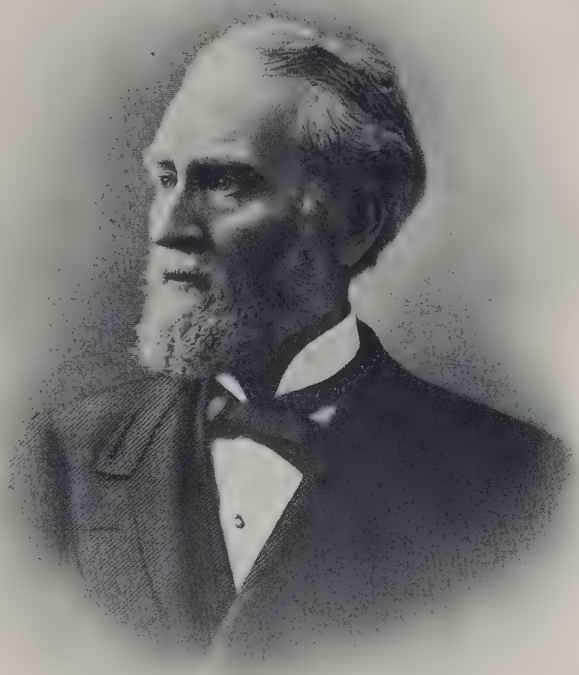
Horace Greeley thundered against the renomination of Lincoln in the columns of the New York *Tribune*, writing an article over his own signature against him that appeared in the New York *Independent*. A "secret circular" was sent out to members of Congress and others by Senator Pomeroy of Kansas. The politicians, a majority of both Houses of Congress, and the great leaders of the press in the larger cities were not favorable to Mr. Lincoln's reëlection, among whom there were exceptions, one of which was so conspicuous as not to be forgotten by us old-timers of Illinois. Joseph Medill of the Chicago *Tribune* was one of the ablest, most earnest, and most persistent supporters of Mr. Lincoln.

A prominent country editor of Pennsylvania who favored Mr. Lincoln's reëlection called upon the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, his Member of Congress, and asked to be presented to some one who favored

Mr. Lincoln's reëlection. Mr. Stevens took him to the Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, the member of the House from Chicago, and when he introduced his friend, said: "Here is a man who wants to find a Lincoln Member of Congress. You are the only one I know, and I have come over to introduce my friend to you."

Bitter and malignant as was the opposition to the renomination of Mr. Lincoln elsewhere, its storm centre continued to be in Missouri, culminating, as has been said, in two State Republican conventions, — the Conservatives favoring him, and the Radicals denouncing him.

In company with several other members of our Illinois delegation, I took the old Pittsburg & Fort Wayne Railway on the journey to Baltimore. At Fort Wayne we were joined by delegations from other States, among whom chanced to be quite a number of the delegates of the Conservative convention of Missouri, headed by Judge Samuel M. Breckenridge, an able and influential Republican of that State. He and the other Conservatives at once raised the all-important question, to them, of which delegation from Missouri would be seated in the great convention. Illinois being President Lincoln's own State, there was a general feeling that our delegation would in a great degree represent him, and that our action would have much influence in the



Joseph Medill.

convention. It was, therefore, a matter of supreme moment to these two rival delegations which of them Illinois would favor.

Judge Breckenridge presented to us, as we proceeded together on the journey, the claims of the Conservatives in the strongest light possible. He showed that, in all the turmoil and conflict during the four years of Mr. Lincoln's administration, the Conservatives, headed by the Blairs, had stood by and supported the President, while the Radicals, headed by Frémont, were always carping at him, denouncing him, and throwing stumbling-blocks in his way; that the Conservatives had, in their State convention, adopted the same resolutions, instructing for Lincoln, as had been passed by the Illinois convention which had appointed us, while the Radicals had denounced Lincoln, and instructed their delegates to vote for the nomination of General Grant.

To say we were convinced that Judge Breckenridge was right, and that we ought to favor his delegation, is putting our decision mildly — we became enthusiastic supporters of the Conservatives. Knowing that every other delegation was favorable to Mr. Lincoln, it was apparent that if we admitted the Conservatives he would have every vote in the convention and be nominated by acclamation, and knowing that the Radicals by their pledges and

instructions could not possibly vote for Mr. Lincoln, it was clear that, if we admitted them, what seemed to us so happy a consummation would be impossible, and so we became earnest and enthusiastic in support of the Conservatives.

Imbued with these sentiments, we arrived at Baltimore, where we found, so far as we could learn, every Illinois delegate holding the same views. I was then young and impetuous, and took great interest in the matter, impressing upon others to the best of my ability the importance and necessity of our supporting the Conservatives. The only person, as I remember, who did not join in with this movement was the chairman of our delegation, Mr. Burton C. Cook. He did not oppose us in our efforts, but intimated that we had better await events before committing ourselves too strongly. I have always since believed that Mr. Cook, whose relations with the President were close, had some intimation of what was in the wind.

Our delegation was quartered at Barnum's Hotel, where a small parlor was reserved for the meetings of the Illinois delegation. On the day before the convention opened, we were called together by Mr. Cook to designate a vice-president, secretary, member of the committee on credentials, and of the committee on resolutions, for Illinois, and

the like, to be reported to the convention, after which was to come other business, the most important of which regarded our position on the question of which delegation from Missouri we should favor.

With scarcely an exception, every Illinois delegate favored the Conservatives, and we went into that conference without any doubt that we would so declare, and we felt quite as certain that the delegates from other States would indorse our action.

Just as we were about to vote upon the question, a young man, somewhat older than I, slight of stature and thin visaged, whom I had known for years, but whom I had not up to that time seen in Baltimore, arose in a corner of the room and modestly asked to be heard for a moment. He said that he only wished to say a word — that he wanted to voice his own opinion, and not that of any one else; he repeated his statement that he spoke only for himself, and then gave it as his opinion that, after all, under all the circumstances, he thought Illinois had better favor the admission of the delegates of the Radical convention of Missouri. That was all. There was perfect silence for a few moments after he closed. One delegate asked him to give a reason for taking such a position. This he said he could not do, but reiterated his statement about how *he* thought we should act.

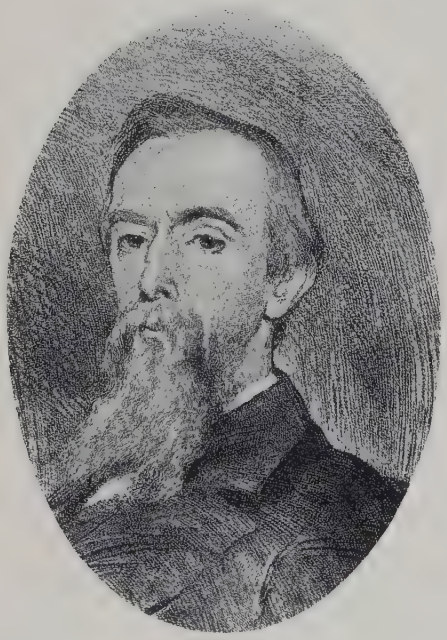
A number of our delegates had known the young

gentleman when he first appeared. By this time, every delegate knew who he was. It was John G. Nicolay, President Lincoln's private secretary. Earnest as he was in the declaration that he was speaking only for himself, we very soon realized that through his lips Abraham Lincoln was speaking to us.

We at once voted in favor of seating the Radicals. Other delegations followed and they were seated.

The result was, that when the time came for the nomination in the great convention, although a motion was made and strenuously urged to that effect, it was impossible to renominate Mr. Lincoln by acclamation, and the roll had to be called, Mr. Lincoln receiving every vote but that of Missouri. Mr. Lincoln received 484 votes. Missouri gave her twenty-two votes to General Grant, but before the vote was announced Missouri changed her vote to Lincoln, and, although not by acclamation, Mr. Lincoln was unanimously renominated.

It did not take long for us to get into our dull heads the reason for, nor for us to see the wisdom of, admitting the Radicals to the convention. We soon saw that, had they not been admitted, the dissatisfied Republicans who wanted another candidate would have at once taken the position that they were unrecognized and ostracized, and that the doors of



JOHN G. NICOLAY

admission to the Republican party were shut against them. We saw that, had the doors of the convention been barred against the only Republicans unfavorable to the renomination of Mr. Lincoln who sought admission, all those Republicans who preferred another candidate could have said, with some plausibility, that ours was a mere Lincoln party, instead of being the Republican party. We saw that when we admitted this Radical delegation upon an equality with all other delegates and gave them a right to be heard, gave them their day in court, they were, like us, committed to the action of the convention and its candidates, and, as loyal Republicans, estopped from casting their fortunes with the third party already in the field.

I am not of the opinion, nor have I ever been, that Mr. Lincoln could at that time under any circumstances have been defeated; but with General McClellan in the field, who was sure to be nominated by the Democrats, the proper and wise thing for Republicans to do was to unite so far as possible all the elements of the Republican party — including the impracticables, the pharisees, the "better-than-thou" declaimers, the long-haired men and short-haired women of the party — in continuing to prosecute the war with vigor until the last enemy should lay down his arms.

Mr. Lincoln was great enough and wise enough to see all this. A less sagacious man would no doubt, for the bauble of a nomination by acclamation, have imperilled his own success and that of the party and of the country. In the only way possible without directly taking part in the management of the proceedings of the convention, he quietly indicated to the delegates from his own State, and through them to the whole great convention, his views, upon which we acted.

The result was, that by this action an open door was left for all Republicans of every State, however disaffected, to come back and take their places in the party; which all who were worth having did, and the boasted third party was left stranded, without any following worthy of consideration. Six weeks before the election, its candidates for President and for Vice-president, Frémont and Cochran, withdrew from the field, and thereafter there was no third party.

Mr. Lincoln at the election carried against General McClellan every electoral vote except those of New Jersey, Delaware, and Kentucky, and his majority in the popular vote was nearly half a million, greater than had ever before been received by a presidential candidate.

V

KING CHRISTIAN IX OF DENMARK

V

KING CHRISTIAN IX OF DENMARK

ON our arrival at Copenhagen, in August, 1888, we learned that the royal family was assembled at Fredensborg, the great rural palace, forty miles north of the capital. For many years, before and after my stay in Denmark, it was the custom for the whole family, the sons and daughters of the good King and Queen, with their husbands and wives and children, to come together annually at this beautiful seat, and there remain, the guests of their venerable parents and grandparents, for a period of six weeks. These family reunions began about the middle of August and continued until the end of September.

Soon after officially apprising the Minister of Foreign Affairs of my arrival, enclosing with my notification a copy of my letter of credence, I was informed that His Majesty would, if agreeable to me, receive me at Fredensborg, instead of following the usual practice of coming in to his royal palace of Amaliaborg in the city. Immediately afterward I was summoned to dine with Their Majesties on the evening of my first formal audience.

Of course, after I had been told of my appointment as Minister of the United States to the court of Denmark, I set about making myself familiar with the habits of courts and royalties. A friend of mine, who had been Minister to The Hague, told me many interesting things, among them that in no circumstances must I ever turn my back upon a royal personage. On reaching Copenhagen, I resorted straightway to the dean of the diplomatic corps there, the Minister from Sweden, who was then past his thirtieth year of service in that capacity, and asked him frankly about the details of the etiquette to be observed. From him, too, I learned how serious and untoward a thing it was to turn one's back on royalty.

With that fixed in my mind, I went on to Fredensborg in company with Baron Rosenern-Lehn, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. I was glad to find on the train my predecessor, the Hon. Rasmus B. Anderson, who was going out to present his letter of recall, accompanied by his amiable wife. Mrs. Carr could not be summoned to court at that time, as she had to await my admission to formal audience before she could ask to be received by Her Majesty the Queen.

We were met at the railway station by a royal carriage, and driven directly to the magnificently

KING CHRISTIAN IX OF DENMARK

situated palace. A small drawing-room was assigned for my use, its door surmounted by the legend, "*Ministre des États Unis.*" After Mr. Anderson had been received in audience for the purpose of presenting his letter of recall, I was duly summoned to the royal presence.

The *Chef de la Cour*, a dignified and stately old gentleman, met me, and, after an interchange of courtesies, conducted me to a door which he opened for me to pass within.

Standing near a table, ready to receive me, was a kindly and venerable man, tall and unbent by age, with benignant eyes and a ready smile, his abundant hair carried by his beard down his cheeks and over his upper lip. He greeted me with entire cordiality. I was in the presence of King Christian IX of Denmark.

It is said that, as a Minister represents his sovereign, or as in my case his chief magistrate, no one has sufficient rank to present him to the sovereign to whom he is accredited. Certainly on this occasion I was quite alone with the King in the audience-chamber. I had never before been in the presence of royalty, and it was only natural that I should feel some degree of embarrassment. This, I think, His Majesty observed; not, as I came to believe, to my discredit.

I had learned that it is not the custom at the Danish court to have a formal address upon such an occasion, but I had run over in my mind a few expressions I wished to make, the substance of which was a reference to the traditional relations of friendship which had existed between Denmark and the United States from the earliest foundation of our government, and the hope that I might be able, during my residence, not only to continue those happy relations, but even to make them stronger than ever before. After addressing the King to this effect, I bowed and handed him my letter of credence.

In the most perfect English the King replied, welcoming me to Denmark, and expressing the hope that my residence at Copenhagen would be agreeable, both to myself and to my family, which terminated the formal audience. I had been made aware that it is the privilege of royalty to end all interviews, and supposed of course that the time had come when the King would signify that my business was finished. Not so. His Majesty continued:

"I am very happy, Mr. Minister, to welcome you just now to my home. You are to dine with my wife and me [he did not say "the Queen"], and we have with us our children and grandchildren assembled under this roof. You are this evening to be one of our family circle. I will present you to them, and

hope that you will make friends with us all, as we will do with you. We shall soon expect to receive your wife and children, and hope that before very long you will feel that you are at home in our dear Denmark."

These expressions of good-will of this venerable personage, who had already passed the allotted threescore years and ten, were so kind, so cordial, and sincere, that I was almost overcome. But I was able to say that no other welcome could have touched me as this had done; that in my own country we have no royal family, but centre all our highest ideals in the home, with children and grandchildren assembled under the paternal roof-tree; and that, far as we were from friends and kindred, to be thus welcomed by His Majesty to such a home was more to me as an American than any honor or distinction he could otherwise have bestowed.

"We will greet you at dinner, Mr. Minister," he said, grasping my hand, and I withdrew.

From that moment I felt that I had a friend in King Christian, and I know that I sought to be a devoted friend to him. During the four years I remained in Denmark, there was never a moment when we did not feel the kindliness and good-will of that great and good man, and, I may truly say, those of every member of his household.

When six o'clock arrived I was escorted to the state drawing-room, where the company were to come together before dinner, and was presented to all the members of the royal family. It was then that I met Crown Prince Frederick, whom I saw constantly during my residence in Denmark, and with whom I was in correspondence long after my return home. After becoming acquainted and upon friendly relations with His Royal Highness, I confided to him the difficulty in which I found myself when the hosts and guests assembled.

"Of course," he said, "you were not familiar with the customs of this court."

"Your Royal Highness," I replied, "I was not familiar with the customs of any court. I came from a town on the Western prairies, the name of which you never so much as heard. I never saw a royal person until that day." I went on to confess to the Crown Prince the predicament in which I then found myself — all because of that solemn series of injunctions about keeping one's face turned in the royal direction, no matter what happened.

"If there was anything that stood out clearly in my mind," I told him, "it was the disposition I was to make of my back. Judge, then, of my dismay, when Your Royal Highness and the Crown Princess followed Their Majesties, your father and mother,

Souvenir,

1894.

along with the Czar and Empress of All the Russians; the Princess of Wales and her daughters, the Princesses Maude and Victoria; your brother, King George of Greece, and his Queen, with their families,—coming into that room and scattering themselves about it, one in every corner at least, and many more here and there on the floor—*what was I to do with my back?* How could I keep them from coming up behind me?" This amused His Royal Highness and he laughed heartily. I often heard of his repeating this joke to others.

The court dentist was Doctor Reed, a good American and a good dentist, who lived many years in Copenhagen. I often learned that King Christian had talked over our interviews with Doctor Reed while in the dental chair.

One day a fellow-townsman of mine, a man of considerable property and my baker, came to the Danish capital in his travels, and I kept him to lunch at the legation. I mentioned the fact to Reed.

"For Heaven's sake," he burst out, "do not let the King, or the Crown Prince, or any royal person, or your colleagues find it out! Your baker!"

"Why not?" I asked.

"It would ruin you," he said earnestly.

"But the Crown Prince knows it already," I was obliged to confess.

"How?" he gasped.

"I wanted to talk to my old neighbor," said I, "so I took him out driving with me in the afternoon while I went to pay my respects to His Royal Highness. He kept me more than an hour, and was good enough to ask who was in my carriage and I told him."

Needless to say, it did not hurt me. I learned afterwards that His Royal Highness commended me. He was pleased to find that Americans do believe in human equality — and Doctor Reed was obliged to confess as much. It was no more a mistake than Franklin's direct and truthful methods.

I always found the King an amiable and delightful gentleman. He talked matters over with me frankly and freely, when I was admitted to his presence, just as the Crown Prince did; and I was never troubled about my back after that first dinner.

The court of Denmark is one of the most formal in the world, nevertheless. At every state banquet, like that in which I found myself that first day, it is the custom of the King, sitting, to drink the healths of several guests, and each guest must, in turn, rise in his place and acknowledge the compliment standing. At that first meal with the royal family, one of my neighbors, with kindly interest, informed me that, as I was the only one at table who had not

been there before, I would be the first singled out for the distinction. I accordingly kept my eyes on King Christian like a hawk; I should have been troubled more than I was about my back if I had missed the little ceremony or perceived the royal intention a little late.

But though the first to be saluted, I need not have troubled myself about the possibility of missing it. In due season, when the champagne, the royal wine, was served, the man-in-waiting behind the King's chair came and touched me on the shoulder. The King was looking at me. I arose.

His Majesty raised his glass and bowed.

I bowed.

He raised his glass to his lips.

So did I.

We drank.

He bowed again.

And that was the sign that I, after bowing once more, was at liberty to resume my seat. However, often repeated, it always reminded me, at a great interval, of the lines:

"Give me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth.
Now the king drinks to Hamlet!"

It was always in the champagne that these healths were drunk, though I could not call that the real royal wine of the Danish court. In the cellars of the royal castle of Rosenborg it has for many centuries been the practice to store thoroughly sound and fine Rhenish wine in sealed jars, after the classical manner. Every time one of these is removed for use, another is filled from the vintage of the year then current, duly labelled, and restored to its place. While I was there a jar of the year 1598 had been reached, and it appeared on the royal bill of fare on extraordinary occasions, like that of the King's Jubilee. It was there called, simply, "Old Rhine Wine, Rosenborg, 1598." Its taste was mild, fruity, and delicious, and its color a rich golden yellow. I could not help picturing to myself a dinner table three hundred years hence, when the assembled guests will be drinking quietly, from the jar put down in its stead, a "Rosenborg, 1888."

One of the ministers of my earlier day had no duties except those enjoined by etiquette, as Denmark and his own nation sustained no relations other than diplomatic. It was usual for him to solemnly appear at the royal receptions with the rest of us. One does not go to royalty when in the room with those personages, except upon a summons; royalty comes to you.

ROSENBORG CASTLE, DENMARK

"Mr. Minister," the King would say to him as he passed down the line, "I trust you are in good health."

"Your Majesty," the otherwise unemployed gentleman would respond, bowing very low, "you are so kind, so gracious."

"I am gratified."

"Your Majesty is quite too kind — too gracious," and there would be another low bow.

This was all he had to do to earn his salary — which was much larger than mine.

King Christian was the most modest man in his kingdom. Devoted to duty with constant and unswerving fidelity, no power nor influence could move him from the course he thought right, and while he was always striving to initiate and carry out measures beneficial to his people, his sway was so kindly and benignant, and he himself so unostentatious and unpretentious, that, except for the fervent homage always paid him by the Danes whenever he appeared before them, it would not have occurred to any one who saw him that he was other than such a genial gentleman, such a worthy, noble, considerate, unassuming personage as everybody must respect and love. Yet, everywhere outside of his own kingdom, as at home, he was one of the most highly revered and honored sovereigns of

the earth. His place in history is assured over and over again.

One of King Christian's daughters was the Empress, now the Empress Dowager, of Russia; another the wife of the heir apparent to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland, now its Queen; another is the Duchess of a great principality, that of Cumberland; his eldest son, the Crown Prince Frederick, has succeeded him on the Danish throne; another is George, who then was and is the King of Greece; another, Prince Valdemar, is a naval officer of high rank; and they, his sons and daughters, with their royal husbands or wives and their children, his grandchildren, were to sit upon thrones and wield the destinies of empire while he, King Christian, remained the least pretentious and the most considerate of all the men I met during my residence abroad. As I looked upon this grand old man I used to think how absurd and silly it was for any human being on the face of the earth to be ostentatious, pompous, or vainglorious.

I have never known any other man whose graciousness, and I may say sweetness of manner, so impressed me. He seemed always to be trying to say the most pleasing and kindly and agreeable things. With entire sincerity, without the least appearance of any attempt to flatter, he always

THE DANISH ROYAL FAMILY

accorded to others the merit that was their due. One felt as he spoke that he always had little misgivings lest he had not said just the right and proper and just and kindly words he was so desirous of saying — a quality the most beautiful and charming and lovely, that must always attract and attach us to those who possess it.

It must not be assumed that, with all his urbanity and gentleness, this good man was effeminate or weak. Far from it. He listened with respectful and courteous attention to all who addressed him, but, after giving due consideration to all petitions and opinions, he acted finally upon his own judgment. Such was the respect and confidence in him, that every one, his ministers, the nobility, and the people at large, accepted and followed his lead and guidance. In a higher degree than any other ruler of Europe in his day was he endowed with attributes that "become a thronèd monarch better than his crown."

King Christian was, when he was gathered to his royal fathers, in his eighty-eighth year. One of his grandsons is now, as one of his sons-in-law was then, the Prince of Wales; another is the Emperor of Russia; another the King of Norway; another the heir apparent to the throne of Greece. It was a satisfaction to me to be informed that his royal eldest son, then the Crown Prince Frederick, in whom

the virtues of his illustrious personality are exemplified and heightened, had been gradually relieving his venerable father of the burdens of state previous to his death.

The blood of this good King and that of his gracious and lovely Queen, the brightest, most sensible, the most amiable and clever of women, who but a short time ago herself "stepped over to the better life," will course through the royal families of Europe so long as they continue to exist. But, far better than this, the teaching and training and example of King Christian and Queen Louise of and upon their royal children when they were still about the fireside of their quiet home in Copenhagen will, through their influence in turn, continue to lift up and ennoble men and women of every rank and station for generations yet to come.

VI

HIS HIGHNESS PRINCE HANS OF GLUCKSBORG

VI

HIS HIGHNESS PRINCE HANS OF GLUCKSBORG

AMONG the men of high degree to whom I became personally attached while serving as Minister Plenipotentiary to Denmark there was none who interested me more than His Highness Prince Hans. Brother to King Christian IX, Prince Hans was not only a favorite of His Majesty, but of the entire royal family, with whom he lived upon the most intimate terms and friendly relations. Somewhat younger than his royal brother and unembarrassed by the limitations that must be observed by those of royal rank, His Highness could, without criticism, mingle freely in society and have intimate and friendly relations with anyone in whom he took an interest. He is one of the most cheerful and kindly men it has ever been my good fortune to meet.

His Highness, while we were at Copenhagen, was always courted, not so much on account of his connection with the royal family as on account of his personal charms and excellences. Fortunate were the host and hostess who could number Prince Hans

among their guests at a dinner, reception, or any social function. He was, at every entertainment, given the place next royalty, when it was present, and, when absent, the very first place. Seeing this good and considerate and kindly prince as the guests gathered about him or as he moved among them, I realized that his nobility was in his personal character, and that, indeed, "The rank is but the guinea stamp."

Through these widespread relations Prince Hans was always in touch with those who led and shaped public opinion, and was consequently able in royal councils to give intelligent and well-digested opinions upon public questions. He is a man of sound judgment and discretion, whose opinions always carry weight.

I regard myself as fortunate in having had the good-will and friendship of His Highness Prince Hans during all my service as Minister. When I was about to leave Copenhagen he made me a beautiful present engraved with an expression of friendly interest and affection, which I prize beyond measure. When the ship upon which I embarked was about to sail, a telegram of farewell and *bon voyage* from the good Prince was handed me, and he has written me frequently since my return home — no letters I ever received are more highly valued.

HIS HIGHNESS PRINCE HANS OF GLUCKSBORG

His Highness Prince Hans of Glucksborg

Prince Hans never married, and has lived many years in the family of his royal brother. The young princes and princesses grew up under his eye. They became devotedly attached to him, and it was beautiful to witness the attentions they bestowed upon him. The Queen of England, the Empress Dowager of Russia, the Duchess of Cumberland, the King of Greece, the King of Denmark, and Prince Valdemar, in the maturity of manhood and womanhood, are still as devoted to their favorite uncle as when, in childhood, they prattled at his knee.

He has lived to see his great brother, King Christian, and his royal spouse, Queen Louise, whom he loved, pass away. It has not been my privilege to see him since he has been so bereaved, but it cannot be otherwise than that he is lonely, notwithstanding the attentions of kindred of a younger generation who love him.

Modestly and unostentatiously His Highness has done his part in contributing to the happiness and success of the illustrious family to which he belongs, and through them, to the weal of the good people among whom his lot has been cast.

It is a matter of gratification to know that now in his declining years the good offices of this noble and benign personage, during his long and useful career, are appreciated as they deserve.

VII

GENERAL SHERMAN

VII

GENERAL SHERMAN

ONE of the most remarkable personalities socially that this country ever produced was that of General William Tecumseh Sherman. No other soldier was so much courted, nor so welcome at festivities of every kind, and no other had the faculty of making himself more agreeable. At the soldiers' reunions, especially those of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, of which he was for a long time the president, while he always kept his head and appreciated the responsibilities and maintained the dignity of the high position of General of the Army, he would on convivial occasions enter into the amusements with zest, and no soldier enjoyed them more.

At Washington he was a social lion; every hostess wished him to attend her receptions and balls, and it may be said truthfully that almost none were disappointed. He attended all to which he was invited. At the hour when the guests usually began to arrive, he appeared in full uniform, greeted the host and hostess, had a few words with some of the guests,

and slipped out, entered his carriage, and was driven rapidly to the next reception, where the same thing was repeated, to another and yet another, until the wee sma' hours, sometimes attending a dozen and even more of these social functions in one evening, always and everywhere a welcome guest.

But the best place to meet the General was at his own home. It was my privilege so to do at Washington and afterward at St. Louis. He was a royal host, and entertained, not with a lavish, but with a liberal hand. He gave good dinners — or perhaps it would be more appropriate to say that Mrs. Sherman gave good dinners, and was fond of having her husband's old army friends and comrades at his board, where there was sure to be good cheer. He ate and drank with moderation, always enjoying most the feast of reason.

When he was living on I Street in Washington, it was once my privilege to be invited upon an occasion especially interesting. I do not remember all the guests, but we were asked to meet and hear Major Samuel H. M. Byers and Captain L. B. Church.

General Sherman was never satisfied with the song, which has gone into our popular literature, of his march to the sea, to be numbered among the patriotic ballads of the country, and sung at every

soldiers' reunion, as "Marching through Georgia." That evening he so expressed himself, and spoke of another song with which he was much more pleased, expressing the hope that it would be adopted at the soldiers' reunions and by the country.

He said that while on that Georgia campaign, a paper containing some suggestion or request or petition would be handed to him during the day, frequently when on the march, and that as it was, of course, impossible for him to give it attention at the time, it became his custom to place it in his pocket to be read when they went into camp. One night he found among these papers a song entitled "Sherman's March to the Sea," with which he was very much pleased. The name of the author of the song was signed to it, and he was so struck with it that he sent for him to come to his headquarters, and that from that day he and the author had been friends. He told us that Major Byers was the author, and that he was glad to give us an opportunity of meeting him, adding that the man who could sing the song best was Captain Church, and he was also glad to have us meet him.

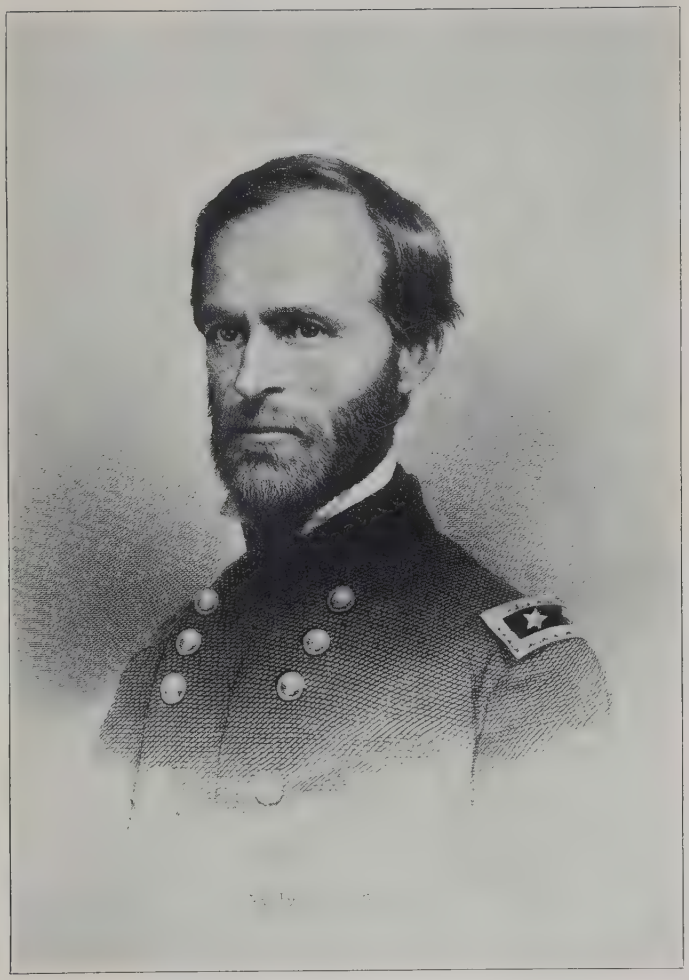
After making this statement, the General asked Captain Church to sing the song, which he did, better than I have ever heard it sung since that evening.

It was very striking to hear this song sung, as no one else could sing it, in presence of the hero and of the author. It was an inspiration to us, and we concurred in the opinion that, as Captain Church sang it, it was more appropriate in recalling and celebrating the march to the sea than any we had heard. In order to bring the song to public attention it will be appended to and conclude this article.

There were other war-songs, in which we all joined, among which were "John Brown's Soul is Marching On," "Rally round the Flag," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," and many more. I noticed that, after what the General had said, no one proposed "Marching through Georgia." The songs were interspersed with conversation, composed mostly of reminiscences of the war, all of them interesting and amusing.

I remember that General Sherman spoke of Chickasaw Bayou, and of Grant's saying, "Sherman stood by me when reported drunk, and I stood by him when reported crazy."

The General's children, who were at the time of the war quite young, all save one, had, as I remember, like him, decidedly auburn hair. He said that they were "red-headed." He told us that it was reported at one time that he was killed, and there was great solicitude expressed at their home in Ohio



WILLIAM T. SHERMAN

about how the family could be provided for without him, when a good old Irishwoman, who had been several years in the family, solved the problem by declaring that "Ellen Sherman need only to set her children out on the rail fence and the woodpeckers would feed them."

Much was said of the Grand Review at Washington at the close of the war. It will be remembered that the General refused to speak to or to recognize Secretary Stanton when they met on the reviewing-stand. In the course of the conversation that evening it appeared that the General's bitterness against the great War Secretary had not diminished.

The General stated that he had more trouble with his men during the few days while they were waiting to be mustered out than at any other time, — that the war was over, and while only awaiting their turn to be released they were under his command and he was responsible for their conduct. "And still what could I do?" he asked. "They had nobly fought with me all through the war, and only awaited a formality, and how could I punish them?" Among the incidents he told of that time were the following:

"One night," he said, "'Old Stanton' sent me word that my soldiers were engaged in a riot on Penn-

sylvania Avenue, at Willard's Hotel. It was nearly midnight, but I went down and found ten thousand soldiers on the avenue all singing 'John Brown's Soul is Marching On,' with Captain Church there on a dry-goods box singing the solo, and all joining in the chorus. Without making my presence known, I came home, went to bed, and let the boys sing. That was only one of 'Old Stanton's' riots."

The General told of a report coming to him from the street-car company, that one night a lot of soldiers boarded a horse-car, filling it to its utmost capacity. Finally the car stopped, and one of the boys shouted, "What are you stopping for?" "It's the end of the line," answered the driver. "End, hell," replied the soldier, "drive on." "But it's the end of the track," urged the driver. "Makes no difference," said the soldier, "we paid to be hauled out to camp, five cents, five cents, five cents, to be hauled out to camp, and we're not going to be swindled." "And do you know," he went on, "those boys seized the reins and drove that car right on up the road to camp, a mile beyond the end of the track. Fortunately the road was smooth and hard, and the poor horses were able to pull it."

"But the most absurd prank I heard of," continued the General, "was reported to me by ——, whom every one knows is one of the most worthy

and respected citizens of Washington, whose age and high character ought to have protected him. He is, as you know, wealthy, and may be frequently seen in his carriage as it rolls along the avenue. He came to me in a frenzy of rage and said, 'I have been the victim of a great outrage, perpetrated upon me by your soldiers.' 'What can it be?' I asked, and as fast as he could get his breath he said: 'As I was taking my usual drive this afternoon my carriage was stopped by your soldiers on Pennsylvania Avenue. I called to the driver to proceed, but found that the horses were being held, and a soldier appeared at the carriage door and said, "Beg pardon, sir, but your man cannot drive on. There is a bet up." "What care I for your bets," I said; "drive on!" "Yes, but you cannot drive on," said the man. "I 've made a bet with Corporal Walker that your chip-eared horse can beat the black, a bet of a dollar,— a dollar." "What do I care for your bets?" I asked, and again told my man to drive on. "Yes," the soldier said, "that 's all right, but this bet has to be decided. It 's a dollar;" and, General Sherman, those scoundrels unharnessed my horses, mounted them, and away they went down the avenue on a full run, leaving me there in the open carriage exposed to the jeers of hundreds of people.' 'Did they run away with your horses?' I asked the old

gentleman. 'No,' he replied, 'in about half an hour they came back, both of the horses foaming with sweat, hitched them back into the carriage as before, and the same man who first addressed me said: "Now you can drive on. I said all the time that your chip-eared horse could beat the black."

"Mortified as I was," continued the General, "I could not help laughing. I promised the good man, however, that the affair would be looked into, and I really intended to have the rascals punished, and directed an officer to have them brought before me, but the next day, before the officers could do anything, those boys were mustered out of the service and were on their way home. I learned that they had been with me all the way on the march to the sea, and from Savannah up here to Washington, and that they were as good soldiers as any in my command."

In the course of the evening, the General asked Captain Church to sing the song he so much liked a second time, and "Sherman's March to the Sea" was sung again, no one enjoying it so much as did the hero, General Sherman, and the author, Major Byers. When the party was about to break up, a half-hour later, the General asked Captain Church if it would be too much to request him to sing once more the familiar words.

General Sherman

Sherman's March to the Sea

Our camp-fires shone bright on the mountain
That frowned on the river below,
As we stood by our guns in the morning,
And eagerly watched for the foe;
When a rider came out of the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted, "Boys, up and be ready,
For Sherman will march to the sea!"

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men;
For we knew that the stars in our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from Northland would greet us,
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then, forward, boys! forward to battle!
We marched on our wearisome way,
We stormed the wild heights of Resaca —
God bless those who fell on that day!
Then Kenesaw, dark in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the free;
But the East and the West bore our standard,
And Sherman marched down to the sea.

Still onward we pressed till our banners
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the traitor flag falls;
We paused not to weep for the fallen,
Who slept by each river and tree,
Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel,
As Sherman marched down to the sea.

My Day and Generation

Oh, proud was our army that morning,
  That stood where the pine darkly towers,
When Sherman said, "Boys, you are weary,
  But to-day fair Savannah is ours!"
Then we sang the song of our chieftain,
  That echoed o'er river and lea,
And the stars in our banner shone brighter
  When Sherman marched down to the sea.

VIII

MILLARD FILLMORE

VIII

MILLARD FILLMORE

IN the Summer of 1863 I spent some time at Newport, Rhode Island, attracted there by Mr. Robert H. McCurdy, my colleague as commissioner of the Soldiers' National Cemetery at Gettysburg, he representing New York on the board, and I, Illinois.

One day as we were walking together he called my attention to a beautiful cottage and grounds, laid out in excellent taste, with winding drives and walks through lawns and shrubbery, and fruit trees fringed and radiant with exquisite flowers.

"This," said Mr. McCurdy, "is the home of Mr. George Downing, a colored man well known throughout the State and highly respected. I want to tell you an incident about him.

"Some time ago I had here as my guest ex-President Millard Fillmore. Upon coming along here where we now are, when out walking, we saw Mr. Downing in the yard looking after his plants and shrubbery. Mr. Fillmore saw him, and I told him that it was Mr. Downing, and inadvertently asked

the ex-President if he should not like to speak with him. 'I should like very much to meet Mr. Downing,' replied Mr. Fillmore, 'I have heard much of him.'

"We walked in and I greeted and shook hands with Mr. Downing, and said, 'Mr. Downing, I want to present you to ex-President Fillmore.' Mr. Downing stepped back and looked at the ex-President — hestitated for a moment, but stood erect, and finally, with a tremor in his voice, said, 'I am glad to see you, Mr. Fillmore, glad to see you, but, sir, you will excuse me — *me* — ME from taking the hand that signed the Fugitive Slave bill.'

"Mr. Fillmore was quite taken aback, yet found words to say, 'But, Mr. Downing, that was an official act; it was an official signature to an act passed by Congress.' Mr. Downing replied, with great dignity, and courtesy, 'I understand by that, Mr. Fillmore, that you disclaim having the feeling of bitterness against my people which that act implies, and I am very glad to greet you.'

"He thereupon extended his hand, the ex-President grasped it, and they engaged in a friendly chat that lasted for half an hour. As we left, so far from showing any indignation against Mr. Downing, Mr. Fillmore expressed great admiration for him."

MILLARD FILLMORE

IX

AN ICELANDIC SAGA

IX

AN ICELANDIC SAGA

IN the Autumn of 1892, while serving as United States Minister to Denmark, I received a despatch at Copenhagen, from the Honorable Secretary of State at Washington, instructing me to procure if possible the loan of a book known as the Codex Flateyensis, supposed to be among the royal archives of that country in a museum, and to contain an account of the discovery of America by the Northmen, the book to be placed on exhibition at the World's Columbian Exposition.

I was instructed in asking for this loan to inform the Royal Danish Government that, if it was conceded, an American ship of war would proceed to Copenhagen to receive the precious treasure and carry it to New York; that upon its arrival there it would be placed upon a special train, to be transported to Chicago under the constant guard of United States soldiers; that upon its arrival at the Exposition it would be placed in the La Rabida Building, situated upon an island, where there would be the minimum danger of fire, and where it would be

constantly guarded, day and night, while on exhibition; and that at the close of the exposition it would be by the same means of a special train and ship of war, and with the same care, returned to Copenhagen and restored to its accustomed place.

I at once sent an official note to his Excellency the Minister of Foreign Affairs, requesting the loan in the name of the Government of the United States, transmitting to him for his information a copy of the despatch I had received. In reply I had from him a note stating that the matter had been referred to his Excellency Mr. Goos, the Minister of *Cultus*, for his consideration.

I soon found that the first impression of the Danish officials was one of surprise that the Government of the United States had the temerity to ask for the concession, even for a few months, of one of the rarest treasures in all Scandinavia, mingled with amazement that our Government should be willing to incur so great an outlay and such great trouble in obtaining it.

The Minister of *Cultus* was called by the King to this high cabinet position from a professorship in the great University of Copenhagen soon after I entered upon my office. His department has the supervision of the State Church, the University and schools, the Royal Theatre, the great Library, and the museums.

The Royal Library, containing six hundred thousand volumes, while under the control of this department, was directly in charge of the distinguished librarian, Mr. Brunn. In this vast collection, the book that our Government wished to borrow, the Codex Flateyensis, or the Flatey Book, or the Flateyjar Book, as it is variously called, is one of the rarest treasures.

After officially addressing the Minister of Foreign Affairs, I sought Minister Goos, and presented the matter personally to him, expressing the interest of the people of the United States in everything relating to the discovery of America, especially at that time, and urged the importance to all Scandinavia of bringing before the civilized world the evidence that the original discoverer of the Western hemisphere was one of the race to which they belong. I also urged that the sending of a ship of war across the Atlantic, and all that was promised by the Great Republic to secure the treasure, was a distinction for his country that would be recognized everywhere, and bring the world to realize something of the value of the treasures contained in the libraries and museums of Copenhagen.

I found that the Minister had then no idea of acceding to our request, and that, in fact, he was already having prepared a note to the Minister of

Foreign Affairs, to be transmitted to me, expressing his regret at his inability to do so. He told me that he had conferred with Mr. Brunn, the Royal Librarian, and found him most decidedly opposed to parting with the treasure in any circumstances. At that time, I succeeded only in inducing his Excellency the Minister to postpone for the time being his official refusal.

In the meantime the matter became one of general discussion. It was taken up by scholars and antiquarians in England, professors in Oxford and Cambridge writing upon the subject. Articles appeared in the London *Times* and other papers protesting against subjecting the rare treasure to the perils of two voyages across the Atlantic and of American railway trains, and expressing surprise at the "audacity" of the American Minister at Copenhagen in suggesting it. The matter was discussed among all classes in Denmark, from the royal palace to the *café*. I was glad to find that while there was much opposition to the concession, there were those who favored it.

There is no country of Europe whose government and people are more friendly to the United States than those of Denmark, and this had its influence. There was a feeling abroad that such a distinction as was proposed by the United States in sending a

UNITED STATES LEGATION AT COPENHAGEN

ship of war for the Flatey Book would be a lasting honor to their country.

More than a third of a century ago an American Minister at Copenhagen said in a despatch to the Department of State that "the Danish people, from cobbler to King, is the most deliberate and leisurely people on the face of the earth." While in all other matters prompt with me, the government was certainly "deliberate and leisurely" in this.

After several months of official correspondence and of personal interviews, reports of which were transmitted by me to, and are preserved in my despatches on file at, the Department of State at Washington, the loan of the Flatey Book was at last conceded, but upon conditions which could not be accepted by the Government of the United States without doing injustice to other nations which had lent their treasures. Finally, after considerable further delay, conditions satisfactory to our Government were proposed by the Danish officials, the substance of which was that the Danish government would send the treasure in charge of a special Danish custodian, who should board the ship of war at Copenhagen, the Danish government paying all expenses, except for his transportation.

This generous proposal was at once cabled by me to the Secretary of State, but a reply — the char-

acter of which I had already in my own mind anticipated with foreboding — announced that, after the long delay, despairing of receiving the treasure, all available ships of war had been ordered to New York to take part in the great naval review, so it would now be impossible to despatch one to Copenhagen.

The Secretary cabled me, however, giving the time when the United States ship of war *Newark* would be at Marseilles, on its way from the Mediterranean with the treasures of Italy and Spain, suggesting that the Danish custodian with the Flatey Book should meet the ship there. I was not surprised to be informed that this could not be done.

The Danish authorities, who at the last manifested the greatest interest in the Exposition, and sent us everything else I asked for, became not only willing, but, as their final generous offer proves, desirous of obliging us in this matter. But they dared not in the face of opposition surrender the treasure without placing about it such safeguards as would satisfy their own people, a delicate matter with them. Realizing the situation, I could not expect them to subject the treasure to a long journey by railway from the north to the south of Europe.

It is probable that all the Scandinavians inhabit-

ing Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Finland, as well as the people inhabiting Iceland, once spoke the same language. In the continental Scandinavian countries that language has been modified, to a degree, through the influence of Greek and Roman literature. The original Scandinavian tongue which was spoken in all those countries was no doubt much the same as that now spoken in Iceland. This language has maintained its purity upon that island because of its isolation — because the people have never been brought into contact with the peoples of Europe.

It may be said of all the tongues of the continent of Europe that they are derived — that is, that they are made up by bringing together and combining and engrafting, I may say, upon original roots other languages. Thus even the language now spoken in Greece, while grafted upon the original, is quite different from that spoken by the philosophers or by Pericles and Demosthenes, and the language spoken in Italy from that spoken by Cicero and Cæsar. While it was no doubt the original language of other people, I never found a Dane who could speak or read Icelandic without special study. Many of the words, in fact, most of those in the ancient language, contain roots upon which his language was engrafted, but, unless he has given

it special attention, neither the Swede nor the Norwegian nor the Dane can read or understand Icelandic.

It was while this ancient tongue was thus common to all Scandinavia that the Vikings dominated Europe. These mighty Northmen were supreme upon the sea, and exacted tribute from every known people. We read of their forays upon Britain and Gaul and Iberia (England, France, and Spain); of their entering the Mediterranean, and even carrying their conquests to Alexandria and Constantinople, everywhere exacting tribute. Glowing accounts of their voyages and triumphs, of the truth of which the booty they brought gave indisputable proof, were recited to their amazed and admiring countrymen, during the long winter evenings at home.

This was long before the invention of printing, and therefore those splendid chronicles could not be published. For some time they were, no doubt, preserved by tradition, or, as we say, by word of mouth. There grew up a class of men, expert in remembering and reciting the accounts of these voyages and heroic deeds, called bards or minstrels. There were many of these in the North, always and everywhere welcome, when they came to recite or chant the accounts of the deeds of their heroes.

There were others, scribes, who wrote out, upon

parchment, with a pen, full accounts of the achievements of their countrymen. Some of these accounts were short, and some extended to hundreds of pages. Some were poorly and some most beautifully written. These accounts were called Eddas or Sagas,—the Eddas usually in the form of poems, and the Sagas in prose. The Sagas, by far the more numerous, are all written in that original ancient language. The Saga which has the highest literary excellence is known as Nials Saga. Du Chailleu names about one hundred and seventy-five Sagas. According to William Sharp, "The oldest Saga is the Flatöe manuscript," which we are considering. "This Flatöe manuscript," he goes on to say, "is of incalculable value, apart from its literary interest; for it contains the Sagas devoted to the history of the pre-Columbian discoveries of the Northmen. This manuscript was known to be in existence as early as the year 1395; that is, about one hundred years before the rediscovery of the American continent by Columbus."

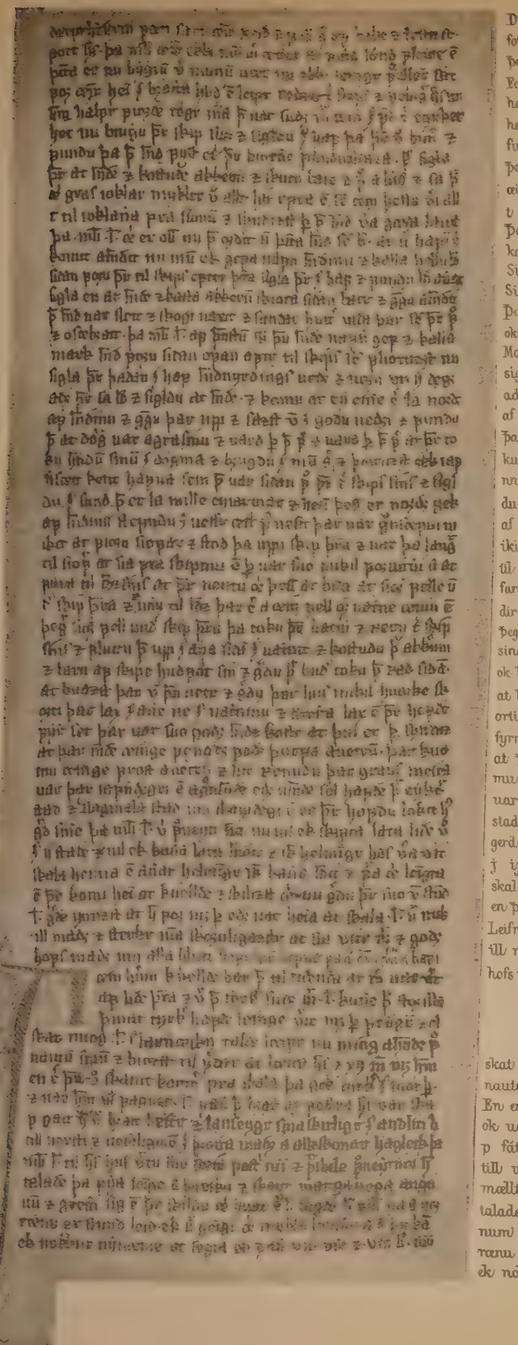
The Flatey Book certainly is the oldest, most extended, and complete of all Icelandic manuscripts. All that is now known of its origin and history is the simple statement that it was written between 1380 and 1400, for John Hakonsson, and that in the seventeenth century it was in possession of John

Finsson of Flatey, in Breidafirth, Iceland, from which locally it derives its name.

From John Finsson, Bishop Brynjulf obtained the book, and through him it went, in 1662, two hundred and forty-six years ago, more than a century before the United States became a nation, to the Royal Library at Copenhagen, where it has remained, and has constantly been accessible to the public ever since.

The Flatey Book contains 905 pages, or columns. It was written, as has been said, long before the invention of the art of printing. When one reflects that every character in all those nine hundred and five pages was made with a pen, he can more easily imagine than I can describe what a task it was to produce the great work. It is written upon the finest parchment, and is in an excellent state of preservation. There is no reason why, with the care it receives, it may not be read and admired a thousand years hence. It was found too bulky to be handled as one volume, and has been separated into two; the binding is comparatively modern, done, I should say, soon after it was placed in the Royal Danish Library.

The Flatey Book, besides giving an account of the conquests of the Vikings, is a general history of the countries and peoples of the North and of their achievements, running back through several cen-



Drepr hestrinn/ fœti, sa er Eirekr reid/, ok fell hann af bake ok lesti sit
fot hans; þa mælti Eirekr: ekki munu mer ætlat at finna lönd fleire en
þetta er nu byggium ver, munum vær nu ekki lengr fara allr samt/.
For Eirekr heim i Bratta hlid; en Leifr reðrst til skips ok felagar hans með
honum, half fiorða tögr manna/. Þar var sudr madr einn i ferd, er Tyrker
het. Nu biuggu þeir skip sitt ok sigldu i haf þa er þeir voru bunir; ok
fundu þa þat land fyst er þeir Biarnar fundu sidarst/. Þar sigla/
þeir at lande ok kostuðu akkerum ok skutu bate, ok foru a land, ok sa þar
eigi gras, iokla mykler voru allt hit efra, en sem ein hella væri all-
t til ioklanna fra sionum, ok syndizst þeim þat land vera/ gæda laust.
Þa mælti Leifr: eigi er oss nu þat orðit um þetta land, sem Biarna, at ver hafim eigi
komit a landit. Nu mun/ ek gefa nafn/ landinu ok kalla/ Helluland/.
Sidan foru þeir til skips; eftir þetta sigla þeir i haf ok fundu land/ annat/.
Sigla/ enn at lande ok kasta akkerum, skiota sidan bate ok ganga a landit.
Þat land var slett ok skogi vaxit ok sandar huitir viða/ þar sem þeir foru/
ok osæbratt. Þa mælti Leifr: af kostum skal þessu lande nafn/ gef, ok kalla/
Mark land. Foru sidan ofan aftr til skips sem fliotazst. Nu
sigla/ þeir þadan i haf landvyrðings vedr ok uoru vit i degr
adr þeir sa land/ ok sigldu at lande ok komu at ey einne er la nordr
af landinu, ok geingu þar upp ok sazst um/ i godu vedri ok fundu
þat at dögg var a grasinu/ ok vard þeim þat furir, at þeir to-
ku hondum sinum i döginu, ok brugðu i munn ser, ok þottuzst ekki iaf-
nsætt kent hafua, sem þat var. Sidan foru þeir til skips sins ok sigl-
du i sund þat er la mille eyiarinar ok ness þess, er nordr gek
af landinu; stefndu i vestr att fyrir nesit; þar var grunsæfui mi-
kit at fioru siofur, ok stod þa uppi skip þeirra/ ok var þa langt
til siofar at sia fra skipinu/. En þeim var suo mikil forvitni a at
fara til landsins, at þeir nentu eigi þess at bida/, at siorr felle un-
dir skip þeirra/, ok runnu til lands/, þar er a ein fell ór uatne einu. En/
þegar siorr fell undir skip þeirra/, þa toku þeir batinn ok reru til skip-
sins ok fluttu þat upp i ana; sidan i uatnit ok kostuðu þar akkerum/,
ok baru af skipe hudföt sin ok gerdu þar budir; toku þat rað sidan
at buazst þar um/ þann uetr ok gerdu/ þar hus mikit. Huorke sk-
orti þar lax i anne ne i uatninu, ok stærra laxa en þeir hefðe
fyrr set. Þar var suo godr landz kostr, at þui er þeim syndiz/
at þar munde einge fenaðr föðr þurfa a uetrum/. Þar kuo-
mu eingar frost a uetrum, ok litt renuðu þar grasu. Meira
var þar iafndægri en a Grænlande eðr Islande. Sol hafðe þar eyktar-
stað ok Dagmala stað um skamdegi. En er þeir höfðu lokit hus-
gerd sinne, þa mælti Leifr vid forunauta sitt: nu vil ek skifta lata lide/ voru
i tu stade, ok vil ek kanna lata landit; ok skal helmingr lids vera vit
skala heima, en annar helmingr skall kanna landit ok fara eigi leingra,
en þeir komi heim at kuellde ok skilizst eigi. Nu gerdu þeir suo um stund.
Leifr gerde ymizst, at hann for med þeim eðr var heima/ at skala/. Leifr var mik-
ill madr ok sterkr, manna/ skoruligastr at sia, vitr madr ok godr
hofs madr um alla hluti. Leifr hitti hepne fann menn/ i skeri a hafi.

Aein hueriu kuellde bar þat til tidenda, at manna var vant/
af lide þeirra, ok var þat Tyrker sudr madr. Leifr kunne þui stor illa;
þuiat Tyrker hafde leinge verit med þeim fedgum ok el-
skat miog Leif i barnaeskv. Talde Leifr nu miog a hendr foru-
nautum sinum ok biozst til ferdar at leita hans, ok xii menn/ med honum/.
En er þeir voru skamt komnir fra skala, þa gek Tyrker i mot þeim
ok var honum vel fagnat. Leifr fann þat brátt, at fostra hans var ska-
þ fátt; hann var bratt leitr ok lauseygr, smaskitligr i andlitu, li-
till vexsti ok uesaligr, en iþrotta madr a allaskonar hagleik. Þa/
mælti Leifr til hans: hui vartu suo seinn, fostri minn, ok fraskile forunautinu/ Hann
talade þa fyst leinge a þyrsku ok skautt marga vega augu-
num ok gretti sig, en þeir skildu eigi huat er hann sagde; hann mælti þa a nor-
rænu er stund leið, ok var geingin eigi mykkr leingra en þit kan
ek nokkur rynæmc at segia, ek fann vin/ við/ ok vin ber. Mun/

The horse stumbled, which Eric rode, and fell he off from its back and hurt
his foot, then quoth Eric: not is for me fated to find more lands than
this where we now dwell, we now no longer may follow together.
Went Eric home to Brattalid, and Leif went to the ship, and his fellows with
him, three tens and a half[1] men. There was a southern man with them, who Tyrker
was called. Now they built their ship and went to sea, when they had finished, and
found then that land first, which Biarne's found last. There sailed
they to land and cast anchor and put out the boat and went ashore and saw there
no grass, large ice-mountains were seen far away, but like one stonefield was all
to the ice-mountains from the sea, and seemed to them this land to be good for nothing.
Then quoth Leif: not to us has it happened with this land as to Biarne, that we have not
got upon the land. Now I will give name to the land and call it Helluland.[2]
Afterwards they went to the ship, and then sailed they on the sea and found another land,
sail again to land and cast anchor, then put out the boat and get ashore,
that land was level and wood-covered and wide white sands, wherever they went,
and not steep at the shore. Then quoth Leif: After its quality shall this land have name, and be called
Markland.[3] Went after that to the ship as fast as possible. Now
sailed they from thence on the sea before a north east and were out for two days,
ere they saw land, and sailed to this land and came to an island, which lay to the north
of the land, and went up there and looked about in fine weather and found,
that there was dew on the grass, and it happened to them, that they
touched the dew with their hands and brought to their mouths, and thought not to
have known anything so sweet as this was. Afterwards they went to their ship and sail-
ed into a sound, that lay between the island and that cape, which went to the north
from the land, steering to the west of the cape, there was very shallow
at ebb-tide, and stood there aground their ship, and was there far
to the sea to see from the ship. Yet they were so very curious to
go ashore, that they could not bide, that the high-water would rise un-
der their ship, but ran to the land, where a river fell into the sea from a lake. But
as soon as the tide rose under their ship, they took the boat and rowed to the ship
and conveyed it up the river; afterwards into the lake and cast there anchor,
and brought from the ship their leather bags and made there booths, took that resolution afterwards
to abide there for that winter and made there a large house. Neither wanted
there salmon in the river nor in the lake, and larger salmon than they had
before seen. There were so good land-qualities, that it seemed to them,
that there might no cattle fodder be wanted in winter time. There came
no frost in winter, and little withered the grass. More
was there equal length of day and night than in Greenland or Iceland. The sun had there Eyktar-
stad[4] and Dagmala Stad[5] on the shortest day. But when they had made their
house-building, Leif said to his fellows: now I will let our company be divided
into II parts, and I will let the land be explored, and one half of the party shall remain
at home, while the other half shall explore the land, and go not farther away,
than that they can return in the evening, and not be separated. Now they did so for a while.
Leif acted alternately, going out with them or staying at home in the hall. Leif was a very
tall man and vigorous, a man most valiant to see, a wise man and a very
moderate man in all regards. Leif the happy found men on a skerry at sea.

One one evening came the tiding, that a man was wanted
of their troup, and that was Tyrker, the southern man. Leif was very troubled by this,
because Tyrker had been long with his father and himself and loved
much Leif in his childhood. Leif now severely blamed his com-
panions and ordered an expedition in search of him, and XII men with him.
But as they were gone a short way from the hall, Tyrker went to meet them,
and he was well received. Leif found out at once, that his foster-father was
excited. He had a large forehead, and restless eyes, small freckles in his face,
a low stature and unseemly, but a man foremost in all sports. Then
Leif said to him: why wert thou so late, foster-father mine, and partedst from thy comrades. He
spoke then first a long time in his southern tongue and rolled much his eyes
and made wry faces, but they did not understand what he said, he spoke then in
northern language after a while: I have walked not much farther, yet I can
something curious relate: I found wine trees and wine berries. May

[1] 35 [2] The stony land [3] Woodland [4] Sunset after 3 PM. [5] Sunrise before 9 A.M.

Hesten, som Erik red, snublede, og faldt han af og saarede
sin Fod; da sagde Erik: ikke mon være mig bestemt at finde flere Lande end
dette, som vi nu bebo; monne vi nu ikke længer følges alle sammen.
Drog Erik hjem til Brattelid, men Leif begav sig til Skibet og hans Stalbrödre med
ham, halvfjerdsindsti.[1] Mænd. Der var en Sydlænder med paa Toget, som hed
Tyrker. Nu lavede de Skibet i Stand og sejlede ud paa Havet, da de vare færdige; og
fandt da det Land først, som Bjarne's fandt sidst. Der sejlede
de til Land og kastede Anker og sköd Baaden ud og gik i Land og saa der
intet Græs; store Jökler var at se langt borte, men som en Stenslette var alt
lige til Jöklerne fra Söen, og syntes dem dette Land at være uden Goder.
Da sagde Lejf: ikke er det nu gaaet os med dette Land, som Bjarne, at vi ikke have
været i Land. Nu vil jeg give Navn til Landet og kalde det Helleland.[2])
Siden drog de til Skibet, og derefter sejlede de ud paa Havet og fandt et andet Land,
sejle igen til Land og kaste Anker, skyde saa Baad ud og gaa i Land.
Det Land var fladt og skovbevoxet og hvide Sande vidtom, hvor de kom frem,
og ikke brat mod Söen. Da sagde Lejf: efter Beskaffenheden skal dette Land gives Navn og kaldes
Markland.[3]) Drog siden efter til Skibet som snarest. Nu
sejlede de derfra ud i Havet med Nordöstwind og vare ude i to Dage,
inden de saa Land, og sejlede mod Land og kom til en Ö, som laa norden-
for Landet, og gik der op og saa sig omkring i godt Vejr og fandt,
at der var Dug paa Græsset, og gik det dem da saaledes, at de to-
ge med deres Hænder i Duggen og förte til deres Mund, og tyktes ikke
liguende södt at have kendt, som det var. Siden drog de til Skibet deres og sejl-
ede ind i et Sund, som laa mellem Öen og det Næs, som mod Nord gik
ud af Landet; stævnede vester paa forbi Næsset, der var meget grundt
ved Lavvande, og stod da deres Skib paa Grund, og var der langt
til Vandet at se fra Skibet. Men de vare saa meget begærlige efter at
komme til Landet, at de nænte ikke at bie paa, at Vandet steg un-
der deres Skib, og löb i Land der, hvor en Aa faldt ud fra en Sö. Men
saa snart Vandet steg under deres Skib, da tog de Baaden og roede til Skib-
et og förte det op i Aaen; derefter i Söen og kastede der Anker,
og bare fra Skibet deres Skindposer og byggede der Boder; tog den Beslutning siden
at dvæle der den Vinter og byggede der et stort Hus. Hverken skort-
ede det der paa Laxe i Aaen eller i Söen, og större Laxe end de havde
för set. Der var saa gode Land-Betingelser, at det syntes dem, at
der maatte ingen Kvæg Fodring behöves om Vinteren. Der kom
ingen Frost om Vinteren, og lidet visnede der Græsset. Mere
var der lige Længde for Nat og Dag end paa Grönland eller Island. Solen havde der Eyktar
Stad[4]) og Dagmala Stad[5]) paa den korteste Dag. Men da de havde lavet Hus-
bygningen deres, da sagde Lejf til sine Kammerater: nu vil jeg lade dele Flokken vor
i to Dele, og vil jeg lade undersöge Landet; og skal den halve Flok være ved
Hallen hjemme, men den anden Halvdel skal undersöge Landet og drage ikke længere bort,
end at de kunne komme hjem om Aftenen, og skilles ikke. Nu gjorde de saaledes en Tid.
Lejf gjorde skiftevis, saa at han drog ud med dem eller var hjemme ved Hallen. Lejf var en
stor Mand og stærk, en Mand der var mandig at se, en klog Mand og en
maadeholden Mand i alle Dele. Lejf den lykkelige fandt Folk paa et Skær i Havet.

Paa en Aften bragtes den Tidende, at en Mand bleo savnet
i deres Trop, og var det Tyrker, Sydlænderen. Lejf följte derved stor Uro,
saasom Tyrker havde længe været med ham og hans Fader og elsket
Lejf meget i dennes Barndom. Talte Lejf nu meget haardt til
sine Følgesvende og böd til Tog for at opsöge ham, og XII Mænd med ham.
Men da de vare kort Vej komne fra Hallen, saa gik Tyrker dem imöde,
og bleo han vel modtaget. Lejf fandt strax ud, at Fosterfaderen hans var
ophidset. Han var höjpandet, med urolige Öjne, smaa Fregner i Ansigtet, li-
den af Vækst og ubetydelig; men Idrætsmand med alskens Kunstfærdighed. Da
sagde Lejf til ham: hoi var du saa sén, Fosterfader min, og skiltes fra Kammeraterne. Han
talede da först længe i sit sydlandske Maal og rullede meget med Öj-
nene og gjorde Ansigter; men de forstod ikke, hvad han sagde, han talte da paa Nor-
disk, efter at en Stund var gaaet: Jeg var gaaet ikke meget længere; dog kan
jeg noget nyt sige; jeg fandt Vintræer og Vinbær. Mon

[1] 35 [2] Stenlandet [3] Skovlandet [4] gik ned efter Kl. 3 [5] stod op för Kl. 9

FACSIMILE REPRODUCTION OF TWO PAGES FROM THE FLATEY BOOK

turies up to the end of the fourteenth century, when it was written. Like the other Sagas, it is written in simple narrative form, giving accounts of the achievements and ordinary life of the men and women of those ages. It is extended in its scope, abounding in historical information, in accounts of expeditions and conquests and discoveries, taking in most of the peoples of Europe and those along the Bosphorus. By the European antiquary, for the information this remarkable book imparts, it is prized as one of the rarest treasures in existence. To Americans it has an especial interest, because it gives an account, written upon its pages nearly a century before Columbus was born, of the discovery of America several centuries before Columbus was born.

In regard to this matter so interesting to all Americans, it is unnecessary for me to detail what the Flatey Book contains; but I will say, in brief, that it gives an account of the discovery and settlement of Greenland by the Northmen, led by Thorvald and Eric the Red, A. D. 985, and of other enterprising navigators who voyaged *from Greenland far to the southwest*, and there found a rich and fruitful country, which could have been none other than North America, landing at several places.

The most undaunted and daring of those voy-

agers, he who first sailed from Greenland and made discoveries to the southwest, was Leif, son of Eric the Red, Leif Ericsson. Others made the voyage, Bjorn, the son of Hurjulf, Thorfinn Karlsefni, and others, but the ruling spirit was Leif Ericsson. At one of the localities where he landed were great forests, and he named it Markland, the land of the wood. Pursuing his way southward along the coast, he came to a region which they named Helluland,—Stonyland. They had on board a man designated as a southerner, perhaps an Italian or Spaniard, whose name was Tyrker. After leaving Helluland they landed at a beautiful place from which Tyrker strayed away. They were much alarmed, fearing that he had been foully dealt with by savages. When about to give him up and sail away, Tyrker appeared, drunk as a lord. He had come upon some natives who, with generous American hospitality, had given him copious draughts of wine, which were too much for him. This aroused the curiosity of Leif Ericsson, explorations were made, and it was found that the country abounded in grapes and fruits to which in their northern regions they had not been accustomed. From this they named the country Vineland. They established a settlement at Vineland, and Leif Ericsson and his men wintered there, after which they returned to Greenland. On

account of this discovery, Leif was afterwards called Leif the Lucky.

Inspired by these successes, two of Leif's brothers attempted voyages to Vineland. Thorvald was successful in reaching it, but Thorstern, to whom Leif had lent his ship, was lost. He had taken his wife, Gudrid, with him, and she, the widow, sorrowfully returned with the ship to Greenland.

Some time during the Summer of 1006 Thorfinn Karlsefni arrived at the Greenland settlement of Brattahlid from Iceland, and proceeded to fall in love with Gudrid, the charming widow of Thorstern, and married her. As adventurous as she was beautiful, she persuaded her husband to emigrate to and found a settlement at Vineland. The next Summer, with a hundred men, several women, and quantities of stores, including a herd of cattle, they sailed for Vineland upon four ships, reaching their destination without mishap. Soon after their arrival a son was born to Thorfinn and Gudrid, the first white child born upon this hemisphere, whom they named Snorri. They remained three years in Vineland, but were finally driven out by savages, and the colony returned to Greenland. Snorri, the boy, became the progenitor of a long line of eminent men.

There has been nearly as much speculation concerning the location of Vineland as that of the Garden

of Eden. The general idea has been that it was between Halifax and Boston. John Fiske thinks it was on the coast either of Massachusetts or of Rhode Island. Others bring very convincing arguments to prove it was in Nova Scotia. The exact location will probably never be determined, but there can be no reasonable doubt of the existence upon this continent at that time of Vineland. Rafin, a careful and painstaking student, found it mentioned in eighteen manuscript Sagas. In order to throw doubt upon its existence on the North American continent at that time, one must show other land in the direction sailed by Leif Ericsson and by those who followed him.

In speaking, while at Copenhagen, of what has been regarded as a misnomer of this continent through calling it America, after Americus Vespucius, who certainly was not its discoverer, the suggestion was made that it was not a misnomer, after all, as the word "America" bears imbedded in it the name of Eric, its real discoverer, Am-Eric-a.

It will be interesting, perhaps, in this connection to refer to the ships upon which these adventurous voyagers sailed. Fortunately some of us saw the Viking ship which crossed the Atlantic, navigated by Norwegian sailors, and was on exhibition in Chicago at the World's Columbian Exposition.

That ship was a reproduction of the old Viking ship, old enough to have been navigated by Leif Ericsson, that I went to see in Christiana, Norway, in July, 1891. It has been preserved during all these ages in the bosom of Mother Earth, from which it was taken only a few years ago. The decayed wood can scarcely be called rotten: it is more like punk than anything else, and is very brittle.

Many of the Viking ships were larger than those sailed by Columbus. They had, usually, a single mast which carried the sail, and oars for still weather, the number of oars proportioned to the size of the ship. Each oar was manned by two, three, or sometimes by four men. There was occasionally found a man so strong that he could alone and singly ply an oar on the smaller vessels. In only one instance has the length of an oar to a Viking ship been ascertained, and here it was twenty-six feet long; but it is said that the larger ships must have had oars of greater length. The rudder, as in the Viking ship at Chicago, was always on the right-side.

Each ship had beautiful sails, usually made of woollen stuffs of variegated colors, with stripes of red, blue, and green, and the ship was ornamented by figures of great dragons at the stern and stem, gilded, often covered with sheets of gold, with the shining shields the men used in action hung at the sides.

Each ship bore some poetical name, such as the Sea Wader, Lion of the Sea, Deer of the Surf, Sea King's Deer, Reindeer of Breezes, Horse of the Sea Gulls' Track, Hawk of the Sea Gulls' Track, Raven of the Wind. A fleet of Viking ships, glistening under the rays of the sun, must have been a magnificent spectacle. An account is given in the Sagas of a King of Denmark sending out a fleet of seven hundred of such craft.

It would be interesting to give something of the history and achievements of the Vikings, and an extended analysis of the characters of the men who were the progenitors of the races from which so many of us are directly descended, but space forbids. We are accustomed to call Great Britain the land of our fathers. Most of us may with the same propriety call Scandinavia the land of our grandfathers. As the grandparents so frequently give evidence of more love for their children's children than for their own direct offspring, so it has seemed to me when living among the Northmen that their affections have extended beyond those of their more immediate descendants to their grandchildren in this hemisphere. I was moved by emotions similar to those we observe in children for their grandparents when, in Denmark and Sweden and Norway and Finland, I frequently had occasion to witness

manifestations of their affection for our people. To me there was always extraordinary significance in the appellation given in the Scandinavian tongues to those who bear the relation of what we call grandfather and grandmother. They say "bestfader" and "bestmoder." So the Northmen and Northwomen are our best fathers and our best mothers.

Hardly any people of remote ages were endowed with so much physical and moral strength as the Northmen, or possessed, in so high a degree,

"The wrestling thews that throw the world."

They were brave and bold and aggressive. It cannot be denied that in conquering and subjugating their enemies they were cruel and relentless. The Flatey Book states that the object of their voyages was "manslaughter," which meant war and conquest and booty. But fierce and cruel as they were to their enemies, there never was a race more devoted and faithful to friends, nor one more affectionate and loving to kindred. To the spirit of the ages in which they lived, the belief that might makes right, the history of the Vikings makes no exception. No might or force had ever been able to subdue them. Finally, a benign influence which proved more powerful than that of any of their heroes came, taming their proud spirits and subduing their wild natures. It was the influence of a simple story which can never

grow old, one more enchanting than any they had ever read in all the pages of the Eddas and the Sagas, the story of the divine and gentle and spotless life of One who taught a new gospel of meekness and love and forgiveness. Upon no other race has Christianity exercised a mightier influence for good, and no other race has held more steadfastly to the faith.

In concluding what I have to say of the Vikings, in order to show the style in which the Flatey Book is written, I give below a chapter of it translated into English.

This Summer came a ship from Norway to Greenland. Thorfinn Karlsefni steered it. He was the son of Thord Hesthofli [Horsehead], son of Snorri, son of Thord. Thorfinn was very rich, and during the Summer stayed in Brattahlid [West Greenland] with Leif Ericsson. He soon fell in love with Gudrid [widow of Thorstern Ericsson], and asked her in marriage, but she referred the answer to Leif. Then she was betrothed to him, and their wedding took place that Winter. The voyages to Vineland were talked over as they had been before, and both Gudrid and others urged Karlsefni to go. He resolved to go, and manned the ships with sixty men and five women. Karlsefni and his men made an agreement that they would divide equally all goods they might acquire. They took all kinds of cattle with them, as they resolved to settle, if possible, in the land. Karlsefni asked Leif for his houses in Vineland, but Leif answered he would lend him the houses,

but not give them. Thereupon they sailed out to sea, arrived safely at Leif's booths, and carried their skin bags ashore. They soon found good and plentiful provisions, for a large and fine whale had been driven ashore. They went there and cut up the whale, and there was no lack of food. The cattle walked up on land and the male cattle soon became wild. After this first Winter the Summer came, and they became aware of the presence of the Skrælinger [savages], for a large host of men came out of the forest near the place where the cattle were. The bull began to bellow out very loudly, and the Skrælinger got scared, and fled with their burdens, which consisted of gray fur and sable and all kinds of skins. They went to Karlsefni's house and wanted to get in. Karlsefni had the door guarded. Neither understood the others' speech. . . . Karlsefni now had a strong palisade wall built round the house. About this time Gudrid, his wife, bore a boy, who was called Snorri.

It is interesting to know that Karlsefni and his wife Gudrid and the boy Snorri returned to Iceland, and finally to Norway, and became wealthy. Snorri married, reared a large family, and has many descendants, among whom was Albert Bertel Thorwaldsen, the great sculptor.

Christopher Columbus was a man of colossal intellect and unbounded ambition. He led a seafaring life, and so became imbued with the spirit of his age, which was that of maritime discovery and

colonization. He became convinced that the earth is spherical in form, a theory then maintained only by those regarded by the world at large as doctrinnaires. He was an inquirer and student, as well as a practical navigator, who had visited nearly every coast then known. In the course of his inquiries and researches he corresponded with the most eminent cosmographer of the age, Toscanelli, an Italian philosopher, who confirmed him in his belief. Finally, in 1477, when forty-two years old, he made a voyage to the northwest and visited Iceland, then still regarded on the continent of Europe as the *ultima thule* of the world.

From the day of his return from Iceland, for fifteen long years, Christopher Columbus devoted his whole energies toward securing the means of making a voyage to the west. His great soul, all his might and mind, were devoted to this purpose. In season and out of season, by night and by day, he devoted himself to this end. Neglected and shunned by one court, before which he had prostrated himself, spurned from another, he was not discouraged and did not falter, until at last his persistence was rewarded. To the honor of her sex, a glory which will continue to shine down the ages through all time, when men turned away from the noble suppliant, a good woman, Queen Isabella of Spain,

listened to his eloquent pleading and provided the means for the momentous voyage.

In estimating the life and character of this great man, there is nothing so impressive as the patience, energy, and determination with which, under so many discouragements, he persisted in his efforts to obtain the means for the realization of his hopes. Great as were the perils of his voyage, its hardships were as nothing when compared with the long, wearisome years of endurance in bearing "the spurns that patient merit from the unworthy takes."

He was prompted so to work, plead, endure, and suffer, by having learned that there was a land which could be reached by sailing to the west. It might be India, as he really thought it was. He knew it was there, and that it could be reached by sailing toward the setting sun. To the sublime conceptions of Galileo and the theories of Toscanelli and of all the sages who had preceded him had been added in his mind positive knowledge. His zeal and earnestness during all those years can be accounted for upon no other reasonable theory. Knowing as we now do all the circumstances of his voyage to Iceland, and of his life from the day of his return, and knowing that this far-off Iceland, seldom if ever visited by any but Northmen, was the repository of the Flatey Book containing posi-

tive and conclusive information that there existed a continent to the westward, the conclusion is irresistible that the influences of the knowledge there obtained became the mainspring of Columbus's after life.

In accounting for his zeal and energy in prosecuting his work, the author of his biography in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" says, "in his northern journey some vague and formless traditions may have reached his ear of the voyages of Bjorn or Leif, of the pleasant coasts of Helluland and Vineland, that lay toward the setting sun. All were mere hints to bid the bold mariner to sail westward." This author realizes where the information was obtained, and is perhaps correct in his theory that it was a matter of tradition among the common people, from whom Columbus could easily have obtained it. If Columbus did not actually himself see the pages of the Flatey Book, he no doubt met and talked with those who had read them.

That Columbus made the voyage to Iceland at that time is unquestioned, as appears from one of his own letters, from which extracts were made by his son. This excerpt may be found in the sixth chapter of Irving's Life of Columbus, as follows:

In the year 1477, in February, I navigated one hundred leagues beyond Thule [Iceland], the southern part of which is seventy-three degrees distant

from the equator, and not sixty-three, as some pretend. Neither is it situated in the line which includes the west of Ptolemy, but is much more westerly. The English, principally those of Bristol, go with their merchandise to this island, which is as large as England. When I was there the sea was not frozen, and the tide was so great as to rise and fall twenty-six fathoms.

Those who have had access to the pages of the venerable book of which we have spoken can understand how absolute knowledge sustained this great soul when pleading at the feet of kings and potentates, sustained him in the darkness and tempests of the deep, and supported him when almost overwhelmed by mutiny on his ship, more terrible than all the angry forces of nature.

Let no man attempt to pluck from the brow of Christopher Columbus any laurel he so richly earned. But when our voices ring with acclamations in his honor and for his glory, let us also remember Leif Ericsson and the other brave voyagers of the North, and let us not forget those who carefully preserved the record of the achievements of the Vikings, for Christopher Columbus and for us all. And let us not forget the painstaking historian and scribe who wrote, and those who have so long and carefully preserved, the Flatey Book.

X

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER

X

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER

I MET General Butler only once to speak with him,—at Peoria, Illinois, on the occasion of a great soldiers' gathering, soon after the close of the Civil War. Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll presided, and the famous men to speak were Generals Butler and John A. Logan. After they had finished, I was called out, and in the course of my remarks I suggested "Butler and Logan" as the candidates for President and Vice-President to lead the next Republican ticket.

General Butler came to me and said, "There is a very serious objection to the Republican ticket you named."

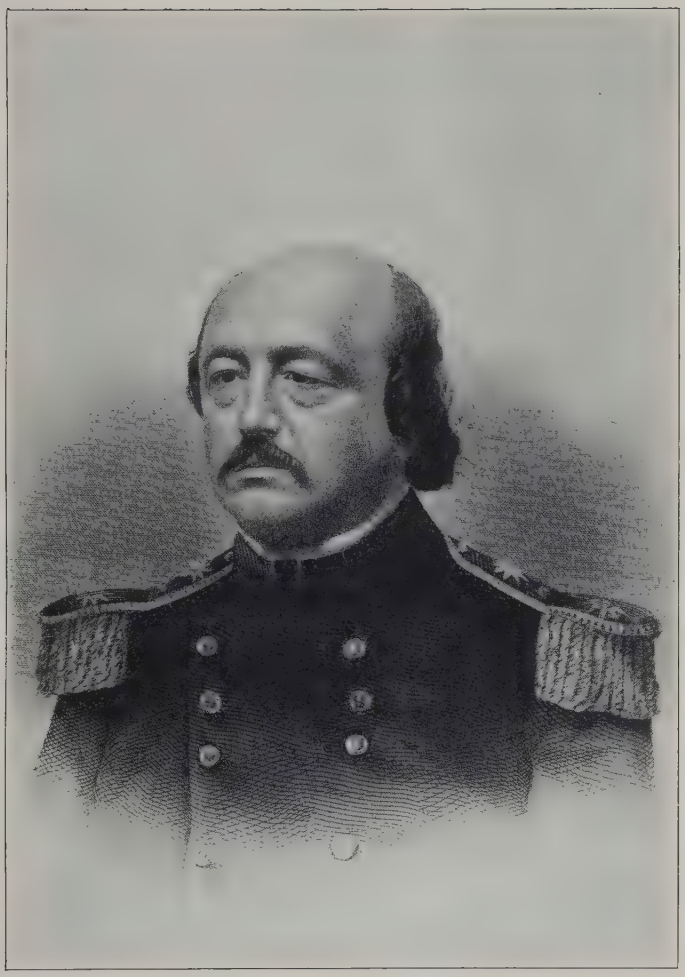
"What is it, General?" I asked.

"The trouble with your ticket is," the General replied, "that it is a kangaroo ticket: the hind legs are the longest."

During the following winter my brother, Colonel B. O. Carr, now of Seattle, Washington, and I were looking about Washington, D. C. We went into the Supreme Court room a little after midday. There

were few spectators, scarcely a dozen, and it was so still that it was almost oppressive. There was a full court, all the justices intently listening to a lawyer who was making an argument with perfect composure and without apparent emotion. A lawyer was making, as he realized, an argument to lawyers, and he confined himself strictly to the legal aspects of the case. The lawyer was Benjamin F. Butler. A gentleman was seated on each side of him at the table, who occasionally prompted him, sometimes handing up to him a law book opened at the proper page, from which he read. General Butler always in his later practice employed good lawyers to prepare his briefs. They usually came into court with him when he tried important cases. The case involved a large amount of property in a Southern State that had been seized during the war. This the claimant was trying to have restored to him or to be given damages, upon the representation that he had never been disloyal to the government. I never heard a closer or more convincing legal argument, and I never saw a court follow an attorney with closer attention than did that august tribunal follow General Butler.

Two hours later, my brother and I found ourselves in the gallery of the House of Representatives. The House was in committee of the whole, and there,



BENJAMIN F. BUTLER

in the midst, with its whole personnel assailing him, stood General Butler. It seemed as though they all wanted and intended to tear him in pieces, — all in retaliation for the bitter attacks he was making upon several of them. This was just at the time when the *Credit Mobilier* scandals had been brought to light, and he was calling to account those members of the House who had been smirched, Republicans as well as Democrats. He reminded me of a bulldog, for he was not only fully able to defend himself, but the wounds he inflicted were as severe as any he received.

While he was thus grinding out, between his teeth, his invectives, James A. Garfield sprang to his feet and exclaimed, "Does the gentleman refer to me? Does the gentleman refer to me?"

"Naw, sir, naw, sir," snapped Butler, turning only half around, "*De mortuis nihil nisi bonum*" [Speak nothing but good of the dead], and went right on with his speech. General Garfield's name had been connected with the scandals, but he was able to fully clear himself. I thought of this declaration of Butler's when, years later, I saw General Garfield inaugurated President of the United States.

Late that afternoon, as my brother and I were passing the city hall, we saw a great crowd of colored people, men and women, around the doors, pressing to get in. We were interested to find out what was

going on inside, and knowing some of the officials, we went to a side door, and were ushered in and given seats inside the bar. It was in the same room where afterward I saw Guitteau tried. There was Butler pleading before the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia for a man's life. An Irishman named O'Neil had murdered a colored man. He had been tried before a jury, convicted, and was about to be sentenced to be hanged. Butler, with impassioned earnestness, was pleading for a new trial, citing many authorities to sustain him. His motion was overruled, and the prisoner was sentenced. General Butler did not stop there, but succeeded in inducing President Grant to commute the punishment to imprisonment for life, and finally succeeded in getting his man pardoned.

That same night in the great stone house on Capitol Hill where he lived, General Butler gave one of the most brilliant receptions ever held in Washington. I was not there, but the morning papers were full of accounts of the elegance and cordiality with which he entertained his guests, addressing words of welcome and cheer to every one.

What other work General Butler did that day I never knew, but what I had seen was enough to convince me that he had not attained his commanding position by accident.

XI

MARTIN VAN BUREN

XI

MARTIN VAN BUREN

IT was a quiet afternoon in the State Library at Albany one day in 1857, while I was a student in the Law School and my head was bent over my book, when I heard and felt a stir go through the room. Raising my eyes, I saw everybody standing, while the librarian went forward to greet deferentially an elderly man, somewhat below middle height. An impromptu levee was held, and I in my turn was presented to Martin Van Buren, President of the United States twenty years before, and twice defeated for that high office. He had come to the State capital from his home in Kinderhook a few miles distant, as was his custom after his retirement from public affairs.

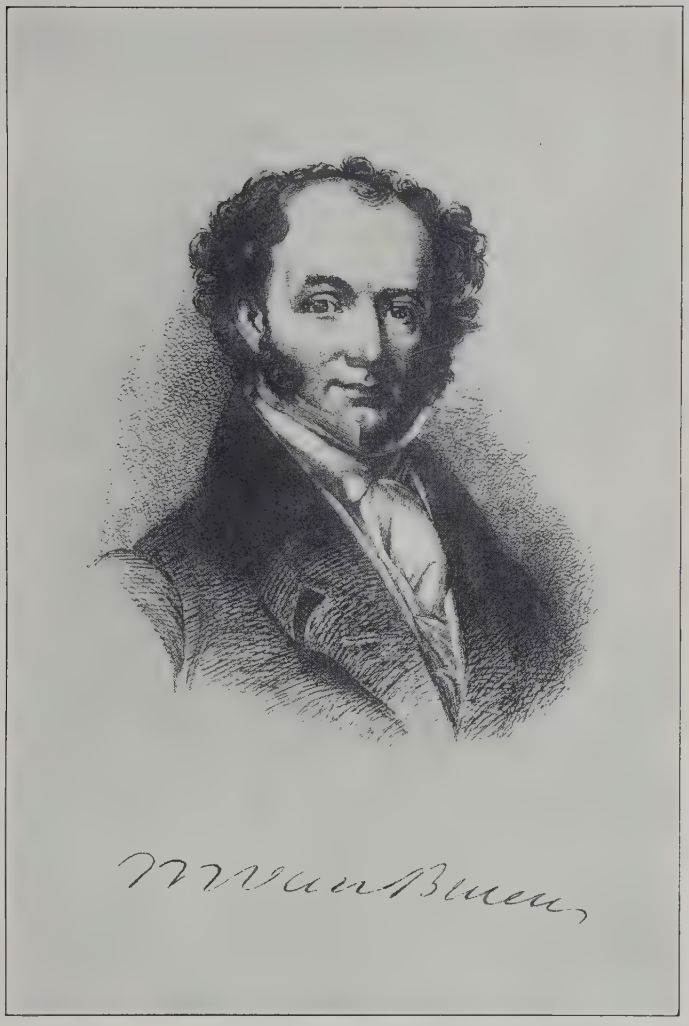
I had been reading of Mr. Van Buren all my life. He was elected to the United States Senate from the great State of New York fifteen years before I first saw the light, soon after was chosen Governor, was called thence to President Jackson's Cabinet as Secretary of State six years before my birth, two years later was made Vice-President of the Nation, and in 1836, the year I was born, he was elected

our Chief Magistrate, serving four years. Defeated by General William Henry Harrison, "Old Tippecanoe," on his renomination in 1840, and again in 1848, when the candidate of the Free Soil party, he was now, at the age of seventy-five, enjoying all the life possible for a man of great ambitions, greatly disappointed.

My father was a Whig, and I have some glimmering recollections, although only four years old at the time, of the wonderful "coon-skin and hard cider" campaign of 1840. Whether from actual memory or from being told of it later, I believe that I recall the exultation and enthusiasm over the news that came down to us from Maine in October that the State had reëlected Edward K. Kent, the Whig candidate, for its Governor. I remember that for years afterwards my father sang the famous song:

"Have you heard from Maine, Maine, Maine,
The country through?
How she went hell-bent for Governor Kent?
It is the ball a-rolling on
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too;
And Van, Van, Van is a used-up man,
And we 're bound to beat Little Van!"

There never was a more animated or hotly contested campaign than that of 1840, and in consequence General Harrison, the son of Governor Benjamin



MARTIN VAN BUREN

Harrison of Virginia, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and the grandfather of President Benjamin Harrison, was elected by a wave of popular enthusiasm such as had not swept the country since the days of Washington. It effectually disposed of President Van Buren's hopes at the time, and he retired to Kinderhook, not to reappear until 1848, when he accepted the nomination of the Free Soil Democrats, not with any hope whatever of election, but to pay off an old score against General Cass, the regular Democratic candidate. This was accomplished; so that Van Buren's candidacy was not wholly unsuccessful.

My chance meeting with Mr. Van Buren was the more interesting to me as I had been making a study of President Jackson's and his own administrations only a short time before, and it was all fresh in my mind. Though nearly seventy-five years old at the time, the former President showed much interest in the work of us students, asking about our studies, where our homes were, and much more to the same end. When I told him that I came from Illinois, he asked, "Are n't you proud of being from Illinois? Don't you think it is one of the best States in the Union?" My reply was both eagerly and enthusiastically affirmative, whereupon Mr. Van Buren began to eulogize the State beyond measure.

It was curious to the other young men, my schoolmates, this enthusiasm about Illinois, but the reason was plain enough to me. At the time of his overwhelming, crushing defeat in 1840, Illinois, with the solitary exception of New Hampshire, was the only Northern State that stood by him. When that political tidal wave deluged the country, sweeping everything before it and engulfing President Van Buren and his administration, Stephen A. Douglas was able to breast the storm in Illinois by efforts almost superhuman and carry the State for his party. Mr. Van Buren had not forgotten it.

I had both read and heard that Mr. Van Buren had the peculiarity in conversation of never expressing an opinion on any subject until he had asked and obtained that of his interlocutor. His talk with us that day was an amusing confirmation of this. He did not say, categorically, "This is a fine day," but was at the pains to ask us, "Do you not think this is a fine day?" He did not state, "This is an excellent law school," but inquired, "Do you not regard this as an excellent law school?" Even in respect of Illinois, for all that it had endeared itself to him by its steadfast support, he did not express himself about the State until he had had my own opinion.

It is illustrative of the brevity of our national history that I, not advanced greatly in years beyond

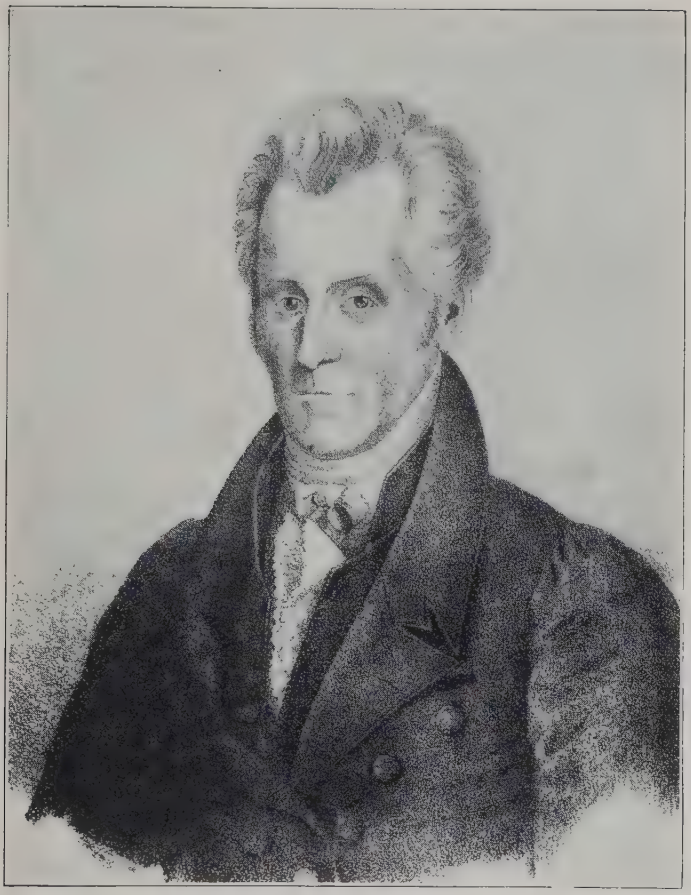
the limit of the Psalmist, in meeting Mr. Van Buren when he was only a trifle older than I am now should have spanned nearly the whole extent of our annals. Born in 1782, Martin Van Buren was fourteen years old when Washington retired from the Presidency, seventeen when Washington died, and could have had a distinct personal recollection of the adoption of the present Constitution. He was familiar with every administration subsequent to Washington's, and was active in the political campaign of 1800 as a supporter of Thomas Jefferson, who, with John Adams, did not die until Van Buren had attained his forty-fifth year. He had been active politically as a contemporary of Hamilton, the Adamses, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, and had been a delegate when only twenty years old to the National Convention which organized the Republican-Democratic party. He had been an important factor in politics from the beginning of the nineteenth century, and had passed through all the gradations of preferment until in middle life he reached the acme of political ambition in the Presidency of the United States. From this high estate he had fallen, never again to rise. Disregarded and neglected, he had emerged from his involuntary obscurity only when the opportunity offered to inflict a fatal political wound upon an adversary who, as he believed, had wronged him.

For this small purpose he had, like Samson, torn away the pillars supporting the Temple of Democracy he had himself helped to rear.

For twelve years his sponsor in politics, General Andrew Jackson, was the most conspicuous figure and the most powerful statesman in the United States. Elected President in 1828 and reëlected four years later, he was able to secure the nomination and election of Van Buren on his own retirement, solely through the force of his mighty personality. Jackson may even be said to have administered the affairs of the nation for twelve years, for his was the commanding influence throughout Van Buren's four years of the Chief Magistracy. Having triumphantly carried the younger man to power as his successor, General Jackson may be pardoned for believing that he could secure his reëlection.

To accomplish this end the victor of New Orleans put forth his whole strength from his retirement at the Hermitage. He even went so far as to declare that the perpetuity of our national institutions depended upon Van Buren's continuance in office. To this end he published a letter to the American people, which contained the following paragraph:

"I do believe that the perpetuation of our republican system and our glorious Union depend upon the reëlection of Mr. Van Buren."



ANDREW JACKSON

But it was of no avail. Mighty as he was, even General Jackson could not stem the tide that set in and overwhelmed his chosen political heir. The result stood before us that day, more than half a century ago. With all the gratification of ambitions that had fallen to Martin Van Buren's share in this world, his successive occupancy of such posts of honor as Senator, Governor, Secretary of State, Vice-President, and President, he seemed to us students to be a sad, gloomy, disappointed man, his fires quenched in his own chagrin. He still stands in my memory as the most perfect illustration possible of the vanity of human hopes and ambitions. Young as we were, we thought him rather an object of pity than of envy.

XII

HENRY WARD BEECHER

XII

HENRY WARD BEECHER

THE first time I saw this famous preacher he was in his own pulpit of Plymouth Church in Brooklyn. I had gone down to New York from Poughkeepsie, where I was at law school, to spend a few days, and when Sunday came, like every one else from the West, I must see and hear Beecher. Observing the usual direction given to reach his church from New York, "Fulton Street ferry, and follow the crowd," I soon found myself at the door of the church, whence I was conducted up the stairs, and up again to a small but very high gallery, where I was given a stool for a seat. I had never before been in so large a house of worship. I was there early, and saw it finally filled to its utmost capacity. Perched up there, I, with great interest, watched the people as they came in, among them several men and women of national renown, as well as several of great wealth.

The pulpit, if it could be called a pulpit, was simply a broad platform, with a square table well to the front and in the centre, upon which lay a

Bible and hymn-book. Back of and above this platform was the choir of, I should say, a hundred singers, in a gallery which extended, as nearly as I could see from my elevated position, nearly around the church, in which, as was the case everywhere in the great audience-room, every seat was filled.

I was so much occupied in watching the people come in that I saw no one come upon the platform. Finally as I looked in that direction I saw seated there, all alone, one whom I supposed to be and who was the great preacher. He had slipped in so quietly as not to be observed.

Some time before there had been organized in New York a Children's Aid Society, the object of which was to rescue children from the slums of the city and take them to the country, especially to the West, and provide them there with homes where they might grow up under good influences and become useful members of society. I had myself known of several of these children in the neighborhood of my home in Illinois, and had a high appreciation of the work of the organization. It was proposed to extend its work to Brooklyn, and, as was always the case with every humanitarian movement, Mr. Beecher had been called upon to take the lead.

The morning papers announced that Mr. Beecher

HENRY WARD BEECHER

would preach upon this subject, and that a contribution would be taken up to inaugurate the movement. Not one word or reference to this subject appeared in the sermon. This was devoted entirely to the conflict between the Free and Slave State men, then going on in Kansas. It was in this sermon that the great preacher declared that to win the cause Sharp's rifles would be more effective in the hand of the Free State men than Bibles.

This, however, is the way he appeared before us and treated the subject upon which we expected him to preach.

I had never heard a hymn read, as it seemed to me, so poorly as he read the first hymn he gave out. He dragged and dawdled through it in a perfunctory way, as though he cared nothing for what it contained. I have no recollection which the hymn was, but remember thinking that if Mr. Beecher spoke as he read, he could not interest me. I afterward concluded that he stumbled thus through this hymn for the purpose of making what followed more striking.

When he came to the second hymn there was a change in his voice and manner that at once arrested attention. The hymn selected was in itself a sermon, awakening us to the realization of our dependence, showing how weak and frail we are,

breathing through it all an expression of that most sacred relation in human life, the relation of parent and child.

In the tenderest and most sympathetic tones I have ever heard, tones which swept and thrilled the heartstrings, he read the familiar words:

"The pity of the Lord
For those who fear his name
Is such as tender parents feel,
He knows our feeble frame.

"He knows we are but dust
Scattered by every breath,
His anger like the rising wind
Can send us swift to death."

And raising his eyes from the hymn-book, in a clear, ringing voice he broke forth abruptly, "There will be a contribution taken up this morning, brethren and sisters, for the benefit of the poor children of this city." He briefly described the movement already begun, told how many children had been already taken away from the filth and disease and rottenness of the great city and given homes and comfort and education, and, above all, opportunity, in the Far West. He pictured the slums, "noisome and loathsome, schools of immorality and crime," and contrasted them with the healthy and ennobling work of the farm in rearing

boys and girls to lives of industry, and planting in their bosoms immortal germs to spring up in hope and ambition and aspiration. He set before those denizens of the city the beauties of my own prairie home away out in Illinois, "fruits and flowers, singing birds and humming bees, the fragrance of new-mown hay, the lowing of cattle and bleating of sheep," as compared with the heat and filth and corruption of the crowded tenement house upon the dark alley, and contrasted the village church with the saloon, the gaming-house, and the brothel.

Never were the two conditions, the evils of the city and the glories of the country in their influences upon the young, more strikingly portrayed and contrasted; and while the picture so vividly painted was still before us, the great orator made the helplessness and dependence of the children of those whom he was addressing, their prattle, their innocent mirth, their caresses, their reciprocal affection, eloquent in pleading for the unfortunate, and exclaimed that he hoped that "the millionaires in this congregation would not cheat themselves, as the plates go round, by putting on a five-cent piece or a ten-cent piece," but that all would give in proportion as God had favored them.

"It is the best investment you can make," he declared. "It will pay more than bonds or stocks

or shares in railways; it will be a fixed and assured guarantee that you will be among those to whom the Master will say, 'Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these, ye did it unto me.' There can be no question about the abundant and manifold returns from the investment, and the time to invest is now."

Without again looking at the hymn-book which he still held in his hand, amid breathless silence, in a low voice, full of pathos, but so distinct that not one word was lost by the attentive listeners, he repeated the closing stanzas of the hymn.

"Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower,
When blasting winds sweep o'er the fields
It withers in an hour.

"But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure,
And *children's children* ever find
Thy word of promise sure."

More than fifteen hundred dollars was received in the collection. Poor as I was, I myself put in a dollar.

XIII

A STORY OF ROSCOE CONKLING

ROSCOE CONKLING

XIII

A STORY OF ROSCOE CONKLING

IT was told me in London, by the Hon. John C. New, then the Consul General of the United States there. Some time after Senator Conkling retired to private life, Mr. and Mrs. New happened to be at the Brevoort House in New York. They were going out that evening, and Mrs. New already had on her wraps, when it occurred to her husband that he had time to run over to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where Senator Conkling was living, and make a short call upon him.

Mr. Conkling immediately introduced the subject of the circumstances under which he and Senator Platt had retired from the Senate, and it was some time before there was sufficient pause for Mr. New to suggest that his wife was awaiting him and that he must join her.

The Senator, scarcely noticing the interruption, talked on until New declared that he must go, but the Senator answered, "You must hear this," and continued. Mr. New became impatient, and so indicated, but there was no cessation. Nine o'clock

came. It was now too late for Mr. and Mrs. New's engagement,—Mr. New was driven to accept the inevitable, and resigned himself to the situation. The Senator talked on and on, he, Mr. New, hardly speaking during the evening. Ten, eleven, and twelve o'clock came, and there was no indication of a pause. At one o'clock Mr. New arose, declaring that he could not longer leave Mrs. New. Excusing himself, he started to withdraw. Thereupon Mr. Conkling seized his hat and accompanied Mr. New down the stairs, out into the street, and into his hotel, leaned upon the office desk, and continued to talk for some time. At last he reached out his hand exclaiming, "New, old fellow, good-night. I have enjoyed the evening beyond measure. New, my God, I do love to hear you talk!"

XIV

SENATOR CULLOM AND KING CHRISTIAN IX

XIV

SENATOR CULLOM AND KING CHRISTIAN IX

DURING my residence at Copenhagen, scarcely anything gave me more satisfaction than a visit from the senior Senator of my own State of Illinois, the Hon. Shelby M. Cullom.

It was the only time the Senator went abroad during my residence there, perhaps the only time he had ever crossed the ocean. Even then, with the duties and obligations that were constantly pressing upon him, by no means limited to the time when Congress is in session, it was extremely difficult for him to be so far away. Few of his colleagues, if any, are so constantly occupied and give so much time to public affairs and to the interests of their constituents.

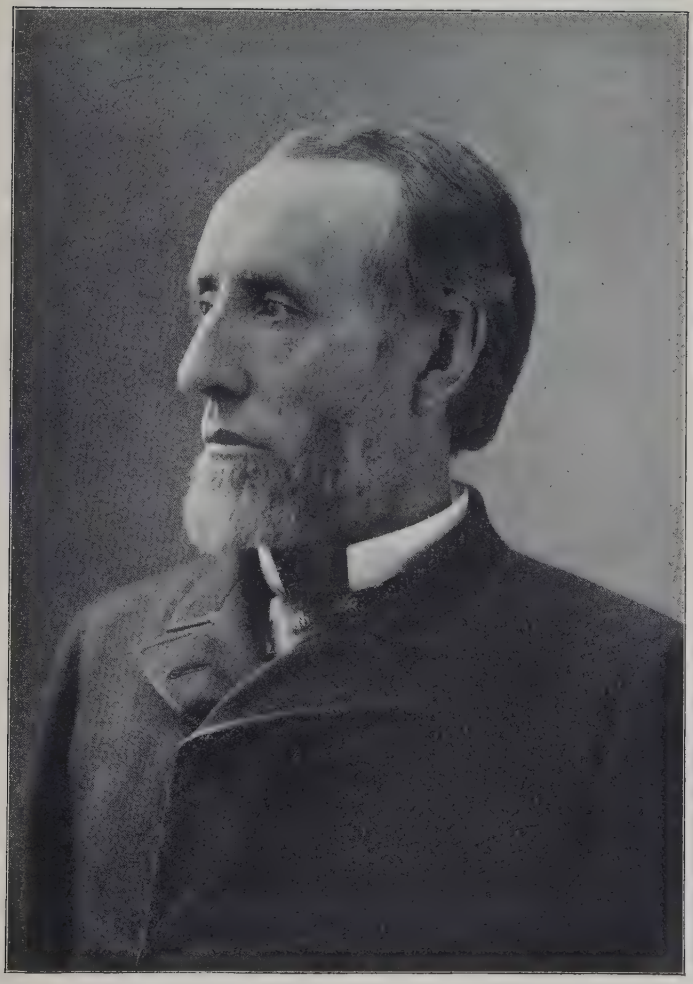
Senator Cullom was accompanied to Copenhagen by Colonel Bluford Wilson, another Illinois friend, whom it was a pleasure for me to meet. It was a great treat for me and for my family to hear of the dear friends at home from the lips of one with whom I have enjoyed friendly relations for forty

years, whose party was my party, whose associates in Illinois had been during that long period my associates, and whose friends and supporters were my friends.

One who has not been separated from those among whom he has long lived and moved and acted, one who has not bid adieu to those with whom he has grown to manhood and with whom he has associated in mature life, and thus gone far away and lived for years in a foreign land, as I had done, can hardly realize what a joy and delight it is to be visited by friends from home. I had questions to ask of the Senator, inquiries to make about the political situation at Washington, at Springfield, and throughout the State. I had spoken upon the platform with the Senator in many counties of Illinois, and he could tell me of mutual friends of long standing from Chicago to Cairo, and of everything that was interesting to me. We sat up until long past midnight, and talked until I feared I had wearied him with my questions.

The Senator's time was short, and I had no right to limit him to entertaining me, so I in turn sought, by giving him some glimpses of the treasures of the quaint old city, to interest him.

We visited the great Royal Library, the museum of Northern Antiquities, the Thorwaldsen Museum,



C. W. Tallom

the great University, the Round Tower, and many other places. Interested as he was in all these evidences of the culture of the Danes and of their devotion to their country, the Senator was even more eager in his study of the people, remarking upon their peculiarities and customs, their way of living, and their industries, as contrasted with those of our own people. No other American who visited us was so intelligent an observer, and I know of no other who in so short a time gained so much information of the people with whom I lived, and in fact of the Scandinavians at large.

We had the pleasure of assembling at dinner to meet the Senator several who could give him the information for which he hungered, among them his Excellency Baron Rosenorn-Lehn, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Leibe, the President of the Landsthing, which corresponds with our Senate, and Mr. Bille, a former Minister of Denmark to the United States, whom the Senator had known at Washington, and Sir Hugh McDonald, the British Minister, was also one of our guests.

So soon as I learned the date of Mr. Cullom's probable arrival, I asked officially for an audience with His Majesty the King, to present the Senator and Colonel Wilson, who accompanied him, which was granted, and at the hour designated our car-

riage rolled into the courtyard of the Palace of Amaliaborg. Such an audience has so often been described that it is unnecessary for me to say more than that it was attended with all the ceremony and *éclat* customary in the presentation of a distinguished representative of a great nation, and that our simple evening dress of American citizens was in striking contrast with the splendor of the uniforms and decorations of the court officials, who were assembled to do honor to the occasion.

His Majesty was awaiting us in the audience-chamber. He received the Senator most cordially, and also Colonel Wilson, when I presented them. He began by welcoming the Senator and his friend to Denmark, and expressing his interest in the President and people of the United States. He asked many questions about our country, in which he expressed great interest, and especially in regard to the Danes and other Scandinavians in America.

I have often wished that the reply of the Senator in regard to the Scandinavians in our country could have been reported. He commenced by telling how he first began to see and become interested in these immigrants from the north, and how they had, from the straitened circumstances in which they first came among us, thriven and prospered. He told of Scandinavians who had settled in the country,

at first working out for wages, then their renting farms, then their becoming able to buy land and to cultivate it, until they were now in many cases more successful and better off than those for whom they first worked for wages. He said of those who had settled in towns and cities that they were as successful as, and in many cases even more prosperous than, those in the country. He spoke especially of the rapidity with which the Scandinavians assimilated with our American people; that frequently men and women born and reared in the mother country had acquired our language and adopted our ways to such a degree that one would suppose them to have been American born; that in almost every case it was impossible to distinguish their children born in our country and attending our schools from the children of American families that had lived for many generations in America. He told how many Scandinavians held high positions in the government, some of them in state legislatures and in the national Congress. He said that with all their devotion to our country they still held to the same affection for the friends at home in Denmark and Sweden and Norway as when they went away, and that in their prosperity they constantly remembered the friends they had left behind, every mail bringing back remittances to them.

I have never heard a more generous and just, and I may say eloquent, tribute to the Scandinavians in this country than that given by the Senator, and I have never at any other time seen a tribute more highly appreciated. His Majesty was delighted with it, and so expressed himself.

Upon the Senator's remarking that he was about leaving for home, His Majesty expressed regret that he could not have the privilege of presenting him to his family.

"I have been presented to Your Majesty's daughter, the Princess of Wales," answered the Senator. "I saw her in London. It was at a royal garden party to which Mr. Lincoln, our Minister, took me."

"We are very fond of her," the King replied, "as we are of all our children."

"You surely have reason to be," replied the Senator; "we Americans know of and appreciate Your Majesty, your Queen, and your royal children, not because of your exalted stations, as we have no royal family, but because of what we have read of your home life here in Denmark when your children were still with you, which has made them what they are."

"My wife," said the good King, facetiously, "is called the Grandmother of Europe. Then I am the Grandfather of Europe."

FREDENSBORG CASTLE, DENMARK

The conversation then became more general, His Majesty addressing some kind words to Colonel Wilson.

It was a matter of satisfaction and gratification to both Colonel Wilson and me to be present at this interview between two plain, earnest, and candid men who were so similar in character and temperament. Of course, I can only give the substance of the conversation, but Colonel Wilson and I came away with even a higher regard for our own Senator, and both Senator Cullom and Colonel Wilson were impressed with the noble qualities, the benignity, the wisdom, the kindliness, and withal the modesty of King Christian IX, as I had been from the first time I saw him.

The interview was closed by the King's expressing his gratitude to me for bringing Senator Cullom and my other American friend to see him.

Afterward King Christian frequently asked me for information regarding Senator Cullom, and requested me to convey to the Senator his remembrances.

XV

LINCOLN AND LOVEJOY

XV

LINCOLN AND LOVEJOY

ON a Sunday morning during the Winter of 1862, as I was aimlessly walking about Washington, I met Owen Lovejoy, then our member of Congress, in Lafayette Square. He asked me where I was going, to which I replied that I was taking a walk, upon which he said, "I am going into the White House. Come along with me."

"You will not see the President," I answered, "he is sick."

"I don't want to see the President," he said; "I only want to see Nicolay."

John G. Nicolay, the President's secretary, then occupied the little southeast room on the second floor adjoining the large room between that and the library, which the President himself occupied, and in which he received official company.

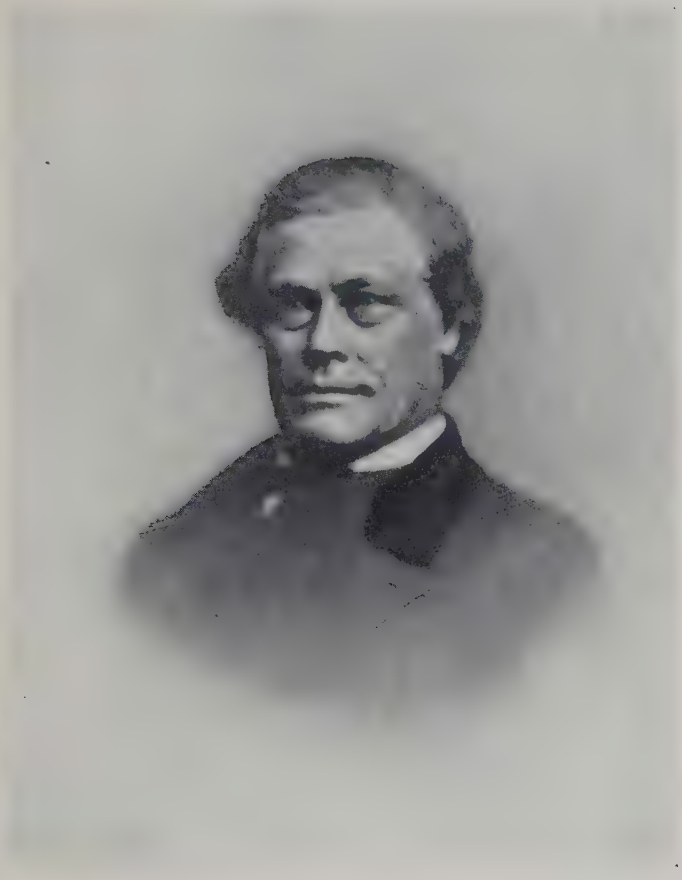
Mr. Lovejoy had some papers to file, the contents of which were explained to Mr. Nicolay, with the request that when occasion offered they be laid before the President, after which we engaged in general conversation for a few moments.

As we were about to withdraw, the door from the President's room opened sufficiently for the nose and face of Mr. Lincoln to appear in the narrow opening, and he asked in those, clear, ringing, earnest tones, which once heard could never be forgotten, "Are you afraid of me?"

"No, Mr. President," replied Mr. Lovejoy, "we're not afraid. Come in."

The first time I ever saw Mr. Lincoln I thought him the homeliest man I had ever seen. Afterwards, when I had seen his face lighted up in conversation, I really came to regard him as a handsome man. When I heard him at Gettysburg and on the occasion of his second inaugural, I thought him the most majestic and at the same time most benignant of men. On this occasion he seemed to me to be the most forlorn human being I had ever looked at.

He had on a dressing gown, a night-shirt, drawers, trousers, stockings, and slippers. His night-shirt was open in front, exposing his neck and chest, his slippers were crushed down at the heels, and his loose stocking-legs had slid down about his ankles. His face, neck, and breast presented evidences of being irritated, and were a color which I can only describe as a dirty red. I think that at that moment he had a slight fever. Apparently with considerable effort, he assumed a cheerful air. He greeted Mr. Love-



Yours affy.

Owen Lovejoy

joy, who had always stood by him, as his "conservative" friend, which was a joke, as the latter was regarded as the most radical man in Congress. This elicited some remarks about the malecontents who were denouncing the President, for, as they thought, not going fast enough, which seemed to annoy him; and he probably showed this to us in a more marked degree than he would have done had he been well.

In the course of the conversation he showed us the pustules on his wrists, evidences that he really had varioloid, and declared that he now had something he "could give to everybody," a remark that afterwards became famous.

I remember as we walked down the stairway, after Mr. Lincoln withdrew, asking Mr. Lovejoy if he was not afraid of getting the smallpox, and his answering, "I have had it," but I do not remember the sequel to the story as Mr. Lovejoy used to tell it. Mr. Lovejoy said that as we were rounding the corner of the Treasury Department building I stopped him on the sidewalk and said:

"Mr. Lovejoy, I want to ask a favor of you. I want you to promise me that, if I have the smallpox and am so marked as to become a fright, you will give me a certificate that I took it from Abraham Lincoln."

XVI

EDWARD D. BAKER

XVI

EDWARD D. BAKER

AMONG the first names I heard, when at thirteen years of age I found myself in Illinois with my father's family, was that of Colonel Edward D. Baker. He had been well known in the State for several years when the Mexican War came, and in that war, as colonel of an Illinois regiment, had gained distinction. He had already, when I first heard his name, been a member of Congress, having been elected and reëlected under circumstances peculiar, but of such a character as to add to, rather than detract from, the distinction hitherto achieved. He was ambitious, so much so that it was a matter of general comment. When both were young men, Lincoln used to tell a story of Baker which showed the popular feeling in regard to this peculiarity. Mr. Lincoln said that an acquaintance surprised young Baker seated on a log in a grove adjoining Jacksonville, an open law book lying at his feet, sobbing as if his heart would break. "What can be the matter?" exclaimed the friend, in sympathy. "I have — just — read in that book," answered

Baker, between his sobs, "the — Constitution — of — the — United — States — and find that — no man can be President — who was not born in the United States." Baker was born in London, England.

The great glory of Baker was in his public speaking. He was in this regard gifted to so high a degree as to be considered by all who heard him as one among the greatest of orators. While his orations did not, in finished scholarship, equal those of Webster or Everett, there were occasional flashes of eloquence that surpassed either, and he was always the most charming and persuasive of speakers. Even to this day, in Illinois and all up and down the Pacific slope, the older men and women tell of the magic of Baker's words as they fell from his lips with such irresistible power as to carry all before him.

In riding the circuit throughout central Illinois practising law, Baker visited and attended court at the different county seats. I know no better description of him than that given in an able address delivered before the Illinois State Historical Society by Hon. William T. Davidson, of Lewistown, editor of the *Fulton County Democrat*, as follows:

"Ned Baker was in a class by himself. If he only spoke for five minutes to the court on some point of

law, the crowded court room was all attention. But if in a murder case he spoke for hours, his audience was thrilled to the verge of collapse. Two-thirds of a century has passed, but I can see that straight, lithe, graceful, blonde youth as he swayed his audience, jurors, the bar, and even the judge upon the bench, with the music of his voice, his word pictures, his irresistible logic and illustrations, and the unconscious, spontaneous, perfervid oratory that even now come fresh to me."

Colonel Caleb Finch, who emigrated to California from Galesburg in 1849, was fond of telling of a triumph of Baker's at Marysville.

This frontier town, like many of the others, was then populated by desperate, devil-may-care men, whose sympathies were usually with the pro-slavery, negro-hating party. Many of the Marysville men were from central and southern Illinois. Baker, who had emigrated from Illinois only a year or two before, was already well known in San Francisco, and his fame was gradually extending throughout the State. Colonel Finch had known and often heard him in Illinois, and, with others of his political party, invited him to Marysville. So soon as they became aware that Baker had been invited, the bad element, which preponderated, knowing his radical views, rose up against him and declared that

he should not speak. They were so numerous and so desperate that even those who had invited him felt misgivings about his safety, and finally, when he arrived, advised that, after all, he should not attempt to speak. Baker agreed, but suggested that if they objected to his making a political speech, it be given out that he would simply say a few words recalling old times in the States. To this everybody assented, but all came with their revolvers in their hip pockets to see the arrangement carried out to the letter. The meeting was in a rough board theatre, such as was always erected in frontier mining towns, upon the stage of which actors, men and women of not the best character, nightly appeared.

Colonel Finch said that his heart almost sank within him as he saw with what malignity those desperate men, all armed to the teeth, received Colonel Baker as he came forward, looking the hero he had proved himself to be in Mexico. There was a slight tremor in his voice,— which Colonel Finch said he afterwards thought, familiar as was the speaker with all the arts of oratory, was assumed,— together with such evident kindliness and tenderness of feeling as they had never before seen manifested. The first sentence the speaker uttered was, "We are far from home and friends and kindred, far from those who love us, but they do love us still, just as when we

harnessed the mule teams and they followed us as we drove down the road starting upon our long journey to California."

He described the incidents of parting, "When we bade adieu to parents and wives and children and brothers and sisters and sweethearts." He took them, as it seemed, back into the log houses they had left on the prairies, gathered the family about the great fireplace, the good father and mother and elders seated, the children and the dog lying on the floor, the viands cooking upon the hearth — the pots swinging from the crane, the latch-string always hanging out — picturing an Illinois home so completely that they were there once again enjoying its delights. He gave an account of the conversation that was perhaps being held in that home at that very moment about those who had gone to California, some of whom were there present.

"Before the great orator had spoken half an hour," the Colonel said, "nearly every man in the audience was blowing his nose and wiping his eyes on his sleeve. Finally he paused and said, 'But you don't want to hear me any longer. I came to make a political speech.'

" 'Go on! Go on! Go on!' came from a hundred voices.

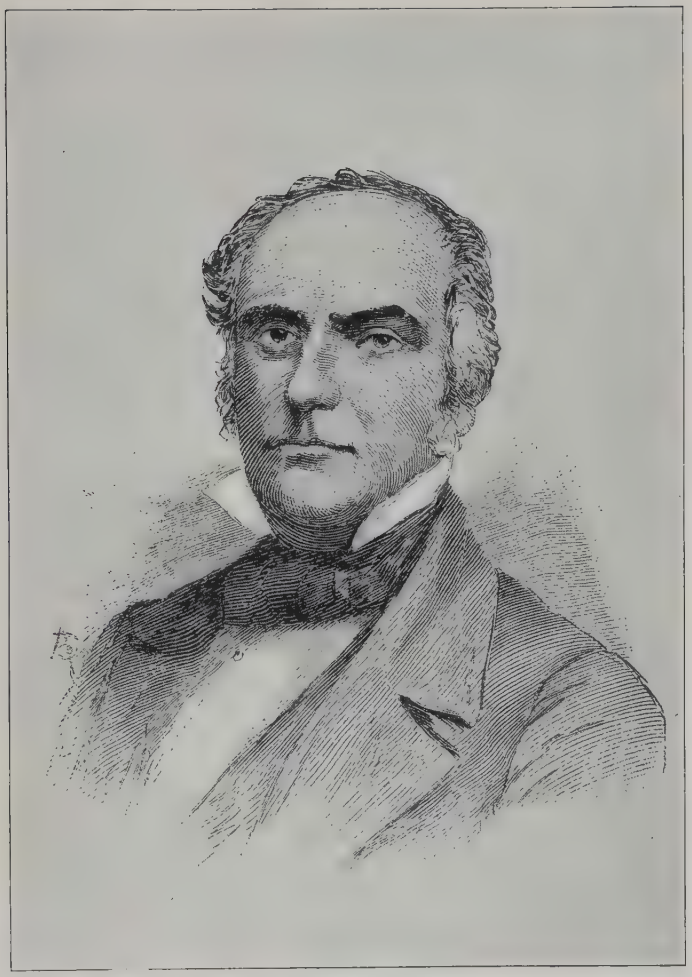
" 'But I want to say something about politics,' said the orator.

" 'Say what you Gawd damn please,' growled the worst desperado in the crowd, who had emigrated from the Wabash region down in 'Egypt,' wiping his eyes and blowing his nose.

"And as sure as you live," concluded Colonel Finch, "Ned Baker spoke for over two hours on politics, and I never in all my life heard the Democrats get such a roasting."

I never myself heard Colonel Baker make a political speech before a popular audience, but fortunately I twice heard him in the United States Senate, once in reply to Senator Breckenridge.

I was at Washington during the extra session of Congress called by President Lincoln upon the breaking out of the war, and spent considerable time in the galleries of the Senate. Congress was occupied almost entirely during that session in the consideration of war questions and in providing means for raising armies and revenue. Colonel Baker was then a Senator from Oregon, but had already accepted a commission in the army, and was making ready to take the field. As may be supposed, I took great interest in a man who had conferred so much glory upon my own State and with whose public career I was familiar. He wore what I think



EDWARD D. BAKER

they called in the army an undress uniform, with no other ornament than brass buttons. I had only seen him, when, as elsewhere stated, he introduced his old friend, President Lincoln, upon the occasion of his inauguration. I have never seen a more striking personality. His was a fine figure, and his carriage and bearing suggested, even in citizen's clothing, the military man. He had literally what might be called eagle eyes, with a high forehead and a decidedly Roman nose, "the front of Jove himself." In figure and bearing and movement he seemed to me to be Julius Cæsar, as in my mind I had pictured him. I have never, and I think very few have ever, heard so wonderful a voice — not too strong nor loud nor piercing, but clear as a bell, and perfectly modulated as it resounded through the Senate chamber. I had never heard tones so thrilling as they rose in denunciation, in appeal, in passionate entreaty, in depicting the glories of his country, in commendation of the patriotic services and sacrifices of her heroes, and in scornful invective against her enemies.

I have heard one of the old-timers, himself an orator of distinction, declare that he would give everything he possessed if he could learn to say, "The laurel wreath that decks the soldier's brow," as Baker said it. As I then heard him, there was grandeur in every sentence.

John C. Breckenridge was the foremost Southern Senator, the last of those of distinction sympathizing entirely with the South, who had up to that time retained his seat. He had only a few days before retired from the Vice-Presidency, closing his career in that position as a candidate for the Presidency, for which high office he had been supported by almost the entire South.

Senator Breckenridge was a man of striking personality, elegant in deportment and charming in manner — the *beau idéal* of Southern chivalry. Although not so strong nor so rugged a character as Jefferson Davis, and although he never rose to such heights of oratory as did other Southern statesmen, no other seemed to have been cast in so fine a mould. He was not a brilliant speaker, but he rose to a considerable height of eloquence which he sustained throughout his address, however extended.

I did not hear all of Senator Breckenridge's carefully prepared address, in which he attempted to justify the Southern people who had withdrawn from the Union and set up a separate government, but I heard enough of it to realize how able it was. Scarcely ever did any orator on the wrong side of a bad cause make a better plea of justification.

I have hardly ever heard a speaker so complimented for an achievement in oratory as was Sena-

tor Breckenridge by Senator Baker in his reply. But there was no mistaking Senator Baker's estimate of the significance of that oratory. I recall such sentences as this, spoken with impassioned earnestness, "The address of the Senator from Kentucky, Mr. President, was the most beautiful, polished, charming TREASON that was ever uttered;" and with his finger pointed at Breckenridge, Baker seemed to hang upon the word as if to impale him.

But the climax of Senator Baker's reply was when he depicted Hannibal, after the battle of Cannæ, menacing Rome, and a Roman Senator excusing and justifying those enemies of their country. I can never forget the appearance, the attitude, the sublimity of Baker as, his arm raised, his voice ringing through the chamber, he shouted, "What would have been thought of him?" And the reply of Senator Fessenden, which, although *sotto voce*, was heard throughout the chamber, "He would have been hurled from the Tarpeian Rock." Baker took up the sentiment and complimented Senator Fessenden as "learned far more than myself in such lore." The passage was so brilliant that I am constrained to give it in full:

What would have been thought if, in another capital, in another republic, in a yet more martial age, a Senator as grave, not more eloquent and dig-

nified than the Senator from Kentucky, yet with the Roman purple flowing over his shoulders, had risen in his place, surrounded by all the illustrations of Roman glory, and declared that advancing Hannibal was just, and that Carthage ought to be dealt with in terms of peace? What would have been thought if, after the battle of Cannæ, a Senator there had risen in his place, and denounced every levy of the Roman people, every expenditure of its treasure, every appeal to the old recollections and the old glories?

Senator Fessenden — He would have been hurled from the Tarpeian Rock.

Senator Baker — Sir, a Senator, himself learned far more than myself in such lore, tells me, in a voice that I am glad is audible, that "he would have been hurled from the Tarpeian Rock." It is a grand commentary upon the American constitution that we permit these words to be uttered. I ask the Senator to recollect, too, what, save to send aid and comfort to the enemy, do these predictions of his amount to? Every word thus uttered falls as a note of inspiration upon every Confederate ear. Every sound thus uttered is a word — and falling from his lips, a mighty word — of kindling and triumph to a foe that determines to advance. For me, I have no such word as a Senator to utter. For me, amid temporary defeat, disaster, disgrace, it seems to me that duty calls me to utter another word, and that is, bold, sudden, forward, determined war, according to the laws of war, by armies, by military commanders clothed with full power, advancing with all the past glories of the Republic urging them on to conquest.

There was never a more brilliant oratorical climax in the United States Senate, if indeed there

ever was anywhere. In order to have even a faint conception of it, and of the circumstances which justified it, one must reflect that the address was made only ten days after the disastrous defeat of the Union Army at Bull Run, and that from the windows of the Capitol one could then, with a glass, see the Confederate flags and the shadowy forms of the Confederate battalions as they moved about on the distant fields of the Old Dominion, preparing to advance upon Washington.

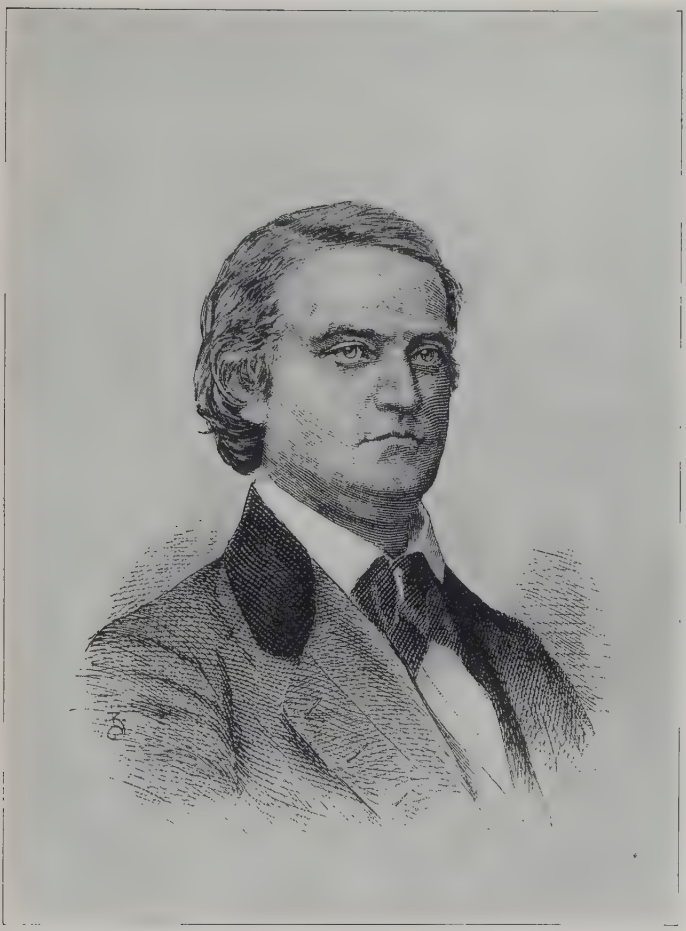
Just beside the grand portal of the Capitol at Rome, which stands upon one of the seven hills, is the Tarpeian Rock, from which malefactors were hurled to be dashed in pieces upon the stones a hundred feet below. Happily there is no such awful chasm near the Capitol of the United States, but at that moment, we were so wrought up that, had such condign punishment been inflicted upon the object of this scathing denunciation, we could have looked on unmoved. When the climax was reached, all eyes turned to Senator Breckenridge. He sat there undaunted, the personification of Southern chivalry. As we looked into his face, it bore unmistakable evidence of his noble birth and lineage. But the unnatural pallor that blanched his cheeks, and the nervous twirling of his thumbs as his hands were clasped upon his desk, gave sure indications that

it required a supreme effort for him to appear unmoved.

Of several brilliant passages that flashed forth from the inspired lips of Baker during that session, I recall another that I heard, so striking that it made almost as vivid an impression upon my mind as the one just quoted.

The Southern Senators, and, in fact, all those who wished the Government to stop the war and recognize the Confederacy, descanted eloquently upon the horrors of war and the beauties of peace, to which Senator Baker replied. In considering and portraying the delights and charms of peace he was not surpassed, but Senator Baker showed that those who then were clamoring for this boon had precipitated war by firing upon the flag of their country, and were now trampling that flag under foot. He depicted the evils that must come from a divided country, in one half of which the flag under whose folds we had gained so much glory would be excluded, and declared that an inglorious peace would be far more disastrous than the horrors of war, however much in blood and treasure it might cost.

The passage which most struck me, and which impressed me to such a degree that it can never be effaced from my memory, was what follows. It now seems prophetic.



JOHN C. BRECKENRIDGE

After exclaiming, "Do not make peace until the glory of the American flag shall be its own defence," he continued: "I have heard it said that there was a time in Ireland — I believe it to be a myth, but it is said that there was a time in Ireland — when a virgin, alone, unguarded, could go through all its length and breadth, with a crown upon her head and a golden vase in her hand, and no man disturbed her chastity or robbed her of her treasure."

After drawing this picture of respect and devotion and reverence, the orator appeared to rise to a great height, his whole frame quivering with emotion, and in tones that seemed to me would ring through that Senate chamber for all time, he continued: "I shall not consent to make peace until the time when a little drummer boy shall be able to carry the flag of the United States in every city and in every wilderness wherever it once floated, amid the enthusiasm, the submission, and the profound reverence, of every man, woman, and child who gazes upon its stars."

I never saw Senator Baker afterwards. At the head of his command, in the thick of the fight, he fell only a short time after at Ball's Bluff. I shall always remember him as I saw and heard him there in the Senate, self-poised, majestic, sublime, and I shall never cease to be grateful that I have been

permitted to live to see the return of the peace he predicted, the "peace which passeth understanding," not evanescent nor ephemeral, but permanent, under whose benign influence the whole great nation is united as never before.

XVII

LINCOLN, LOVEJOY, JOE KNOX, AND BISSELL

JOSEPH KNOX

["Old Joe" Knox]

XVII

LINCOLN, LOVEJOY, JOE KNOX, AND BISSELL

THERE was a great Republican mass-meeting at Princeton, Illinois, on the fourth of July, 1856. It is unusual to hold a political meeting on the anniversary of American independence. Why that day was selected for this particular meeting I never knew. Perhaps it was because the Republicans felt that no day was too good for a party founded upon a great moral principle, in that, its first campaign.

On May 29, a little more than a month before, the Republican party of Illinois was organized at Bloomington. A few days previous, Mr. Lovejoy, who had served in the legislature, was nominated for Congress. So this mass-meeting at Princeton was a ratification meeting.

The speakers announced for the great meeting were Abraham Lincoln, Owen Lovejoy, and Joseph Knox, called "Old Joe" Knox. As a young man of twenty, I was attracted by this announcement, and went up from Galesburg to the meeting. It was

held in Bryant's Grove, at that time a suburb, but now a part of the city. John H. Bryant's residence was in this grove. He was himself a man of culture and attainment, a brother of William Cullen Bryant, and one of the most prominent of the founders of the Republican party.

Mr. Lincoln was then little known outside of Illinois. Within the boundaries of the State he was recognized as an able lawyer. He had been in Congress one term, with no hope of reëlection, and had had several terms in the legislature. He had been potential in the Whig councils of the State, and was the leading spirit in the organization of the Republican party at Bloomington.

From what I had heard of Mr. Lincoln I expected to be interested in his speech — to be greatly moved and charmed by his eloquence. In this I was entirely disappointed. There was not a brilliant utterance, no flight of oratory, no well-rounded periods, no rhetorical climax, simply a plain, homely talk, rather an apology than otherwise for being a Republican. He took great pains to make the audience understand that, while he abhorred slavery, to be a Republican did not by any means imply an effort to overthrow slavery, but simply to prevent its extension into new territory. He gave a history of the Missouri Compromise, the barrier

set up against the introduction of slavery north of the parallel of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes, and made a lawyer's argument to prove that it was constitutional, and that there was no justification for its repeal. Among other things, he declared himself not to be opposed to the Fugitive Slave law. He used such homely illustrations as that the thing was "as plain as the nose on a man's face," "like rain running off from a duck's back," and "the longest pole gets the persimmons." He did not attempt to conceal the fact that he had always been a high-tariff Whig, but he handled that matter gingerly, so as not to drive away the Free Soil Democrats who were inclined to come into the new Republican party.

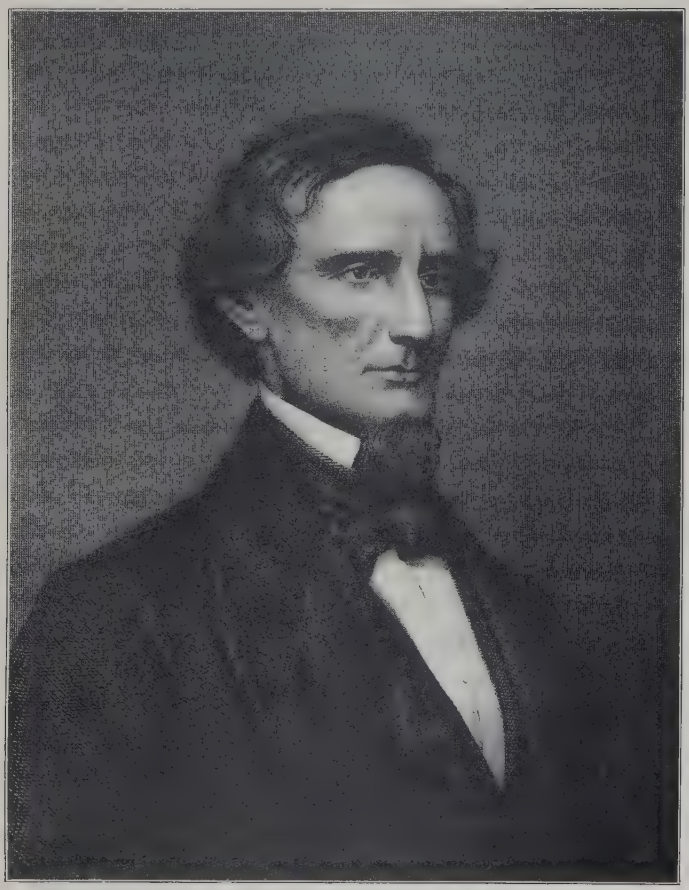
It seems curious now, even to me, that I was not more interested in Mr. Lincoln's speech. But it must be remembered that he was then comparatively unknown, that there were a number of men in Illinois as well known as he, and that, at my age, a lawyer's logical analysis of principles and issues would not be so likely to impress me as was the case in more mature years.

Enthusiastic Free Soiler that I was, Mr. Lovejoy's address impressed me in a far greater degree than that of Mr. Lincoln. It was brief: he declared that he would not venture to occupy much of the

time at his own home, but would yield to the speakers from abroad. But he took time to depict the horrors of human slavery, to pay his respects to Stephen A. Douglas, and to hold him up to scorn for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. He ridiculed the doctrine of "Squatter Sovereignty," then being proclaimed by the "Little Giant" as "my great principle." He told some of his experiences as the only abolition member of the legislature, and how he had turned the tables upon the pro-slavery Democrats who were constantly talking of "nigger equality" and "miscegenation." He declared to them that it reminded him of what Fox wrote on a lady's fan when she informed him that she did not care "three skips of a louse" for him:

> "A lady has told me, and in her own house,
> That she cares not for me three skips of a louse.
> I excuse the dear creature for what she has said,
> For a lady will talk of what runs in her head."

But the speaker who interested me most was "Old Joe" Knox. He was not very old, but was called so rather as a term of endearment. He was a nervous, impassioned, magnetic speaker, brilliant and enthusiastic, who made the most of every heroic deed the representatives of his party had performed, sometimes more than the facts would justify, supplying with a lively imagination everything neces-



JEFFERSON DAVIS

sary so to illumine an adventure as to invest it with fascinating interest.

Colonel William H. Bissell was then the Republican candidate for Governor of Illinois. Although at the November election following the State gave its electoral vote for Buchanan, Bissell, as a Republican, was elected Governor. His popularity was so great that he carried with him to victory the whole Republican State ticket. Besides having been elected to Congress for three terms, where he had distinguished himself, he had been a brilliant soldier in the Mexican War as Colonel of the Second Illinois Regiment.

I had never heard a battle so vividly portrayed as by "Old Joe" Knox that afternoon, when he spread out before us the panorama of the battle of Buena Vista. He told of the long march to reach Mexico, of the steady resolve and firm purpose of the commander, General Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready"; how his brave men had repulsed and driven back the enemy at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and Monterey, and how his little army of five thousand men confronted the Mexican army of twenty thousand, many of them veterans who had fought in their war of independence against Spain, that great army of Mexicans being in command of their greatest general, Santa Anna. He told how, in

this first and most desperate battle of the war, continuing two days, the little American army had fought, sometimes advancing, again giving way before the hordes marshalled against them, but never giving up the field; how when driven back, apparently overwhelmed by numbers, they had rallied and resisted the onset, and in turn, sometimes in a hand-to-hand conflict, with bayonets and clubbed muskets, had driven back the enemy, until at last, worn out, exhausted and overcome, the Mexican chivalry gave up the struggle and retired from the field, leaving their dead and wounded.

Mr. Knox depicted in glowing terms the achievements of Illinois troops, especially those of the First Regiment, commanded by Colonel John J. Hardin, and of the Second Regiment, commanded by Colonel William H. Bissell. He paid a glowing tribute to Hardin, who fell enshrouded with glory in the thickest of the fight, whose constant and earnest admonition, even to his last expiring breath, was "Remember Illinois!" He spoke of Bissell, "serene and self-poised, immovable as the everlasting hills, resisting the avalanche of Mexican troops," of his tremendous reserve power, and how,"even after the enemy had fired several volleys," he continued to repeat the command, "Reserve your fire!" until at last, when the order was finally given, the ranks of the

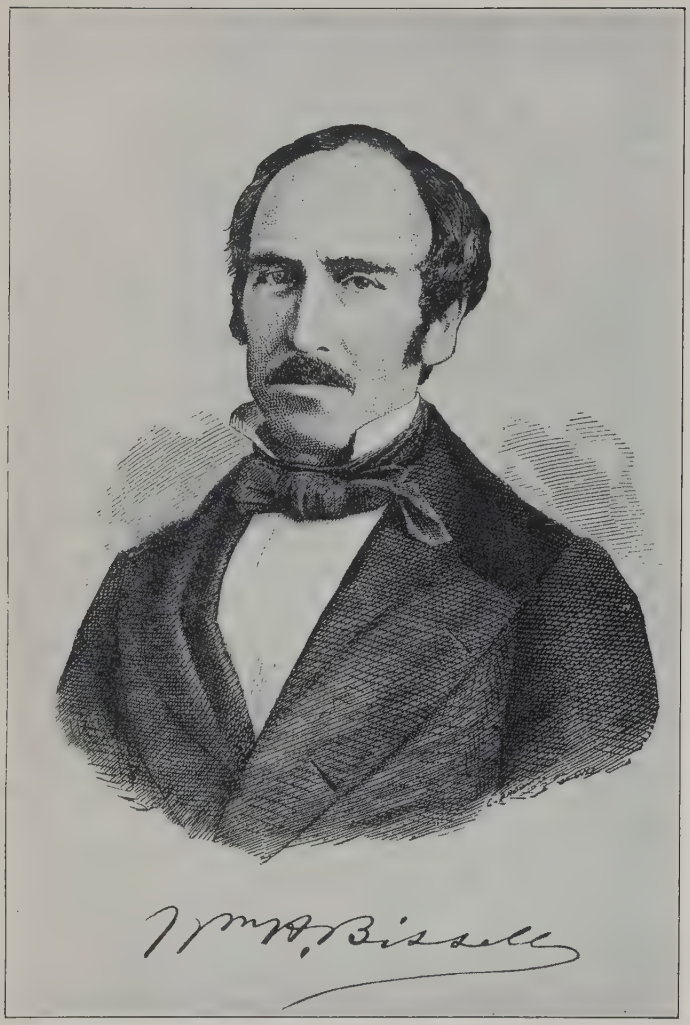
impetuous enemy were depleted, their men mown down by hundreds and the rest driven from the field. When they returned after being reinforced, finding it essential to have a more commanding position, Bissell, in the midst of the carnage, coolly gave the order, "Cease firing and retreat!" Following his undaunted leadership the brave men of Illinois steadily and in perfect order, though under a rain of bullets, obeyed the command until they gained the desired position. "Then again Bissell spoke, giving the order to fire, and a deadly sheet of flame ran along their line, withering and blasting the foe as lightning blasts the foliage of a forest."

In a speech in Congress some time before this meeting Jefferson Davis, boasting of the gallantry of his Mississippi troops in Mexico, had made a reference to Illinois soldiers which Bissell regarded as unjust. He at once resented it, refuting the statement with bitterness and denouncing its author. Davis challenged Bissell to fight a duel, or to meet him outside the district to receive a communication. Bissell at once accepted, and chose muskets at a range so short that it would have been fatal to both. A few hours before the meeting was to take place, when it appeared that nothing could prevent it, President Taylor took the matter in hand, and, with great difficulty, effected an arrangement through

which the matter was settled without the parties meeting in mortal combat; and this is what I have ever since had stored away in my memory, as the way "Old Joe" Knox pictured the incident.

After briefly telling how gallantly and promptly Bissell hurled back into his teeth Davis's slander of Illinois and of Illinois soldiers, of the challenge and its prompt acceptance, the orator spoke of Bissell's making his will, and, "expecting to meet his antagonist at the gray of the dawn, retired to his couch, with a conscience void of offence toward God and man, and slept as peacefully as a child upon its mother's bosom. There was a rap at the door — then another — then another — but it was not until a strong arm shook the door upon its hinges that the great Illinois statesman and hero was awakened. He arose, struck a light, opened the door, and the President of the United States stood before him."

The speaker pictured the anxiety of President Taylor to prevent the meeting — how he had seen the deeds of Colonel Bissell on the battle-field — "watched him in the thickest of the fight and carnage at Buena Vista, and upon other fields of glory — Bissell the Lion-hearted. General Taylor, the great chieftain, knew with what a steady aim and clear eye and firm purpose that Illinois hero would meet a foe in deadly conflict, and there in the dark



WILLIAM H. BISSELL

Portrait of Wm. H. Bissell reproduced, by permission, from original in possession Chicago Historical Society.

watches of the night he argued the question in controversy between Bissell and Davis, and told Bissell that he would be personally responsible for Jefferson Davis's willingness to arrange the matter if he could only carry to him one conciliatory word. Bissell, still unmoved, declared that it was too late to make any settlement. At last in despair the President threw his arms around the neck of the inexorable Colonel, exclaiming: "Bissell, Bissell, Bissell, for Christ's sake don't kill my son-in-law!" Mr. Davis had married a daughter of President Taylor.

It cannot be denied that the speaker drew copiously upon his imagination in portraying this incident, which so thrilled the audience, but of the gallantry of Colonel Bissell and of his deserving all the commendation he received there can be no doubt. Is it any wonder that, with such rhapsodies delivered before Illinois audiences, and with such a candidate, Colonel Bissell was elected Governor by the new party?

This great Republican mass-meeting was held more than half a century ago. Nearly all, even of the young men and women of my age, who were there are dead. And yet the speeches and incidents of the occasion are almost as fresh in my mind as if they had occurred on yesterday.

XVIII

OLIVER P. MORTON

XVIII

OLIVER P. MORTON

DURING the Hayes and Tilden campaign in 1876 I spent considerable time in Indiana speaking in company with Senator Oliver P. Morton.

The Senator was already broken physically with the disease that finally conquered him, but in intellect he was as strong and vigorous as ever. He walked with great difficulty, supporting himself with two canes, and it was impossible for him to ascend a rostrum without assistance, which, large and heavy as he was, was no small task. After helping him to the platform he was seated in an arm-chair, a revolving arm-chair when one could be obtained. The meetings were always held in the open air, and it was curious to see and hear the Senator, thus seated, addressing a great audience, sometimes containing as many as twenty thousand people. His was, even when seated, an imposing presence, as he looked the statesman and also the philosopher. I thought sometimes that there was more of naturalness, if I may say so, in his speaking

thus seated, than there is in an orator rising and striking an attitude. The address so delivered seemed like a conversation, in which the Senator was taking the lead, and in which the interested hearers seemed almost to be taking part, and sometimes it seemed as though the speaker were expounding legal principles from a judicial bench.

Governor Morton was not what would be called a brilliant orator. He never dealt in hyperbole. He used plain, substantial facts, which he brought together and elucidated in their relations to each other so clearly that the conclusions to which his hearers were led seemed irresistible. He did not hesitate to bring arguments based upon facts which could not be questioned, however distasteful or severe, to their legitimate results, and he was inexorable and merciless in their application. He was never styled, as Senator Voorhees was, a silver-tongued orator, but his sledge-hammer blows, delivered straight from the shoulder, were effective.

The political elements in Indiana during, and for some years after, the Civil War, were more uncertain than those of any other Northern State. Especially was this the case in a political campaign when Northern and Southern principles or interests were involved. For a Republican in Indiana at that time to contend with such men as Thomas A. Hendricks

OLIVER P. MORTON

and Daniel W. Voorhees was no child's play, and still this great man, stricken and staggering under the cruel and relentless goad of incurable and hopeless disease, kept steadily on. With him, every point, every advantage, every vote, was worth striving for.

I remember an incident illustrative of the indomitable determination of Senator Morton, which occurred at North Vernon. We reached there in the forenoon, and I remember that the Senator, who was feeling, even for him, unusually weak and ill, felicitated himself that we were to be entertained by a friend to whose house we were driven. In the afternoon there was a great outdoor meeting, the crowd being estimated at fifteen thousand. The Senator spoke for two hours, and seemed almost exhausted. When we reached the house of Colonel Tripp, where we were entertained, he expressed great satisfaction that the day's work was over, and went immediately to bed. He arose for late dinner, but looked badly, and finally had quite a severe chill while seated at the table, drinking great draughts of tea, which seemed somewhat to relieve him. I left him at the table with the good lady who was our hostess, and went into the drawing-room, where I found a committee of gentlemen from Seymour, a town several miles west.

They said that Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll had spoken on that afternoon some miles from there, and that the State Republican Committee had encouraged them to believe that he would speak for them that evening, and they had advertised him, but he had telegraphed positively refusing to speak again on that day; that a vast crowd would assemble which no one could satisfy but Morton; that they greatly feared the effect upon their vote if they should be disappointed, and that they had therefore come with a special engine and coach to take him over. I described to them as best I could the condition the Senator was in, and said that he could not go, that it would be cruel to ask him, with which they seemed satisfied.

Presently the Senator made his way out of the dining-room, leaning heavily upon his two canes, like a four-footed animal, as he was obliged to walk. He greeted the gentlemen cordially, as they had been his personal and political friends for many years, and they, upon his being seated, explained the situation in their own town to him. They said that they had hoped to get him, and were sorry to learn that he was ill. He asked them several questions about the prospects for the meeting, and regarding local political conditions, then, drawing a long breath, said quietly but firmly, "I will go." He went,

and made a long address at their meeting on that evening in the open air.

The public life of this great man was a constant struggle. No one can estimate how much had to be done and how much he did to keep his State in line in the Republican party, and in fact to keep Indiana from becoming the stronghold of the men who would have disrupted the nation. The Milligan and Bowles conspiracy was only one of the evil combinations with which he had to deal.

Through the struggles of Oliver P. Morton in combating and at last overcoming the bad elements with which he had to contend, those Republicans of Indiana who have succeeded him in high positions were enabled to attain success and power. He cleared the way for them. Among these the most conspicuous was Benjamin Harrison, who has been succeeded by a Republican Indiana Vice-President, whom many would like to see go higher.

XIX

THE CRISIS OF 1876

XIX

THE CRISIS OF 1876

NEVER was this country in a state of more feverish anxiety during times of peace than in February, 1876, when the Electoral Commission was concluding its sessions in Washington. The feeling in both houses of Congress was intense. The all-absorbing question of the Presidency hung in the balance, the question whether Rutherford B. Hayes or Samuel J. Tilden would be inaugurated Chief Magistrate on the fourth of March, then only a few days off; whether the policy of the Republican party, which had governed the nation since March, 1861, should continue, or be overturned, and an entirely new and untried policy adopted through the advent to power of the Democratic party.

The assertion has been frequently made that at the time when I reached Washington during the concluding days of the session the answer to the question was already known to the managers of the Republican party — that the outcome of the matter had been within their knowledge from the beginning. I know that this was not the case. Had the

Republican managers been so confident as many have been led to believe, some one who was in their secret councils would have confided his hopes to those who were near to him,— certainly the Republican members of the Commission would have been aware of it, and shown their assurance in some human way. I know that it was not until almost the last day before the final and decisive vote was taken by the Electoral Commission that the Republicans, even those who were members of the tribunal itself, began to feel confident of the result.

Some of the leaders of the Republican party of Illinois, then in Washington, became interested in having the State represented in the Cabinet of the new President, and we thought it advisable to bring our candidate to the attention of Governor Hayes at once. Though we had not the slightest assurance, though we did not feel fully confident of the result, we did know that, if Hayes was not to be General Grant's successor, after all, there could be no possible harm in presenting the name of our fellow-Illinoisan to him for consideration. It was decided that one of us should go to Columbus, Ohio, for the purpose, and I was chosen for the task.

Other business had taken me to Washington, but it occurred to me that it would be wise to take Governor Hayes such information as I could obtain

of the deliberations and possible decision of the Electoral Commission. Knowing as I did that the old room of the Supreme Court, in which the Commission was sitting, was crowded to the doors, I refrained from seeking admission until the last day of my stay in the capital, which was Saturday, February twenty-fourth. As I was leaving that night for Columbus for the express purpose of seeing Governor Hayes, I thought it important that I should be able to tell him something of the proceedings from my own observation.

I went early to the capitol that morning, and found not only the court-room but all the corridors leading to it crowded with people anxious to get in. Remembering that my old friend, the Hon. J. G. Nicolay, formerly secretary to President Lincoln and soon to be his biographer, was at that time marshal of the Supreme Court, I made my way with great difficulty to his office adjoining the court-room, and told him of my anxiety to be an eye-witness of the proceedings.

"You cannot get in, Colonel," he said earnestly. "You know that I should be glad to take you in, but I dare not attempt it." He added, facetiously, "Colonel, that chamber is so crowded that a man of your proportions would find it physically impossible to get in."

I was in despair at this and about to give up all hope of seeing even a moment of the proceedings, when, in speaking of the Commission, Mr. Nicolay chanced to mention the name of Senator Oliver P. Morton, who was one of its members.

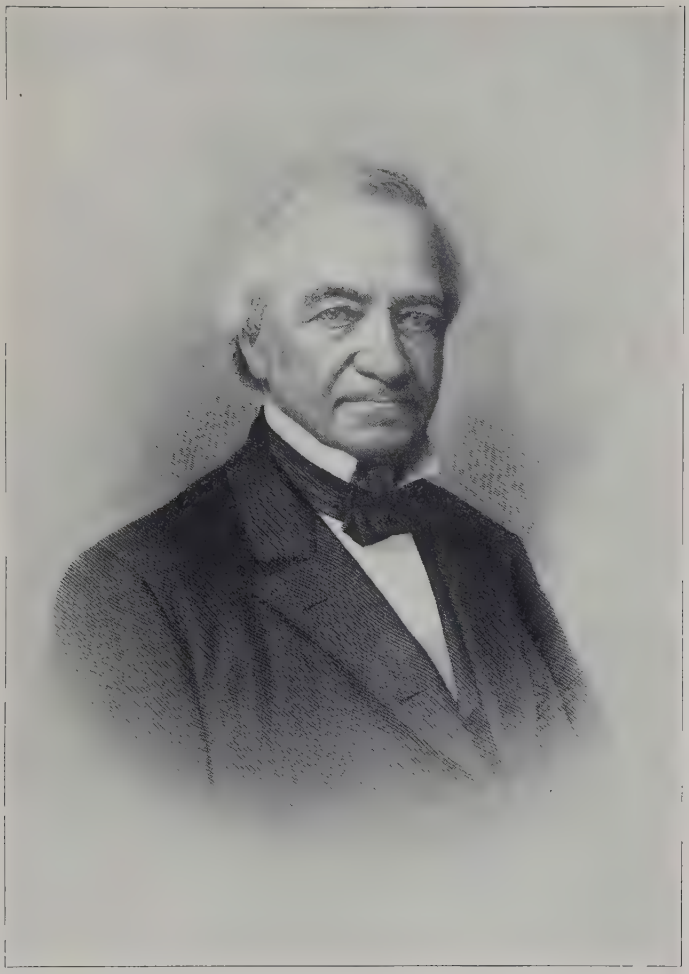
"Don't you suppose you could get my card in to Senator Morton?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes," Nicolay replied, "but it will do you no good."

I remembered that when I had been speaking with Senator Morton in Indiana during the campaign the Autumn before, he had said to me, in a way that showed it was something more than mere politeness, that if he could in any way serve me in Washington he would be glad to do so. At least it was a hope.

I wrote on my card a brief statement of the reasons why I was so anxious to get in, Mr. Nicolay called a page, and the message was sent to Senator Morton. In a moment the messenger returned with a request from him that I should be admitted. I was taken in at a side door, which brought me among the spectators seated inside the bar of the court, well to the front and directly facing the fifteen members of the Commission.

The Hon. William M. Evarts of New York was speaking when I seated myself, presenting the legal



JOSEPH P. BRADLEY

aspects of the case in an earnest and convincing argument; but I was more interested in the speech following, by Stanley Mathews, of Governor Hayes's own State. Several days before Judge Mathews had drawn a comparison between the Commission and the College of Cardinals when in conclave considering the election of a Pope. There had just been a reference by another to that august tribunal as being under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Judge Mathews now ventured to suggest that while such an influence might not extend to all the members of this equally august tribunal, some of it might descend upon the "odd member." This was understood to signify Judge Joseph P. Bradley of New Jersey.

The causes that brought Judge Bradley into such prominence at the time were curious, and had their origin in the senatorial contest in Illinois during the session of the legislature the year before. To avoid the dangers of civil war, at that time only too fresh in the memory of all Americans, the Electoral Commission had been agreed upon by the managers of the Republican and Democratic parties. It was composed of five senators, five members of the House of Representatives, and five judges of the Supreme Court. The names of the fifteen had been canvassed between the parties and were agreed

upon; among the judges that of Judge David Davis of Illinois, an appointee of Abraham Lincoln's, and one of his oldest and warmest friends.

General John A. Logan was the candidate of the Republican party in Illinois for the forthcoming vacancy in the United States Senate; the Democrats presenting the name of William R. Morrison. The legislature in joint session was evenly divided between the two parties, the balance of power being held by the four members of the Greenback party whose vote was necessary to elect. These four gentlemen so divided and scattered their votes that for ballot after ballot no one could obtain a majority and be elected.

It began to look as if Illinois were to be deprived of half of her constitutional representation in the upper house of Congress.

Judge David Davis had been judge of the Illinois Circuit Courts, his jurisdiction taking in Sangamon County, where Lincoln's later law practice was for the most part conducted. Judge Davis had tried several political cases after his appointment to the Federal bench, and though he had been a Republican from the formation of the party, and a partisan so active that his conduct of Lincoln's campaign for the presidential nomination in 1860 was regarded as an important element in its successful prose-

cution, his decisions in these cases had been so eminently fair to the contentions of the Democrats that he was regarded by them with favor everywhere. This had led to his selection for the critical post on the Electoral Commission, which, without him, was divided equally, seven to seven, between the two great parties. This, now, was to lead to his election as United States Senator from Illinois.

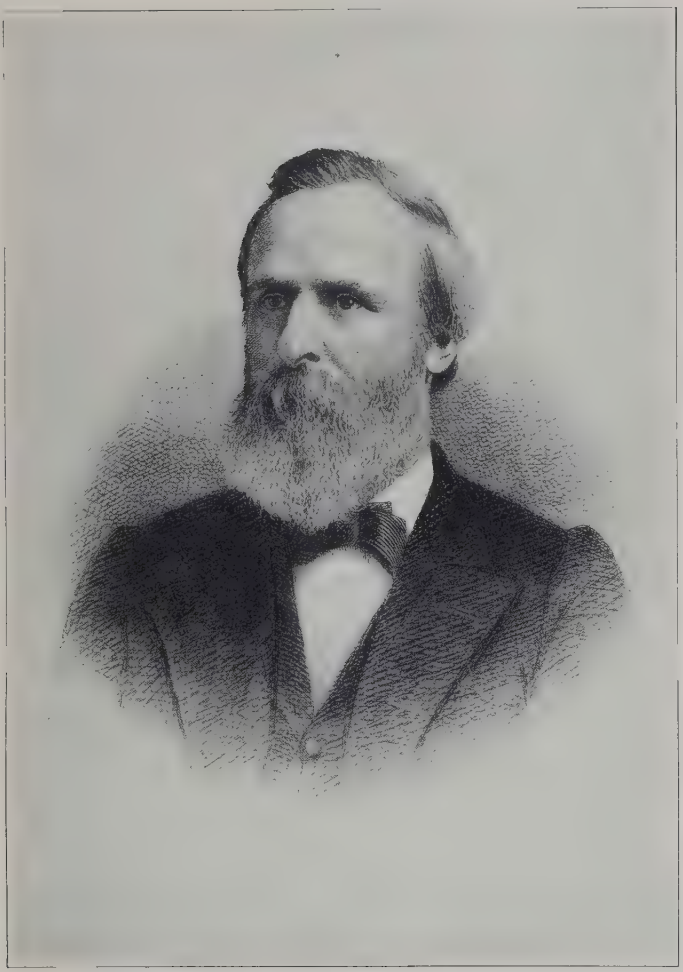
The Democrats and the Greenbackers came together on an agreement for his nomination and election, Morrison and Logan being alike doomed to disappointment. The unforeseen vacancy thus created in the Commission was filled by selecting Judge Bradley, whose name had not entered into the plan as originally discussed. He therefore was the "odd member," the only person on the Commission whose views were not fairly well known to the public at large, and upon his single vote the entire question of General Grant's successor now hung trembling in the balance.

The court-room was gloomy and dark, the excitement of the spectators in it intense, though under complete repression, and it left me almost exhausted when the Commission adjourned for the day and for the week somewhat earlier than usual because it was Saturday. I was greatly struck by the self-control then exercised by my fellow-countryman,

who had thus submitted to judicial arbitrament the question of the actual conduct of the government for the four ensuing years — a question so serious that the pages of history are replete with wars waged for very similar causes. The decision of the Commission, acquiesced in by the entire people, was later attacked in the House of Representatives by the Democrats, who referred to President Hayes sneeringly as "His Accidency." They were silenced at last by one of their own number, Alexander H. Stephens, formerly the Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, who stated most impressively that President Hayes had the best title of any President who ever sat in the chair of Washington and Jefferson.

"Other Presidents have been seated," he said in effect, "but when before was the title of a President to his seat adjudicated and disposed of by the vote of a deliberative and competent judicial body? Other Presidents have had a constitutional right to their seats; President Hayes alone has a right which is not only constitutional, but *res adjudicata*."

Tired as I was, I had to leave for Columbus that evening, and I repaired to Senator Morton's apartment in the Ebbitt House, to ask him for a letter of introduction to Governor Hayes. I found him seated in his great arm-chair, which his chronic



RUTHERFORD B. HAYES

spinal paralysis forbade his leaving without assistance, with the members of his family and several visitors gathered about him. When I asked for the letter he called for his secretary and dictated it. As she moved away to write it out in long hand — it was before the day of typewriting machines — I asked:

"Senator, is there anything encouraging I can say to Governor Hayes?"

"Colonel," he replied, "you must remember that I am a member of a court now. I am sitting upon the bench."

"Oh, yes," I answered; "I fully appreciate that, Senator, and do not wish to ask for any statement that would be improper for you to make. But I thought," I added, "that you might be able to authorize me to give Governor Hayes some word of encouragement."

I remained standing by Senator Morton's chair until his secretary came to obtain his signature to the letter of introduction. He signed the letter, put it in its envelope, handed it to me, and reached up his hand to bid me good-bye.

"Tell him," he whispered in my ear as he drew me down, "tell him we have every reason to hope, every reason to hope."

I arrived at Columbus late on Sunday afternoon, February 25, 1877. I asked the clerk at the hotel

to allow me the privilege of being assigned a room without signing my name on the register — the clerk, of course, understanding my reason. I was most anxious to keep my visit to Governor Hayes from becoming known; the city was filled with newspaper correspondents and reporters detailed there to give the country information of all who came to see the man who might so soon occupy the White House.

After making my toilet I sauntered to the State House directly opposite the hotel, and accosted a gentleman standing in front of it.

"Does not Governor Hayes, who has just been a candidate for the presidency, live in this city?" I asked.

"Why, yes," he answered politely, "he lives just over there," pointing to a row of houses fronting on the State House square.

"Does he receive any one on Sunday?" I enquired.

"I have seen people go there on Sunday," he replied.

"Which house do you say it is?"

"Come with me and I will show you," he said, and escorted me to the door.

It was almost dark when I rang the bell. A tall, handsome man, of the type that we Americans

select to be presidents of our colleges, opened the door.

"May I see Governor Hayes?" I asked.

"I am Governor Hayes," he responded.

"I have just come from Washington, and have a letter of introduction to you from Senator Morton," I said.

"Come in," said the Governor genially, and with a request to follow him conducted me up the stairs to a large room in the rear of the second floor. It was evidently his office or workshop, with book-shelves lining the walls, newspapers everywhere on the floor, and a large library table in the centre, covered in an orderly way with papers. Mr. Hayes seated himself on one side, after motioning me to the chair directly facing him. He read my letter, nodded in a pleasant way, and began questioning me in a quiet but concentrated manner which showed how intensely anxious he was to learn something — anything — about the prospects. In fact, I have never in my life seen any other man so interested as was Rutherford B. Hayes that evening about what I had to say. It must be remembered that what I was telling him had happened the very day before, and that all the information he possessed was what had appeared in the morning papers. The public excitement was so high and the demand

for news so great that it was dangerous for him either to send or receive a despatch, for a telegram was almost certain to get before the public. His questions came thick and fast.

"What news do you bring? Have you attended the meetings of the Electoral Commission?" were the first.

I was able to repeat to him nearly all of Mr. Evarts's address, then fresh in my mind, and he followed that able legal argument in his favor with the closest attention, nodding his head now and then in appreciation of some telling point.

"Did you notice Mr. Justice Bradley?" he enquired eagerly, after questioning me concerning other members of the Commission. "Was he paying close attention? Did he seem interested?"

I repeated Judge Mathews's remark about the "odd member," after assuring him that Judge Bradley, like the other members of the tribunal, was engrossed with the proceedings.

"Did you notice Judge Bradley while Mathews was speaking?" he asked, with almost boyish animation.

"Quite a number were looking at Judge Bradley," I replied; "but he gave no indication that he realized it. He certainly paid the closest attention both to Mr. Evarts and to Judge Mathews.

I repeated to him Senator Morton's brief message of reassurance.

" 'Tell him we have every reason to hope. Tell him we have every reason to hope,' " he reiterated after me. "Is that exactly correct?"

So entirely was Governor Hayes engrossed in the question which concerned him so nearly that it was difficult to bring him to the consideration of the matter in which I was especially interested and for which I had made my journey to him, regarding an Illinois man in his cabinet. I presented the case to him as best I could, neither asking nor expecting him to commit himself in the least.

I left him at last, believing him to be still uncertain whether he was to remain Governor of Ohio, the position he was holding, or be elevated to a position more exalted than that of any earthly monarch. I am sure that the words of Senator Morton gave him hope and encouragement, very great encouragement; but I still believe he was far from regarding the problem as settled, that, in his mind, the question of the presidency was still in doubt.

The Electoral Commission completed its work on Tuesday, February twenty-seventh, and on Thursday, February twenty-ninth, announced the decision that made Rutherford B. Hayes, and not Samuel J. Tilden, President. The vote stood

eight to seven, the "odd member" voting with the Republicans. The result was announced to the two Houses of Congress sitting in joint session.

On the following Monday, March fourth, I saw Governor Hayes inaugurated President of the United States.

XX

WHEN I HEARD INGERSOLL PRAY

XX

WHEN I HEARD COLONEL INGERSOLL PRAY

AT Quincy, Illinois, in the political campaign of 1864, a great Republican mass-meeting was held in the afternoon in the City Park. My recollection is that General Oglesby, then a candidate for Governor, was one of the speakers. Certainly Ingersoll was one, and I was one. It was estimated that there were ten thousand people present, a large majority of whom were Republicans, all intensely interested in the success of the Union arms in that last year of the Civil War. Abraham Lincoln was our candidate for reëlection to the presidency, and Richard J. Oglesby, still suffering from a wound received in battle, was our candidate for Governor of Illinois. Naturally, as was always the case during that campaign at Republican mass-meetings, every speech abounded in sentiments of patriotism and of devotion to the Union, and of eulogisms upon the Union soldiers who were fighting at the front.

Just across the Mississippi River from Quincy lies Missouri, and that part of this Southern State

abounded in people whose sympathies were entirely with the South, many of them deserters from the Confederate army.

On this occasion quite a large number of that class of Missourians, then called skulkers, came over and in boisterous and tumultuous demonstrations, which greatly disturbed the meeting, showed where their sympathies were. Frequently while I was speaking there were loud huzzas for Jeff Davis, and there were those who called for and gave three cheers for the Confederate chieftain. It was annoying, but by a humorous remark or a rebuke, the audience being almost entirely with me, I managed to conclude my speech.

Ingersoll, when his turn came, was also interrupted, a dangerous thing to attempt; for no one who disturbed him while speaking, for the purpose of annoying or breaking him down, could stand up before his irresistible wit, his withering scorn, and scathing denunciation. The response was so prompt and crushing that no man ever attempted it more than once.

He soon silenced the guns of these bullies, but, as the sequel showed, he did not forget them. His speech was a complete vindication of the administration of President Lincoln, an eloquent appeal to the people to stand by him, and the most resplendent

R. G. Ingersoll

tribute to the valor and sacrifices of the Union soldier. I cannot, of course, remember the exact language of his peroration, but it was substantially as follows:

God bless the soldiers of the army of the United States, wherever they may be — whether they be fighting on the hillside, the open plain, or in the dark valley, whether weary and footsore on the long march, whether parched with thirst they are dying on the field or are ministered to by loving hands in the hospital, whether they be tossed upon the uncertain waves of the great deep, whether they be writing letters to their friends by the dim light of the camp-fire, or reading letters from home, God bless the soldiers of the army of the United States, God bless their friends, and *God damn their enemies!*

Never did an orator express the intensity of feeling of a great audience more completely than Robert G. Ingersoll in that prayer and philippic; and never was there a greater demonstration of approval and applause. I noticed the Rev. Doctor Horatio Foote, a distinguished divine whom everybody knew, seated on the platform and enthusiastically pounding with his cane. Some one said to him, "Doctor, is not that blasphemous?" "Inspiration, gentlemen, inspiration," was his reply, as he continued to applaud.

Intense as was Colonel Ingersoll's devotion to the soldiers of the Union army he was not bitter against

those who fought in the Confederate army; but he could not endure skulkers on either side. When the war closed, he was earnest in his efforts to effect reconciliation. He had always believed that the North as well as the South was in a great degree responsible for slavery.

XXI

BENJAMIN F. WADE

BENJAMIN F. WADE

XXI

BENJAMIN F. WADE

"DAMNED if I did n't overdo it! He 's going to live out Lincoln's term," I one day heard "Old Ben Wade" exclaim, causing a great deal of merriment among those about him.

The reason for this expletive reveals quite an interesting episode of history, scarcely now remembered at all, and if at all, recalled only by few.

It is hardly possible for the men of this generation to realize how intense was the hatred among antislavery people for Roger B. Taney, Chief Justice of the United States, during the last few years of his life.

Upon national questions the leaning of Judge Taney was toward what was known as the State-Rights doctrine as against the authority of the Federal Government, in contradistinction to the rulings of his illustrious predecessor in office, Chief Justice Marshall; but that Judge Taney was really an able lawyer, a great jurist, and a man of high personal character and worth cannot be denied.

What made antislavery men detest Judge Taney was his opinion in the notorious Dred Scott case.

Immediately after the appearance of the Republican party as an important factor in political influence and power, when the rising tide of public opinion was setting in against human slavery, when men from ocean to ocean were awakening to a recognition of the rights of the black man, Judge Taney went out of his way in giving his opinion to declare from his high position as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, that Dred Scott and all negroes were "property" and only property, that they were "not citizens" and could not by any State nor by any authority be made citizens; that neither the Declaration of Independence nor the Constitution of the United States had any application to them, and that they were merely chattels and had no rights that a white man was bound to respect.

Never did a great party rise up in denunciation of an infamy as the antislavery men of this country rose up against Judge Taney. Instead of overwhelming them, as was intended, the injustice and brutality of the sentiment so promulgated stimulated antislavery men to greater activity. They made a high resolve to redouble their efforts in behalf of freedom. They did not refuse to obey the mandate of their highest tribunal in so far as the case at bar was concerned, but they continued their

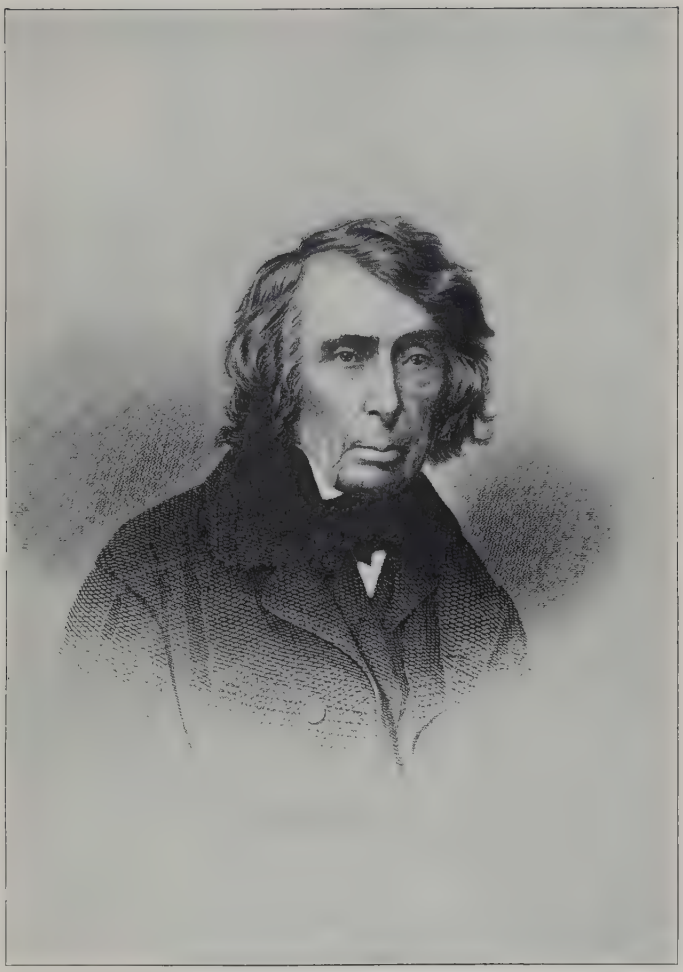
campaigns for liberty until they reorganized that tribunal by placing upon the bench jurists who recognized all human beings, black as well as white, as citizens, with equality of rights under the fundamental law of the land and the Declaration of Independence.

Among those who championed the rights of the black man none was more sincere and earnest and persistent than "Old Ben Wade." Himself a lawyer, he took up and analyzed legal propositions intelligently. He was convinced that Judge Taney had purposely misconstrued the law, and placed upon the Constitution of the United States a violent and unnatural interpretation for the purpose of nationalizing human slavery, and for riveting the fetters more firmly upon the limbs of the negro. Senator Wade was not choice in the language he used in expressing himself upon such matters. He was a rough diamond, but there was no mistaking the jewel when it shone forth.

Judge Taney was born in 1777, and when called to the Supreme bench by President Jackson in 1837 was nearly sixty; but from that time until he was eighty-five, when he died, he presided in that great court. I saw Judge Taney administer the oath of office to President Lincoln when inaugurated, and he then looked like a mummy.

Mr. Lincoln was elected President early in the November of 1860. All that winter he had remained at home in Springfield preparing to enter upon the duties of the great office on the fourth of March following. During that time Judge Taney was announced as seriously ill and there was a general belief that at his great age he could not survive until Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated. James Buchanan was still President, and had Judge Taney died and left a vacancy in the office of Chief Justice, no doubt a young man holding views similar to those of Judge Taney would have been appointed, who would perhaps have served through another generation. For this reason, bitterly as they hated Judge Taney, Republicans wanted him to recover and live until the new administration should come in. He did live until the twelfth of October, 1864, almost to the end of Mr. Lincoln's first term. As Mr. Lincoln's term was drawing to a close and before he was reëlected, Republicans became apprehensive lest, after all, the vacancy when it came might be filled by a successor whose views were in accord with Taney's. It was at this time that I heard "Old Ben Wade" make the remark which has been quoted.

What Senator Wade said in full was: "When Judge Taney got sick after Lincoln's election, I was



ROGER B. TANEY

scared for fear he would die before the inauguration and give Buchanan a chance to appoint his successor, and I prayed my God to spare his life until Buchanan should go out of office. Damned if I did not overdo it. He 's going to live out Lincoln's term."

Senator Wade made many epigrams in regard to slavery. When Senator Badger of North Carolina, who wanted slavery in Kansas, exclaimed: "If I go to Kansas, do you object to my taking my old mammy with me?" "Not at all," retorted Wade, "but we object to your selling her after you get her there."

But Judge Taney died in time for Mr. Lincoln to fill the vacancy by the appointment of Salmon P. Chase, his former Secretary of the Treasury, whose views upon questions of human rights were in accordance with the spirit of the age; yet the rancor burning in the hearts of antislavery men was too deeply seated to be eradicated during that generation.

A niche has been prepared and set apart in the National Capitol at Washington for a life-sized bust of each of the Chief Justices of the United States. When the question came up in the Senate of making an appropriation for a bust of Judge Taney, it was violently opposed. One of the most brilliant of his speeches, although short, was made against the

appropriation by Charles Sumner, in the course of which he urged that the memory of Judge Taney should be preserved as the Venetians preserve that of the infamous Marino Faliero. In the portrait gallery of the Doges there constantly hangs upon the wall a vacant frame. This always causes inquiry regarding the reason for so remarkable a conceit, in reply to which the inquirer is told that in that frame was to have been placed the portrait of the Doge Marino Faliero, but that on account of his infamy the space was left blank. So, urged Senator Sumner, the niche intended for Judge Taney should be left vacant in order to call especial attention to his outrageous opinion in the Dred Scott case.

Yet notwithstanding the opposition, the appropriation was made and the niche was not left vacant.

XXII

HOW ILLINOIS WAS NOT TURNED OVER TO GREELEY IN 1872

HORACE GREELEY

XXII

HOW ILLINOIS WAS NOT TURNED OVER TO GREELEY IN 1872

IN 1872, after the nomination of Horace Greeley as a candidate for the Presidency against General Grant, then a candidate for reëlection, several of the most prominent Republicans of Illinois, men who had been powerful party leaders, espoused Greeley's cause.

These Republicans, all of them residing at the State Capital, were John M. Palmer, at that time Governor of the State, to which position he had been elected by the Republicans; Ozias M. Hatch, who had been Secretary of State eight years; Jesse K. Dubois, who had been State Auditor for eight years, and Newton Bateman, who had been several terms State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and Doctor William Jayne. They all declared for Greeley and actively supported him.

John M. Palmer had been a major-general in the Civil War, and had held the office of judge and State senator, as well as other positions.

Jesse K. Dubois, the noblest old Roman of them all, had been a judge in his part of the State before

he came to Springfield. He was called "Kilgore" Dubois by some, and by everybody "Uncle Jesse."

Ozias M. Hatch was spoken of as "Secretary Hatch," "Ozias Hatch," and "Hatch."

Newton Bateman was called "Superintendent Bateman," "The Little Big Schoolmaster,"— he was very small in stature,— and "Newt Bateman."

Doctor Jayne had been several terms mayor of Springfield, and State senator from the Springfield district. By appointment of President Lincoln he was made Governor of Dakota, and while there was elected the Territorial delegate in Congress, but had returned to Springfield to live among his old friends and practise his profession. There he still lives, respected and esteemed by everybody.

Horace Greeley had been a prominent Whig or Republican all his life. He was nominated in May, 1872, at Cincinnati by a "liberal " convention, composed mostly of prominent Republicans who were dissatisfied with their party. This nomination would in itself have insured him little support, but, in the July following, at Baltimore, he was nominated by the National Democratic Convention, which made him the regular candidate of the Democratic party. With such endorsement as this, and with his high character and great ability, as may be supposed, Mr. Greeley had become a formidable candidate.

Of the patriotism of Mr. Greeley and devotion to the Union there could be no question, and he had so long championed the cause of the black man that there could be no doubt of his loyalty to the cause of freedom and emancipation.

Radical as Mr. Greeley was upon these questions, he was foremost in an attempt to bring about peace between the North and the South, before the war was closed, and when it closed, he sought to insure pacification between the North and the South through universal amnesty and impartial suffrage. Besides all this, he had become the bondsman of Jefferson Davis, through which the President of the Southern Confederacy was released from the prison where he was confined on a charge of treason. Through these efforts, Mr. Greeley had gained the good-will and confidence of the Southern people, and of the Democratic party, North and South, to such a degree as to insure his nomination and give promise of its support throughout the country.

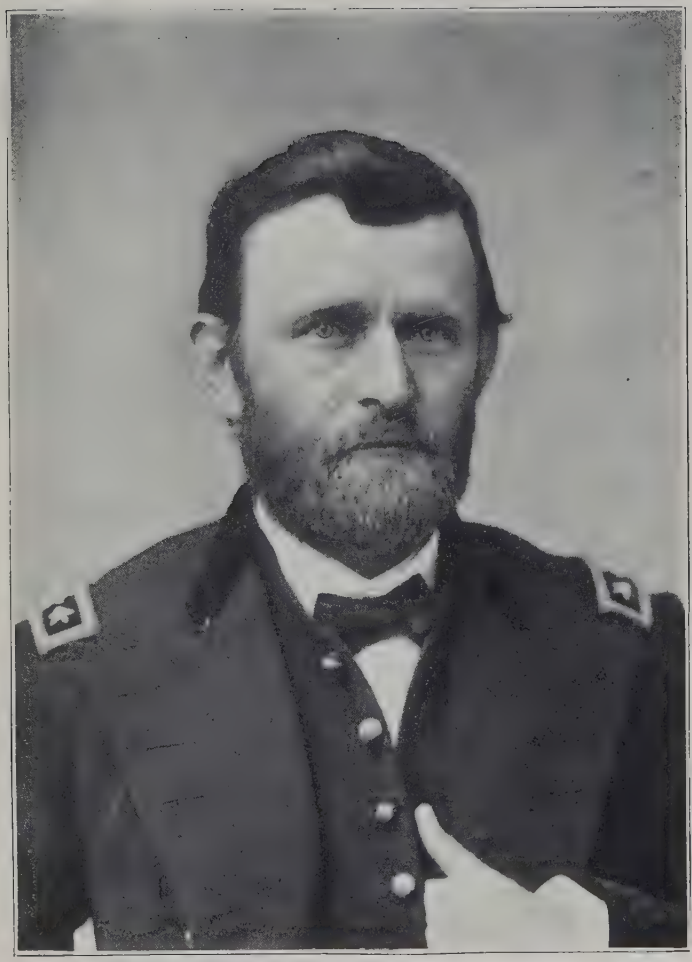
As may be supposed, the defection of these strong men of Illinois from the Republican party, and their support of Mr. Greeley, was to us who remained loyal to the party appalling. I was myself speaking throughout the State, and everywhere the change of sentiment at the State Capital was the principal subject of comment. Democratic orators, of course,

made as much of it as possible, while we, to the best of our ability, sought to counteract its influence.

After speaking generally throughout the State, an appointment was made for me at Springfield. Upon my arrival there I found our Republicans very much worked up. Men of our party took pains to inform me of the arguments made for Greeley and against Grant by these men, and several gave me suggestions how these arguments should be met. Above all things I was cautioned against giving them too great prominence by admitting that their going over to Greeley would have any influence upon the result.

My old friend, Doctor Jayne, one of the most earnest of the "bolters," took me home to dine with him, and we walked together to the meeting.

Of the manner in which I treated this subject of the going-over of these Republicans to the enemy, I was afterwards told by Republicans that when I commenced to refer to this defection in the party, they thought I was giving up the whole question and admitting that Illinois was already committed to Greeley. Jacob Bunn, one of the oldest and most respected Republicans in the city, said that when he heard me concede so much, "giving up the whole thing," as it appeared to him, he felt like getting up and leaving the house lest it might be thought that he endorsed my admissions of weakness.



ULYSSES S. GRANT

I referred to this matter something like this. I said that there could be no doubt that the Republican party had sustained great losses; that we must have lost at least a thousand Republicans in Springfield who were now supporting Mr. Greeley. I said that it is never wise to underrate the strength of an enemy, that we must in this crisis look the matter squarely in the face, concede our losses, and try and see if there is not some way to find men to fill up our depleted ranks. I hear this everywhere I go throughout the State, and the Republicans of Illinois look to you at Springfield to make good the losses.

"Now," I went on, "I go to one place and some Republican asks me with bated breath if I have heard from Springfield? I ask, What have you now from Springfield? His answer is, Governor Palmer has gone over to the enemy and is for Greeley. I go to another place and am told that *General* Palmer has gone over to Greeley. At another place I am told that *Judge* Palmer has gone over to Greeley, and finally I am told that John M. Palmer has gone over to Greeley.

"Somewhere else I am told that Secretary Hatch has gone over to Greeley; then that Ozias M. Hatch has gone over to Greeley; then that Hatch has gone over to Greeley.

"At another place I am told that Auditor Dubois,

at another that Judge Dubois, at another that Kilgore Dubois, at another that Jesse K. Dubois, and finally that 'Uncle Jesse' has gone over to Greeley.

"Again I am told that Superintendent Bateman, that the little big schoolmaster, and that Newt Bateman, have all gone over to Greeley.

"Then I have been told from town to town, as I travel over the State, that Doctor Jayne, Mayor Jayne, Senator Jayne, Governor Jayne, Congressman Jayne, and even 'Bill' Jayne, had all left the Republican party and gone over to Greeley."

My hearers saw the point; and we, before the election, brought the Republicans of the State to see that with all the talk of the mighty overturning at the Illinois State Capital, it amounted to just five votes — that was all.

When the election came it was found that, in Illinois, General Grant's majority over Greeley was fifty-seven thousand and six, nearly six thousand greater than it was four years before, when he ran against Horatio Seymour, at which time he had the active and earnest support of all these prominent Republicans.

XXIII

INGERSOLL AS A DEMOCRAT

XXIII

INGERSOLL AS A DEMOCRAT

IT is not generally known, familiar as the public was with his brilliant Republican speeches, that Robert G. Ingersoll started out in politics as a Douglas Democrat. That was the case, but there are comparatively few now living who remember him as the champion of the "Little Giant," in his campaigns for "Popular Sovereignty." Bob Ingersoll, as he was familiarly called, was a sincere believer in this doctrine as the best means of disposing of the all absorbing question of the day — slavery in the Territories of the United States, and no man advocated it with greater earnestness and eloquence.

In 1860 he was nominated by the Democrats for Congress in our district, and ran against the Hon. William Kellogg, then our Republican member and a candidate for reëlection.

Judge Kellogg was an experienced lawyer, who had presided on the bench in our Circuit before entering Congress, with signal ability; and he stood high in the councils of our party. He had been all his life one of the most conservative "Old

Line" Whigs. While, upon the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, he had assisted in the organization of the Republican party and with all his might opposed the extension of slavery into the new Territories, he was not opposed to slavery in the States where it existed, and was in favor of giving the South all of what he regarded as the guarantees of the Constitution, among which was the Fugitive Slave Law.

Judge Kellogg had been renominated on the Republican ticket, at the head of which was Abraham Lincoln, and, notwithstanding his conservative views in regard to slavery where it then existed, he resolutely and earnestly opposed its extension under any circumstances; while Ingersoll, on the other hand, with as much earnestness and zeal favored the Douglas doctrine of leaving the question entirely to the people of the Territories.

We Republicans, therefore, regarded Kellogg as the champion of freedom and supposed that, as a matter of course, his opponent would appear as the champion of slavery. Never was a people more astonished than were we in Galesburg when we then, for the first time, heard Robert G. Ingersoll.

Immediately upon his nomination Ingersoll challenged Judge Kellogg to joint discussion, face to face, throughout the district. This was the

favorite policy on the part of the less known candidate for a public office because it brought him into prominence and enabled him to present his views to the voters of the opposing party, who would turn out to hear their own champion, and therefore must at the same time also hear him.

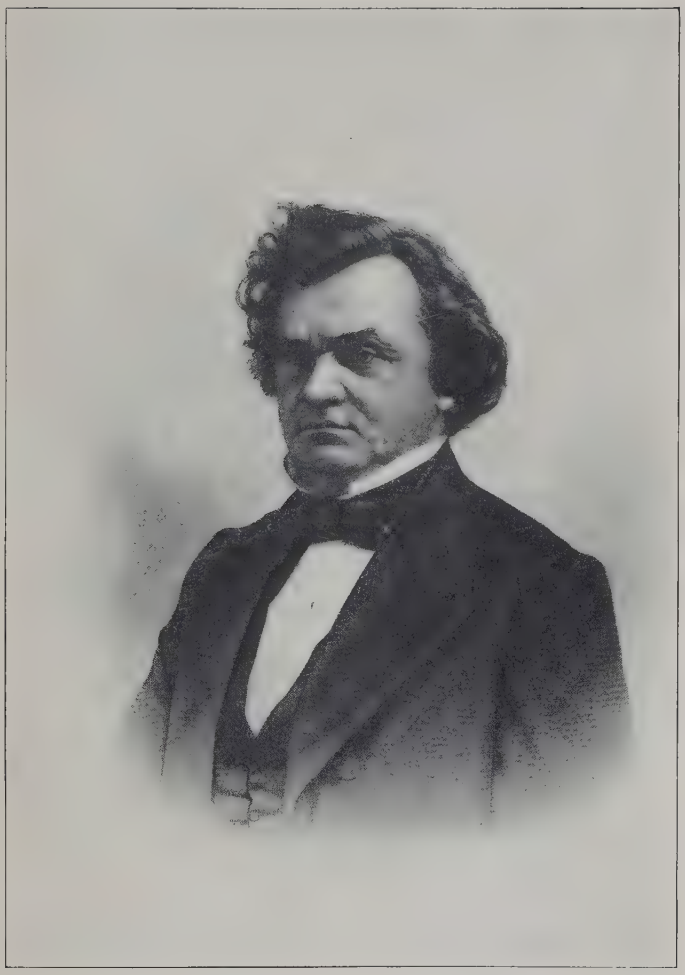
It will be remembered that this was the reason for Mr. Lincoln's challenging Senator Douglas which resulted in the great debates.

The first joint debate between Kellogg and Ingersoll was held in the old Dunn's Hall at Galesburg. Galesburg was the most enthusiastic Republican town in all that region. Most of the people were really abolitionists. One of the fundamental tenets of the founders of the town was earnest and eternal antagonism to human slavery. The town was known and recognized throughout the West, especially in the adjoining slave State of Missouri, as an "abolition hole." Even the slaves knew that if they could in a dash for liberty reach Galesburg, they would find a safe hiding-place where they would be cared for and concealed and protected and helped on in their flight to Canada, to the next "underground railway" station. So united were our people in support of Mr. Lincoln and the Republican party that I used to say in my speeches during that campaign, that "we had two political parties in

Galesburg, the Republican party and the Postmaster." In the debate in our city, Judge Kellogg had the opening and closing. The principal thing he attempted to impress upon the audience was that he was not an abolitionist and that the Republican party was not an abolition party; that the fundamental principle upon which our party was founded was simply *opposition to the extension* of slavery, but not to slavery in the States where it existed. He declared himself to be in favor of, and a supporter of, all the guarantees of the Constitution to the South, especially of the Fugitive Slave Law, which he declared should be enforced.

If one will study the speeches of the Republicans of those days he will find that, like Judge Kellogg, most of the Republican orators regarded the idea of their being tinctured with abolitionism with a feeling akin to horror.

After thus giving the audience to understand that he was not an abolitionist, and that he favored the Fugitive Slave Law, Judge Kellogg went on to show what a sacred compact the Missouri Compromise was; that it had been acquiesced in by both North and South for thirty years, and that Senator Douglas himself had said that it was "canonized in the hearts of the American people," and that "no ruthless hand would ever dare to disturb



STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS

it." Judge Kellogg denounced the Senator for himself breaking down this sacred barrier, and intimated that this young gentleman who was running against him would have difficulty in persuading the people of Galesburg and of that Congressional District to vote for him and by so doing favor the extension of slavery into the new Territories.

I remember with what interest I looked at that young man, whom we had regarded up to that moment as a proslavery Douglas Democrat, apparently unconsciously listening to what seemed to all of us to be beyond the power of any one to answer. I shall never forget how he looked as he commenced speaking, and as he warmed into his subject. It seems to me now after the lapse of all these years, that even then he was the most brilliant, the most inspiring, the most majestic, and withal, the most convincing of orators. As the years went by while he and I were young, and as we advanced to and beyond middle life, it was my fortune to hear him frequently, and from that hour at Galesburg I have always believed that Robert G. Ingersoll was the greatest orator who ever stood before a public audience.

His first sentence, as he commenced speaking, was "The Fugitive Slave Law is the most infamous enactment that ever disgraced a statute book;"

then he exclaimed — "The man who approves of or apologizes for that infamy is a brute!"

He drew a picture such as none but him could paint of the horrors of slavery. Acknowledging the merits and eulogizing the virtues of Southern planters who were humane, he portrayed the cruelties that were inflicted in every slave State upon poor innocent human beings, whose only hope was in breaking away and escaping from their brutal masters and overseers. He took up the Fugitive Slave Law and showed that by its terms every white man and woman, North as well as South, was made to participate in the crime of slavery — that it was made a crime for a free white man or woman to give the poor panting fugitive shelter, or a crust of bread, or a drop of water. He showed that under the Fugitive Slave Law it was made the duty of the United States marshal in pursuing a slave to summon a posse of citizens to assist him in the pursuit — to call upon any or all of us to leave our work and employment to join him; and that we must obey. He pictured a poor black woman with her child, her baby boy, whom she was hugging to her throbbing bosom, her only ambition to make him free, running by that hall and the United States marshal in close pursuit, summoning us to join in the chase, and Judge Kellogg springing to his feet in obedience

and calling upon these young men to join in the cruel chase, and hue and cry, and their finally succeeding in dragging the poor wretch back to slavery.

This was only one of the appalling pictures the young orator painted of slavery and the Fugitive Slave Law, after which he exclaimed:

> Judge Kellogg favors and approves all these horrors, for he distinctly avows himself to be in favor of the Fugitive Slave Law. And yet he is no worse than are all the trusted leaders of your boasted Republican party. Your Abe Lincoln himself, whose name is at the head of your ticket, distinctly declares himself in favor of the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law, as do all the Old Line Whigs who make up the warp and woof of the Republican party.

It may be doubted whether there was ever pronounced by any other human being so terrific a philippic against human slavery and the Fugitive Slave Law. I myself had heard Beecher and Garrison and Wendell Phillips and Lovejoy and Giddings, but I had never heard it equalled.

The speaker then took up "Popular Sovereignty" as promulgated by Judge Douglas, declaring that through that policy and through that policy alone could slavery be kept out of Kansas, Nebraska, and the other Territories. He gave statistics showing how much the North had the advantage over the South, and how many more Northern than Southern

people were hastening to the Territories; that, through the preponderance of the North, the question had already been practically settled in Kansas in favor of freedom by leaving it to the people of the Territory. He cited the case of California, acquired through the Mexican War, which was precipitated and fought for the purpose of making more slave States, and showed that, notwithstanding all this, the people of California, when left to decide the question for themselves, declared in favor of freedom.

It is too little to say that our people were captivated by the address of this young candidate. They were spellbound. Had the polls been opened within a day or two thereafter, many of our people would no doubt have voted for him. But we did not vote for him. We stood by Lincoln and voted the whole Republican ticket, and Ingersoll was defeated. We who heard him proclaim such doctrines at Galesburg and throughout the District during that campaign, were not surprised that on the day Fort Sumter was fired upon he left the Democratic party forever.

From that day forward, a period of more than forty years, Robert G. Ingersoll was a Republican.

XXIV

"THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM"

XXIV

"THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM"

NO small part of the spirit that made Cromwell and his armies possible was called into being by the hymns sung by the people in the meeting-houses and on the highways, and by the Puritan soldiers as they went into battle; the influence of song in arousing men to action and in nerving them for mighty deeds can hardly be overestimated.

Who can rightly appraise the power of the Marseillaise? What despot dare attempt the oppression of a people that had caught the inspiration of that hymn of Liberty?

> "Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
> With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
> Affright and desolate the land,
> While liberty and peace lie bleeding?
> To arms! to arms! ye brave!
> The avenging sword unsheathe!
> March on! march on! all hearts resolved
> On victory or death!"

Who now can compute the influence of that mighty lyric upon the career of Napoleon? May it not be that the Marseillaise made his career possible?

This earth knows no other such chain of fortresses as those which to-day defend the Rhine. Human ingenuity for attack and defence can go no further. Yet the most potent influence in mounting the huge Krupp guns that bristle on all those walls of granite along the German frontier, the most potent influence in devising and erecting those perdurable walls, aye, the most potent influence in conquering and establishing the boundary that they defend, may be found in a single inspired song, "The Watch on the Rhine," in which the poet and composer interpreted and concentrated every emotion and aspiration of the German heart:

"A voice resounds, a thunder peal
Through dashing waves and clang of steel:
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
Who guards to-day my stream divine?

"Dear Fatherland, no danger thine,
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

"While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot hand
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand."

One of these great singers, inspired men who have been permitted to read, interpret, and express in song the sentiment and longing of the human heart, was the American, George Frederick Root. Born and bred in Massachusetts, long resi-

GEORGE F. ROOT

dent in New York, a student in Paris, he came to Chicago during the late fifties. He was a plain man, gifted with common sense in spite of his inspirations, and his entire life had been devoted to music. Long a teacher of that beautiful art, he had also written many songs, some of which had attracted general attention. His youth, passed in a pleasant New England village, had left him convinced that there were no charms like those of the field and farm, the lowing of cattle, the songs of birds, the loveliness of buds and blossoms, the fragrance of new-mown hay, and the laughter of children. They awakened emotions in his soul that left him filled with rapture. And like all the people of New England, every Sunday had seen him in the village meeting-house, where voices in prayer and praise were lifted to Almighty God.

The nature of the man was so sensitive that all these influences left their impress upon his character, so attuned to musical impressions that they inspired him to melody and crystallized themselves in song. He gave to the world "The Flower Queen," "The Haymakers," and other cantatas, setting forth rural episodes and occupations. The music for the hymn entitled "The Shining Shore," composed by him at this time, is still sung. He wrote the song of "The Hazel Dell," which obtained

the vogue at the time previously accorded to Doctor English's "Ben Bolt" through its soft expressiveness. After travelling in Illinois and catching the sweetness of the prairie air, charmed by the innocent mirth of our young maidens, he wrote "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower," which succeeded in expressing the emotion of many a young man who had lived and loved in the great Northwest.

But there were more thrilling scenes to be enacted. They who had gathered wild flowers, sung in the village churches, and basked in the smiles of sweet Rosalies were suddenly awakened to unthought-of responsibilities and dangers, to heroism and glory. A mighty rebellion convulsed the nation,— civil war, with all that internecine strife portends. One-half the country was arrayed against the other. A trumpet call came for troops to defend the Union, and men in thousands took their places in the ranks, bade good-bye to home, and marched away. A second call rang out its clarion note, an instant demand for men in real war, a call to march and to suffer, to shoot and to kill, to fight and to die. It was an awful crisis.

No one understood the situation better than George Frederick Root. As he had interpreted the emotions of the happy villagers of New England in the days of piping peace, so now he interpreted

the sensibilities of a great people, awakened to the tremendous responsibilities of cruel war.

With that second call for troops, following so closely upon it that it seemed an echo of the call itself, there came ringing upon the air, pealing across the prairies, resounding through the valleys, thundering from out the forests, a grand diapason which stirred the souls of men to their depths. The song was taken up by every assembly, played by every band, sung by every schoolboy. Before one was given time to learn a line of the words, he was whistling or singing the melody, which seemed literally to fly upon the wings of the wind. Within twenty-four hours after the music was first heard in Chicago, it was whistled upon the streets of Galesburg. The atmosphere itself appeared to thrill with patriotic emotions. When, in that awful crisis, time was given to hear the words, infused by that stirring tune into real life, the effect was electrical.

I shall never forget the first time it was ever sung in public. Jules Lumbard's resonant voice — and there never was such another voice — rang out with

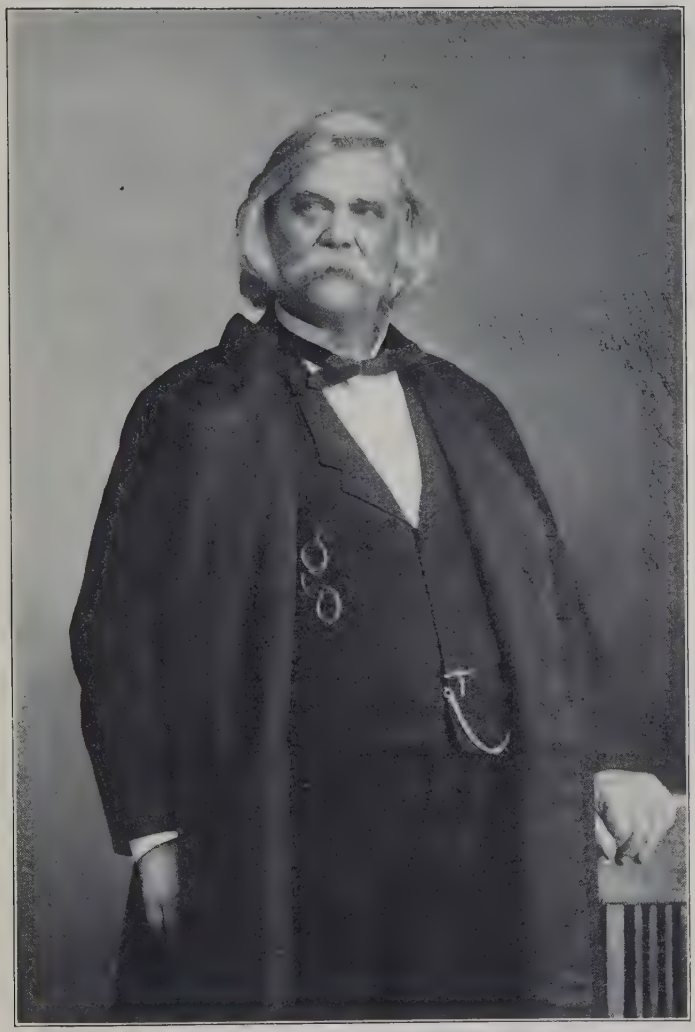
"Yes; we 'll rally round the Flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;
We 'll rally from the hillside,
We 'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom";

and the whole splendid chorus, led by Frank Lumbard's sympathetic clarion tones, followed —

"The Union for ever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitor; up with the Stars!
While we rally round the Flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!"

It was the rallying song of the war. From the time it was flung upon the breeze, the rebellion was doomed. The time of final victory might remain a matter of temporary uncertainty, but a Nation once awakened and thrilled by "The Battle Cry of Freedom" could never give up. Either "Tramp Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching," "The Vacant Chair," or "Just Before the Battle, Mother," all from the same inspired brain and all expressive of patriotic emotion, would have made George F. Root famous, but his reputation will finally rest upon "The Battle Cry of Freedom." In that song the soul-emotions of patriotic men found expression; in that song a single gifted man interpreted to the world the aspirations of all Americans who loved their country; and — what was better — he interpreted their emotions to one another; and — what was even better still — he interpreted their emotions to themselves.

Every time "The Battle Cry of Freedom" was



Your friend
J. G. Lowenbach

sung, it proclaimed a high resolve — the high resolve of every individual singer for himself, and a pledge to him of help, support, and fidelity from every other man, an elbow touch of soul with soul.

Call it sentiment or what you will, there is more power in "Coronation" and in "The Rock of Ages" than in all reason and philosophy. Splendid eloquence and persuasive argument are impotent, as compared with the power of a hymn so simple as "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

The preaching of John Wesley was increased in effectiveness a hundredfold by the hymns of his brother Charles. It may be doubted whether the sermons of the one or the hymns of the other have awakened and converted the more souls to a better life. The gospel preaching of all the Beechers, of all in the splendid school of New England divines, have hardly exerted more influence in bringing men and women to righteousness than the sweet music of Doctor Lowell Mason. The moral power of "Hebron," "Olivet," and "Hamburg," and of the missionary hymn adapted to the words of Bishop Heber cannot be overestimated. There was just such majesty and power in "The Battle Cry of Freedom."

Under its inspiration more men offered themselves for service under the Flag than could be

accepted. It became a privilege to them to be allowed to enlist, a boon to be permitted to fight and die for their country. And, should secession again be seriously attempted, a million of men will spring to arms in the defence of the Union, and we shall once more realize the more than imperial might of our great war song, as all the patriotic people break forth again in the refrain of

"The Union for ever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitor; up with the Stars!
While we rally round the Flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!"

XXV

THE HOME-COMING OF JOHN ERICSSON

XXV

THE HOME-COMING OF JOHN ERICSSON

IT SEEMS that the poet who wrote the national epic of Finland might have seen with prophetic vision, as he penned these lines, Ilmarinen, "the eternal forger artist," as the man whose genius quadrupled the speed of travel across the sea. Like the young men and the old men of the "Kalevala," many strove to accomplish this, "but the distance was not lessened." When, however, John Ericsson "grasped the oars with master magic,"—in other words, directed the wizardry of his genius to the subject of navigation,—"quickly was the distance lessened."

Then the ancient Wainamoinen
Thus addressed the willing war-ship:

"Glide upon the trackless waters,
Sail away, my ship of magic;
Sail across the waves before thee,
Speed thou like a dancing bubble,
Like a flower upon the billows!"

Then the ancient Wainamoinen
Set the young men to the rowing.
Eagerly the youthful heroes

Bend the oars and try the rowlocks;
But the distance is not lessened.

Then the ancient Wainamoinen
Set the old men to the rowing;
Let the youth remain in waiting.
Lustily the aged heroes
Bend and try the oars of aspen;
But the distance is not lessened.

Then the forgeman, Ilmarinen,
Grasped the oars with master magic,
And the boat leapt o'er the surges,
Swiftly sped across the billows.
Far and wide the oars resounded;
Quickly was the distance lessened.

— *The Kalevala.*

It is not necessary to go into detail concerning the work of John Ericsson. The world knows what he accomplished by perfecting the screw which propels and increases in so great a degree the speed of steam vessels; every loyal American who has read of or who remembers the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* must pay homage to his genius.

It was my privilege to be present at his obsequies in Stockholm, when the flags and garlands of both Sweden and America were lovingly entwined about the casket bearing his mortal remains; when he was buried under the sweetest, the most fragrant, and the most beautiful flowers of both hemispheres.

I read in Copenhagen of the intention to send a United States ship-of-war tenderly to bear his dust

JOHN ERICSSON

to Stockholm. In anticipation of the arrival of the vessel, we repaired to that city that we might be present during the ceremonies ensuing. The staunch and warlike craft had already been sighted from the island of Bornholm in the Baltic Sea when, on September twelfth, 1890, I was snugly ensconced at the United States Legation with my colleague, Honorable W. W. Thomas, the American Minister to Sweden, where together we anxiously awaited her.

Late in the evening there was a sudden ring at the door, and in a moment Captain Winfield Scott Schley, the commander of the ship, was ushered in, accompanied by several of his officers. They had cast anchor in the harbor without and come ashore in the steam launch.

If any one doubts the sincere regard of our countrymen for each other; let him look upon a meeting of Americans abroad. If any patriotic American would realize what affection for his countrymen smoulders in his own breast, let him, as had I, take up his residence in a foreign land, out of the line of general travel, and his swelling heart will tell him every time he meets an American that his love of his country and of her people cannot be extinguished.

For the first time abroad, we were greeting men who wore the uniform of the United States Navy,

— splendid men, worthy representatives of the nation, who would do her credit anywhere. They told us touching incidents of the bringing of Ericsson's remains on board their ship at New York, of the demonstrations of interest and affection constantly displayed, until the assembled multitudes, lingering on the wharves and piers for one last look, faded from sight as the great ship sailed away; and we told them of the profound interest pervading all Scandinavia in the great event of bringing home their illustrious dead.

Stockholm, that loveliest city of the North, combining in bay and lagoon, lake and river, the serenity and quiet solemnity that give so great a charm to Venice, abounds in stately and lofty eminences, in winding paths, shady walks, and the most beautiful vistas that can be made up from hill and vale, sea and sky, shade and rock, and verdure and blossom! Under the soft skies and gentle sunshine of a September morning, Stockholm was enchanting. It seemed as if the illustrious dead had been wafted to Paradise.

Yonder stood the great palace of the Kings of Sweden, looking down in mighty grandeur. In the distance lay the Ridderholm Cathedral, where repose the remains of the great Gustavus Adolphus, of Charles XII, of Bernadotte, and all the royal line

of kings and queens and princes. Here stands the great square of Gustavus Adolphus, with its splendid statuary and fountains. There were the vast Museums, Zoölogical, Ethnographical, Agricultural, and the Academies of the Fine Arts, of the Sciences, of Music, and of Medicine. Splendid statues divided the interest, portraying Gustavus Vasa, Gustavus Adolphus, and Charles XII. Had not Nature especially endowed her with beauty, Stockholm would still be famous for her museums and treasures of art.

Sunday, September thirteenth, was the great day of the reception. It was ushered in by the thunders of the guns in the citadel and forts at sunrise, saluting the American flag so proudly borne by the *Baltimore;* to which the ship responded in kind. Even at that early hour the streets of the city were filled with people.

During the forenoon we walked and rode about among the people, whose constantly augmenting numbers had already swollen into vast proportions, more than we had ever seen gathered together before. There were vessels of many nations in the harbor; and far down the bay, beyond all the grim and black and dingy craft, could be descried a great ship, in color as white as snow, from whose masthead was streaming the beautiful American

flag — alone in all that harbor to bear the Stars and Stripes! She had borne the body of Ericsson across the vast expanse of ocean, and was now ready to surrender her precious charge. It seemed to us that there was an especial appropriateness in the sending of this great white ship by our Government: she herself was an emblem both of the grandeur and strength of achievement of the great engineer whose body she bore, and of the purity and disinterestedness of his character.

At two o'clock a line of vessels made its way down the bay toward the *Baltimore.* In the middle of the line rode a steamer fitted up as a funeral barge, a series of steps rising from its sides to a central platform. This, and the entire ship, was covered with the deepest black — its mournful sombreness flecked here and there with wreaths of golden yellow.

The procession of boats, bearing the representatives of the Swedish nobility, officers of the highest rank in the Swedish Navy, and the diplomatic representatives of the United States, made its way directly to the *Baltimore;* and the entire party went on board. As we stepped on her deck, Captain Schley and all his officers, in full uniform, met and saluted their visitors. The entire ship's crew, four hundred in number, which was in line on deck, presented arms.

Standing there in full view was a large, high casket, appropriately carved from solid oak, the resting-place of John Ericsson. The wreaths with which loving hands in New York had covered it were still in place.

As we gathered about it, the Captain of the *Baltimore* formally delivered his precious charge to the United States Minister to Sweden in a few well chosen words, and our representative, in turn, most eloquently committed it in the name of the United States to the officers especially designated by the Swedish Government to receive it. To this address Admiral Peyron, of the Royal Swedish Navy, made a feeling and beautiful response. At the close of these formal ceremonies, the casket was gently lifted over the rail by the ship's crane, the hands of our sailors steadying it, and lowered to the place prepared for it on the high central platform of the funeral barge, where it was received and set in place by sailors of the Swedish Navy.

As the coffin was lowered, the American flag on the *Baltimore* sank to half-mast, and this example was followed by the flag on the citadel and by every flag in the harbor. The officers of the *Baltimore* joined the distinguished company which had come on board, and all the boats in procession escorted the funeral barge to the place prepared for the

shore reception of the casket, more than an English mile away. The stately line of boats moved up the bay to the majestic rhythm of minute guns fired from the *Baltimore* and responded to by the forts on land. Never was there a scene more grand or more solemn, so stately, so dignified, so deliberate, as the deep bass of those minute guns resounded across the waters, the diapason of two worlds.

To us who composed this funeral procession, the scene as we moved slowly along escorting the funeral barge was particularly solemn and impressive, with the casket crowning the tall platform in view of us all. Every balcony and roof-top and window, the wharves and piers and every ship, were swarming with human beings. The correspondent of the New York *Herald* telegraphed his paper that no Swede ever before saw so many people. Very few of any nationality have ever seen such a multitude. Yet, after all, the human interest in the occasion was the most impressive element in it. Not a cheer was given, scarcely a word was spoken, and the minute guns made the solemn silence only the more profound.

A large catafalque had been erected near the landing, in front of the statue of Charles XII. This admirably designed structure was surmounted by a light and delicate canopy supported by graceful

towers, forming a beautiful pavilion so high and airy as not to obscure the sight of the central platform for the reception of the casket, from which steps descended on the four sides. From its towers floated Swedish and American flags, and the entire catafalque was festooned with golden draperies and sombre hangings. About it were assembled the Ministers of State and the nobility of the realm, including the highest officials of the Court as representatives of the King, the Queen, and the Crown Prince. Near them were the diplomatists, representing the world's governments, and the officers of high rank in the Swedish army and navy, all in resplendent uniforms. What interested me most were the surviving kinsfolk of the dead, in simple mourning. "I never saw my uncle's face in life," one of his nephews said to me. "He used to write and say he would come home; and he has come at last."

As the bier was placed upon the high platform, resting for the first time upon Swedish soil, a thousand trained voices broke forth in sweet and simple melody. As the singing died away, delegates from every one of the Swedish provinces and many from Norway ascended the steps in turn and placed wreaths upon the casket until it was buried beneath a mountain of flowers. A formal address was given,

and a poem read by Tigerskjold, the poet laureate of the kingdom, both spoken of most highly by those who could hear and understand. Throughout these exercises the dull booming of the cannon could be heard in the distance, answered by the slow and measured reverberations from the great bells in different parts of the city.

When this ceremony had ended, the casket was escorted by us all in carriages to the railway station, that representing royalty immediately behind the hearse, the American Ministers to Sweden and Denmark, Mr. Thomas and myself, and Captain Schley, the commander of the *Baltimore*, and Lieutenant Mills, military *attaché*, in the next carriage. The crowd was so dense along the way that we barely had room to pass. As we looked into the eyes of the bystanders, so near us that we could have placed our hands on their shoulders, we had occasion to remark again and again that no other country could bring out a more intelligent or more orderly populace.

The funeral train was waiting at the station with a car draped and built up similarly to the funeral barge, and on the elevated platform of this the casket was reverently placed. A passenger coach was provided just behind for the kinsfolk of the deceased. It required considerable time to arrange the wreaths and masses of flowers upon and about the casket.

When this was done, we saw the train slowly draw away from the vast concourse of people lingering about, destined to the Province of Wermeland, where the great engineer was born. When it was lost to view at last, we could feel that the exercises of the day were over.

But there were still to follow a series of bountiful hospitalities bestowed by the Swedes upon the Americans. One evening a dinner was given us by the city of Stockholm at the famous Hasselbacken, to which two hundred guests were invited. Another evening was filled with an entertainment at the Opera House for the Americans. In conclusion we were all invited to dine with His Majesty, King Oscar, at his palace of Drottingholm. His Excellency, Minister Thomas, also gave a reception at the United States Legation in honor of the great event.

Of all the men who have ever sailed the seas none have been more enterprising, more daring, and more brave, than the Northmen. No grandeur of imagery, no sublimity of rhetoric, nor rhapsody of poetry, can adequately portray the splendors of their achievements. They sailed to every coast and clime of the Old World, and every people paid them tribute. Not satisfied with this, they crossed the great ocean to the Western Hemisphere.

Long before Columbus was born, Leif Ericsson had landed upon and explored the Eastern shores of North America, proving himself not less brave and venturesome than the bravest and most venturous.

I have fancied that when John Ericsson was pondering the idea of the screw-propeller, by means of which he quadrupled the speed of steamships and, in later years, when he was planning the *Monitor*, he was moved to these thoughts and aspirations for the conquest of the seas by the example of the mighty viking chieftain whose name he bore. I have thought that the spirit of the gallant Northmen may still direct not only individuals, but the Scandinavian races. Whatever its origin may have been, there is still abroad among these hardy peoples of the North a spirit akin to that which animated the vikings of old, the same spirit that impelled Gustavus Adolphus to his great deeds, the spirit that nerved the arm of Charles XII, the spirit that in this country led the Scandinavian hosts to follow Grant, and Sherman, and Sheridan, and Logan, a spirit that, once aroused, is invincible.

It does not always manifest itself in war. It appears with the same irresistible power in the ordinary pursuits of life. The Scandinavians who

have made peaceful conquest of so much of this New World, in Illinois, and Iowa, and Minnesota, and Wisconsin; the Scandinavians who make up so much of the warp and woof and fibre and strength of these United States, are as really and as thoroughly imbued with this indomitable, irresistible spirit as were their hero-forefathers in the ages past. Among the splendid men and women of this people there has hardly, in ancient or in modern times, been an example in which their noblest qualities, of self-reliance, energy, determination, perseverance, fortitude, courage, generosity, and, withal, modesty, have shone more conspicuously than in John Ericsson.

XXVI

THE RAILWAY MAIL SERVICE

XXVI

GEORGE B. ARMSTRONG, GEORGE S. BANGS, JAMES E. WHITE, AND THE RAILWAY MAIL SERVICE

I KNOW no more striking way to illustrate the improvements in the railway mail service, than to give, first, an account of the appointment and service of "Hoss Eddy."

The Hon. W. H. Eddy, whom I knew well, was long one of the best informed men in Chicago. Of much more than ordinary ability, he was, when I knew him, a powerful man politically. A Republican, really an abolitionist, if any one wished to carry the city either in a party caucus or in an election, it was important to have his support. His business for many years was connected with horses, sale stables, livery stables, and the like, and hence notwithstanding his ability and political prominence, he acquired the sobriquet of "Hoss Eddy," which he was never able to shake off. Like many another Chicago politician of that day, he was a speculator, sometimes on the high road to pros-

perity, sometimes poor; but always full of humor, brilliant, and companionable. At different times he owned for his stables some of what is now the most valuable property in the city. He lived to see property he had bought for a few hundred dollars worth millions.

At a time when fortune was frowning upon Mr. Eddy, when, as he said, he was "in Valley Forge," the Hon. I. N. Arnold, then a member of Congress from Chicago, had him appointed mail agent between Chicago and Burlington, a position which was duly accepted.

Already past middle life, it was beyond possibility for Eddy to master the details of the service. He was conscientious and worked hard, but he could not get his mail separated and ready to put off at the proper stations. In his haste, he made so many mistakes that the mails were out of joint all along the line. His struggles to succeed became pitiful. Never was there such demoralization of the mails; and never were there so many complaints. The profanity of the traditional army in Flanders was nothing compared with that along the line of the Burlington Railway.

Finally, one day, just as the train stopped at Altona, a farmer with a superb span of horses drove up beside the mail car and stopped to ask a question.

Eddy, coatless and hatless, with his mail key dangling at his side, jumped out of his car and began a searching examination of the team. While engaged in this, the train started. Away it went, unobserved by him, until too late to catch on. Realizing that this was the last straw, he telegraphed his resignation, bought the team of horses, and that night was on his way to Chicago with them. After driving them long enough to accustom them to the city, he sold them to Mr. Potter Palmer, realizing, in clear profit, more than a mail agent's salary for a year.

Long after, when fortune had smiled upon him again, it was amusing to hear Mr. Eddy tell of his career as a mail agent. "Mine was the fairest distribution of mail ever made," I heard him declare in presence of George S. Bangs, who enjoyed the joke beyond measure: "Bangs was post-master at Aurora and I was working under his direction, so I did just as he told me to do. As the mail came into the car I piled it all upon the big table, and when the locomotive whistled for a station I looked out of the window to see how big a town we were going into and then poked into a mail bag what I thought was that town's share and put it off. For instance, Riverside is small, and I gave them about half a peck; Downer's Grove larger, and I gave them a peck; Hinsdale about the same; and when I looked out and

saw Aurora, big as it is, I gave them a full bushel. It 's the fairest way ever devised, for each town got her share. Still they grumbled and began putting the mail back onto me. Finally, when they found that I knew my rights and had political backing, they went and gave their mail to the agent who ran on the train opposite to me, and I got rid of it. It 's so hard to make people appreciate their blessings. They 're grumbling yet."

Eddy told his story with a straight face, and there was enough truth in it to make him remembered by every old postal official on the Burlington system. Even now a complaint of miscarriage of letters at a post-office window is often answered by the declaration that "'Hoss Eddy' must be running again."

At that time there was only a single mail agent in charge of the mail upon a train. He seldom had a car by himself, but only a compartment in a car. Cars in those days were divided into two, or sometimes three, compartments — one for mail, another for baggage, and a third for express business. Usually the only mails he distributed were those for the towns on his line. There was no night service. On the great Western lines, as from Chicago to Omaha, a mail agent ran each way during the day, giving service along the line daily from each direction. The towns along a line neither received

nor sent out mail at night, except in a through bag for a great population centre like Chicago. This bag was thrown into the baggage car on the night train and lay there until delivered.

In order to facilitate the distribution of mail, certain large post-offices centrally situated were designated as "distributing post-offices," to which mail was sent in packages. For instance, we at Galesburg would bunch all the letters we received for Wisconsin and Michigan in one parcel and direct the parcel, "Chicago D. P. O." (Distributing Post Office), all letters for Indiana to Indianapolis D. P. O., for New England and the East to Boston, Albany, New York, or Philadelphia D. P. O. At these distributing post-offices letters were necessarily detained for sorting and distribution, frequently for twenty-four hours.

A system of billing all letters had been in vogue from the beginning of the service, probably inaugurated by Benjamin Franklin, which required that every package of letters for every town, big and little, should be done up with a bill of the letters it contained and wrapped in brown paper furnished by the Department, and the parcel so done up directed to its destination, where it was opened and the letters sorted for delivery. This took much time and frequently caused delay. Under the

direction and advice of a practical post-office man of whom we shall speak, this system of billing and wrapping was abandoned, and all the letters destined to a particular office were simply tied together in a bunch with a plainly directed letter on the outside, and this, with a single handling, went to its destination.

When Mr. Lincoln came into office the Democratic officials, holding practically all the positions, were removed, and Republicans appointed to their places. Experience and aptitude were not essential to an appointment, it being required only that a candidate was ordinarily intelligent, and a Republican. These appointments were left to the Senators and members of Congress, and their recommendation was sufficient to insure the appointment. It was under this system that "Hoss Eddy" was given his place.

I was appointed post-master at Galesburg in April, 1861. I knew nothing of the postal service. It had been the same with all my predecessors. As was the case with every appointment made in those days, the appointee was expected to learn the duties of the position after entering upon it. I was fortunate in finding in the office a clerk expert in his duties, and I retained him.

John L. Scripps, then one of the proprietors of

the Chicago *Tribune*, an able and worthy man, was appointed post-master at Chicago about the same time. I frequently visited the Chicago office for the purpose of informing myself in my duties, and found that, able as he was, Mr. Scripps knew no more of the duties of a post-master than I.

GEORGE B. ARMSTRONG

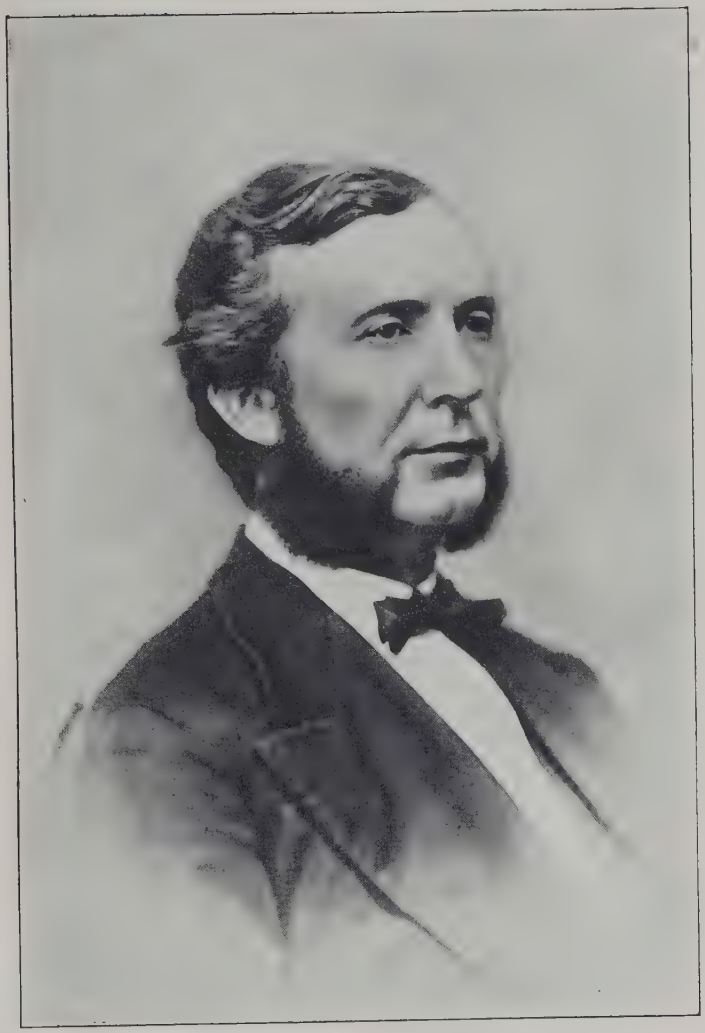
I found, however, that Mr. Scripps had an assistant post-master, George B. Armstrong, who had been in that position in that office for several years and who really understood the business of the office. He proved to be the most efficient, practical, and intelligent post-office official I had ever seen. He was polite and kind to me, and assisted me greatly by his instructions.

Mr. Armstrong was then in his prime, just entering upon his fortieth year. He was of medium height, good figure, elastic in his movements, had auburn hair and a fair complexion, and was the picture of health. He was frank, open, and earnest in expression, and enthusiastic in everything he undertook, especially in matters pertaining to postal affairs. He had a lisp pronounced enough to characterize his speech, without at all interfering with his pronunciation or being in the least disagreeable. He was familiar with every detail of the workings of

the Chicago post-office, and knew everything in every department, from the sorting and distribution of mail to a complete mastery of all the accounts. He understood every postal route out of Chicago, and knew just where to throw every letter to insure its reaching its destination in the shortest time. Withal he delighted in instructing and assisting every postal official to such familiarity with his duties as would bring the best results for the service. He brought the Chicago office up to the highest standard; not only that, but he greatly contributed toward bringing other post-offices up to his own high standard.

My first interview with Armstrong taught me the advantage of his suggestions and advice, and I availed myself of them whenever I had the opportunity.

The Chicago post-office under his management — he had then served as assistant post-master under different administrations for several years — seemed as nearly perfect as possible. Upon so declaring to Mr. Armstrong, I found that he regarded it as far from perfect — that he could see many ways in which the system in vogue could be improved. Like all progressive men who achieve results, one point of attainment served to place him in a position where he could see still higher



GEORGE B. ARMSTRONG

and more worthy objects of achievement beyond; so he was constantly planning and working to cure the defects in the postal service and, by adopting new methods, to add to its efficiency. No one, not then connected with the service, can realize what a saving it has been in time and labor to dispense with the unnecessary system of billing and wrapping letters. One of the first reforms Mr. Armstrong suggested in his talks with me was that this be abandoned. He worked at this until it was accomplished.

I found that I was not the only new postal official who had the advantage of Mr. Armstrong's experience and guidance. In the general sweep of putting out Democrats and putting in Republicans, the other new post-office officials were no better informed of the duties of their positions than I. This was true not only of post-masters and their deputies, but also of special agents of the department, and the mail agents on the railways.

When thus sitting at Mr. Armstrong's feet, I was brought into contact with other new appointees in the postal service. Among these were the Hon. E. W. Keyes, post-master at Madison, Wisconsin, and the Hon. George S. Bangs, post-master at Aurora, Illinois. We became imbued with Mr. Arm-

strong's enthusiasm, took great interest in his plans for improving the service, and assisted him so far as we could in influencing Mr. Lincoln's administration, especially the post-office department, to adopt his recommendations. Mr. Keyes was potential in Wisconsin politics and was able to give Mr. Armstrong an endorsement by a resolution of the legislature of that State. Mr. Bangs finally became one of the ablest officials of the postal railway service.

The new officials of the post-office department had hardly become settled in their positions when the Civil War came. In the glamour of raising and equipping armies and sending them to the field many achievements as necessary and essential as arms and ammunition and drill do not appear. Without food, shelter, clothing, and transportation, an army, like an individual, must succumb. But one of the most important elements in keeping up the *morale* of an army made up of Americans lies in the mails. Letters from home, from parents, from brothers and sisters, wives and sweethearts, are a constant means of encouragement to the American soldier, and nerve him to heroic deeds; while writing letters home is the greatest of consolations to him. They maintain in his heart the throb of patriotism which animates the whole nation.

In 1860 the Hon. David T. Linnegar, a Republi-

can of southern Illinois, not then a resident of Cairo, consented to become the Republican candidate for Congress against John A. Logan, the Democratic candidate, in the district known as Lower Egypt, to give strength to the State and National ticket. Mr. Linnegar made a gallant fight with no possibility of election, Logan defeating him by a majority of about eighteen thousand. But he brought out the Republican vote which otherwise might have stayed at home, and this was also cast for the State and National Republican tickets, where it was needed.

As a recognition of his services in this regard President Lincoln made Mr. Linnegar post-master at Cairo. He knew no more of the duties of the office than we in northern Illinois, besides he had no Armstrong to teach him. The office was small and the business light,— as I remember he had three clerks. Suddenly, within forty-eight hours, the Cairo post-office, one of the smallest in the United States, became one of the greatest. Mail bags were thrown in by the hundred and by the thousand, filling up the rooms, projecting out of the windows, and piled up on the platforms. The western Union army had come to occupy Cairo and the region round about. I myself was there and saw the appalling congestion of mails. This was in the Spring of 1862.

Poor Linnegar, entirely bewildered, could do nothing but telegraph the Postmaster-General at Washington for help. A few post-office clerks, detailed from the cities, were taken to Cairo, but they could do nothing without an effective head. It was a matter of surprise and gratification when George B. Armstrong appeared. Never was such a man more needed, and never was a man better equipped for such an emergency.

The first thing to do was to provide room in which to work, and then to improvise sorting and distributing tables, racks, and cases, so that several men could work efficiently. This was done in an incredibly short time. The mail bags were opened, the mail carefully sorted, the bags refilled and tagged for the command, the divisions, the brigades, or regiments, or the post-office at home, where the mail placed in them belonged. These bags were sent out to the army and away upon the railways until the congestion was relieved. The great piles of mail bags grew less and less as if by magic, until they disappeared altogether, and the clerks had then only to take care of the mail as it came in upon the trains and from the army. Of course, the business of the office continued to be enormous, but soon, with the extra number of clerks allowed him, Postmaster Linnegar was able to conduct the business

satisfactorily, and Mr. Armstrong returned to his duties in the Chicago post-office. So great was the appreciation of Mr. Armstrong's services by the clerks in the Cairo office that they presented him with a valuable watch, bearing upon the case the following inscription:

Presented to
GEORGE B. ARMSTRONG
for his wife
By clerks of the Cairo Post Office
as a token of their
appreciation of his labors
in organizing that office
May 28th, 1862

When Mr. Armstrong first unfolded to me his plans for establishing the postal railway service, or what he called "putting the post-offices on wheels," I do not remember. Colonel Francis A. Eastman, a neighbor and friend of Mr. Armstrong's and afterward post-master at Chicago, stated that Mr. Armstrong first unfolded his plans to him in 1861. I cannot say that he spoke to me upon the subject so early as that, but I remember distinctly that for a long time before he officially recommended the system to the department, his mind was engrossed with it. I think that he spoke to me concerning it at about the time he unfolded his plans to Mr. Keyes and Mr. Bangs. So interested was he in the matter that he

could talk of little else. Like other pioneers in invention and discovery whose achievements have proved blessings to mankind, he was absorbed in his subject, and everything else was to him comparatively trivial.

He would no doubt have induced the department to make a test of his plans much earlier, but for the Civil War. He impatiently waited until the Summer of 1864, when he addressed three letters to the Third Assistant Postmaster-General, following closely upon each other, dated May 10, May 14, and June 10, respectively.

To illustrate the character of these letters it is only necessary to quote from one, as follows:

> Letters deposited in a post-office at the latest moment of the departure of the mail from the office for near or distant places should travel with the same uninterrupted speed and certainty as passengers to their places of destination. . . . Passengers travelling over railroad routes generally reach a given point in advance of letters, when to that given point letters must pass, under the present system, through a distributing office, and when letters are subject to a distributing process in more than one distributing office as is largely the case now, the tardiness of a letter's progress toward its place of destination is proportionately increased. But a general system of railway distribution obviates this difficulty. The work being done while the cars are in motion and transfers of mails from route to

route and for local delivery on the way, as they are reached, letters attain the same celerity in transit as persons making direct connections.

The Hon. A. N. Zevely, the Third Assistant Postmaster-General, to whom these letters were sent, was an enterprising official and thought Mr. Armstrong's plans should be given a fair trial. The Hon. Montgomery Blair was then Postmaster-General in Mr. Lincoln's cabinet, and Mr. Zevely laid Mr. Armstrong's recommendations before him. Others to whom Mr. Armstrong had outlined his plans orally and in writing recommended the trial. Among these were Mr. Keyes and Mr. Bangs, already mentioned, and the writer. One of those who took up the matter with enthusiasm was the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, then Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Postmaster-General Blair was induced to give the plan a trial and authorized it be done. The following is a copy of his letter of instruction to Mr. Armstrong:

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
July 1st, 1864.

SIR:— You are authorized to test by actual experiment, upon such railroad route, or routes, as you may select at Chicago, the plans proposed by you for simplifying the mail service. You will arrange with railroad companies to furnish suitable cars for travelling post-offices; designate head offices with their dependent offices; prepare forms

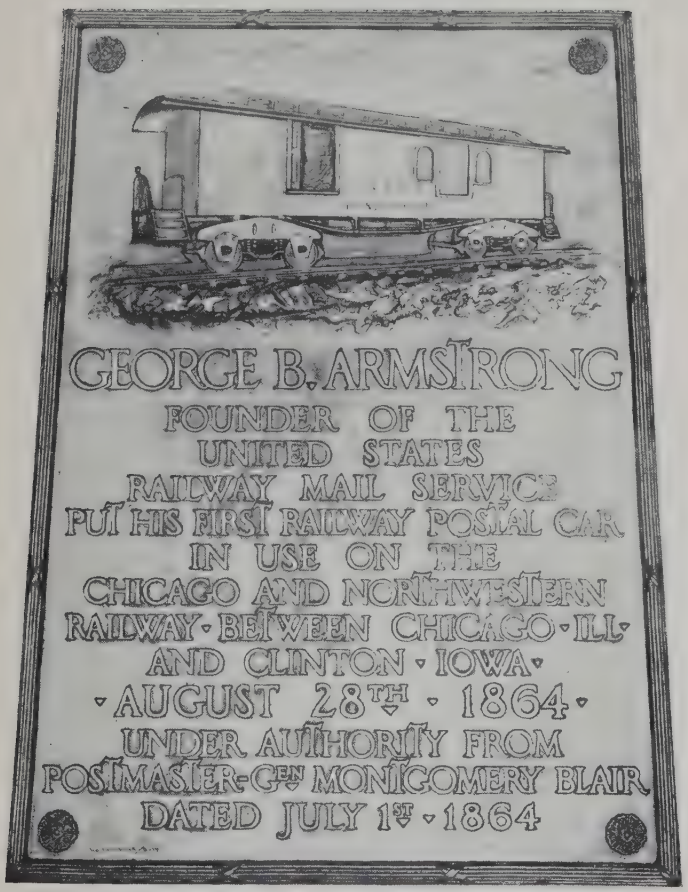
of blanks and instructions for all such offices, and those on the railroad not head offices, also for clerks of travelling post-offices.

To aid you in this work, you may select some suitable route agent whose place can be supplied with a substitute, at the expense of the department.

When your arrangements are complete, you will report them in full.

M. Blair,
Postmaster-General.

The first railway post-office in the United States was established by Mr. Armstrong under the above instructions on August 28, 1864, on the Chicago & North-Western Railway. It ran between Chicago, Illinois, and Clinton, Iowa, in a compartment car. The first complete railway post-office cars were built by the same railway from plans furnished by Mr. Armstrong in 1867, and placed in service between Boone and Council Bluffs, Iowa. The overland mail to the Pacific coast then went by the Chicago & North-Western Railway, upon which those towns were situated, and these cars were run to provide for the immediate despatch westward, of that great mail upon its arrival at the Missouri River, instead of lying over at a distributing post-office as had been necessary up to that time. By this arrangement mails were ascending the Rocky Mountains, five hundred miles west, at a time when they otherwise would have been leaving Omaha.


GEORGE B. ARMSTRONG
FOUNDER OF THE
UNITED STATES
RAILWAY MAIL SERVICE
PUT HIS FIRST RAILWAY POSTAL CAR
IN USE ON THE
CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN
RAILWAY · BETWEEN CHICAGO · ILL ·
AND CLINTON · IOWA ·
· AUGUST 28TH · 1864 ·
UNDER AUTHORITY FROM
POSTMASTER-GEN MONTGOMERY BLAIR
DATED JULY 1ST · 1864

BRONZE TABLET ON SHAFT OVER THE GRAVE OF
GEORGE B. ARMSTRONG

The advantages of the new system were so immediately apparent that it was speedily established upon other railways, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy between Chicago and Quincy, and the Chicago & Rock Island. It was soon after put in operation upon the Pennsylvania, the Erie, on roads between New York and Washington, and thus gradually extended to all important Eastern railways.

In inaugurating this system Mr. Armstrong had availed himself of the services of capable post-office railway men, who had served under the old route agent system. Among these were Harrison Park, James E. White, afterwards himself general superintendent of the railway mail service, James E. Stuart, one of the most efficient postal officials in the country and still in the service, and, later, Captain M. J. McGrath. It is impossible for me to mention all the able men who contributed toward putting the system into practical operation. Those I have named I knew intimately.

The postal railway system soon extended to all the leading railways of the country, and it became so enormous that it was necessary to establish it as an office of the department. The country was divided into six divisions, with a superintendent over each, all under the direction of a general superintendent of the postal railway service. This was

done in 1869. No one but George B. Armstrong was considered for the position of General Superintendent. He was called to Washington and placed in supreme control over all those divisions. The rapidity of the growth of the railway mail service, and the efficiency to which it attained, made one of the marvels of the age.

Under the old route agent system one agent in a narrow compartment of a car received and distributed the mail from town to town, delivering such as he received for local offices, and pouching the remainder on his terminal office. If a distributing office intervened, the locked pouches were despatched, like so much dead freight, by star routes and passenger trains, sometimes to be delayed a day and sometimes several days, to be sorted or redistributed and pouched for a further journey.

Under the new system created by the magic of Mr. Armstrong's genius, important trains on trunk lines were equipped with full postal cars, manned by crews of competent clerks, who opened the locked pouches and tie sacks and distributed all the mail while the train was speeding on its way, besides receiving and delivering mail at the towns through which the train passed. Upon arrival at the end of the run, the mail, properly sorted and pouched, was delivered without delay to a connecting line or lines

equipped with similar cars, provided with their complement of clerks, to be again distributed, with other mail received, while the train thundered on to its destination.

This was actually accomplished within five years from the time when the Postmaster-General authorized Mr. Armstrong to "test by actual experiment" the plans he had proposed.

There has been manifested a certain disposition to take from George B. Armstrong the laurels he so richly earned in establishing and putting into practical operation the railway mail service. There can be no doubt that "for years previous to 1860 there had been some distribution of mails on railways." The claim was put forth in one quarter that the railway mail system originated in February, 1862, within the lines of the Army of the Tennessee. There can be no reasonable doubt that "the handling of through mail on the cars without turning it into distributing offices began in a small way with respect to the overland mails only, under the superintendency of William A. Davis, in July, 1862." But these were transient, temporary, sporadic movements to meet emergencies. Mr. Armstrong conceived and put into execution a complete, continuous, consecutive system, applicable to all the railways of the United States, which entirely revolutionized the

manner of distributing and forwarding mail, made mail cars post-offices on wheels, and transferred mail from an incoming to an outgoing train to continue on toward its destination without a moment's delay.

Had the system been inaugurated in 1862, as has been asserted, Postmaster-General Blair, in the official order directing him to proceed with his plans, would scarcely have said to Mr. Armstrong in 1864, "You are authorized to test upon such railroad route or routes as you may select at Chicago *the plans proposed by you* for simplifying the mail service." *

Curiously, at the very time when Mr. Armstrong was beginning to test by actual experiment his plans for "putting post-offices on wheels," a railway car was invented and began to be introduced, which has contributed perhaps more than anything else to the comfort and convenience of railway travel.

It was in the same year, 1864, that George M. Pullman in and about Chicago began to build and put into operation his sleeping cars. It is hardly possible to overestimate the advantages of Mr. Pullman's invention. In one of them the traveller can continue his journey indefinitely without fatigue. He can devote himself assiduously to business all day,

* The Italics are mine.

when weary and worn lie down in a comfortable bed at night, to wake up refreshed in another city hundreds of miles away in the morning, and ready for work there. He can traverse the entire continent without losing an hour of his usual sleep. If one could estimate the time saved for work and business by these sleeping cars he would find that they have added enormously to the wealth of the country and of the world. Surely George M. Pullman was one of the world's benefactors.

For his invention, as has been the case with many others, Mr. Pullman was rewarded. He amassed a great fortune. It is entirely proper and just that, through patents, those who have added to the wealth of the country and to the comforts of life should be able to reap substantial reward.

Mr. Armstrong no doubt devoted as much thought to the conception and inauguration of the postal railway system and to the building and equipment of the postal railway cars as did Mr. Pullman to the conception and inauguration and building of sleeping cars, but Mr. Armstrong was merely a government official and could receive no compensation or emoluments from the great system he inaugurated other than the salary he earned, which was expended in the support of himself and family.

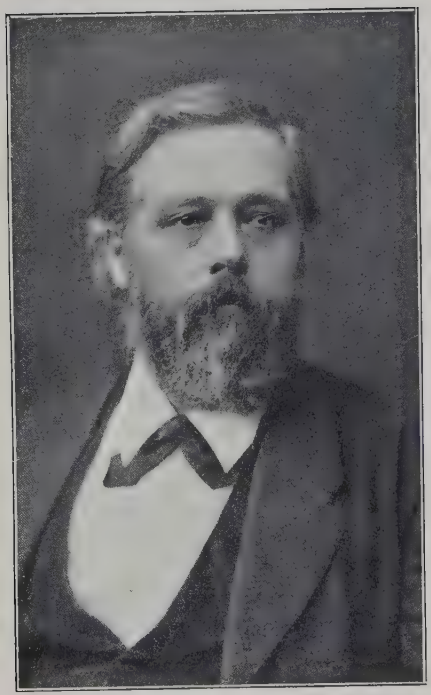
On May 3, 1871, after serving for a little more

than two years as general superintendent of the postal railway service, George B. Armstrong resigned because of failing health. He had been able, however, to complete the organization of the system, and lived to see it generally established throughout the country. He died in Chicago on May 5, 1871, only two days after his resignation.

GEORGE S. BANGS

George B. Armstrong founded and inaugurated the postal railway service, and George S. Bangs founded and inaugurated the Fast Mail. The Fast Mail was necessary to bring the postal railway service to its highest standard of efficiency. But for the postal railway service — facilities for separating and distributing mail on the cars while in motion — the Fast Mail would have been impossible.

George S. Bangs was among Mr. Lincoln's first appointees. He was first made post-master at Aurora. Of striking personality, he was one of the most forceful men it has ever been my good fortune to know. He was courageous, energetic, determined, and at the same time frank and openhearted. He had a commanding influence in politics, and was able to get what he wanted. Instead of Senators and members of Congress dominating him, they



George S. Bangs

were always glad to get his suggestions, and did not hesitate to follow them. Strong as he appeared, there always seemed to be behind him a reserved force which must carry everything before it. He was prompt, quick to decide, and alert to act, but just, and if he made a mistake, ready to rectify it. Withal he had the ability and earnestness to arouse men to his own enthusiasm.

In the position of post-master at Aurora, Mr. Bangs soon found it to be greatly to his advantage, as did I and other new post-masters, to know and be instructed by George B. Armstrong. As Mr. Bangs studied the workings of the service, he came to realize its importance as did no other man I have ever met. He regarded the delay of a letter as a crime. He declared that delays in the transportation and delivery of letters caused untold evils, bankruptcy, suicide, estrangement, crimes innumerable, and despair. He spent much time with Mr. Armstrong in the Chicago office while post-master at Aurora, and Armstrong found him an apt scholar.

When Mr. Armstrong was summoned to Washington to become general superintendent of the railway mail service, so high was his appreciation of Mr. Bangs that he made him assistant superintendent at Chicago, April 4, 1869. Bangs's division consisted of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, Minnesota, Wis-

consin, and the upper peninsula of Michigan. He administered the service in his division with such consummate ability that, upon Mr. Armstrong's retirement, May 3, 1871, he was summoned to Washington to succeed him as general superintendent. Mr. Armstrong had created the vast system — had, so to speak, builded the mighty machine, and put it in working order. It remained for Mr. Bangs, his follower and pupil, to bring it to the highest efficiency.

Mr. Bangs held the superintendents of the different divisions to strict accountability for the efficiency of the railway service under their jurisdiction. He established a system of checks upon postal railway mail clerks through which delays of mail could be traced directly to the person responsible, who was immediately called to an account and reprimanded, suspended, or removed from office, or exonerated, if unjustly accused. The service was divided into grades with differences in pay, clerks being promoted as they became more proficient in their work. All appointments were made to the lowest grade, from which men were promoted or dropped out.

This was before the days of what is now known as civil service reform. Appointments in the postal railway service were still made by the new adminis-

tration upon the recommendation of Senators and members of Congress. Mr. Bangs was too discreet a man and too astute a politician to abolish or override this custom. He did a much wiser thing. As vacancies occurred, he advised the Postmaster-General to appoint postal clerks upon the recommendation of members of Congress as before. Had the merit system, as it is called, in making appointments been then adopted in the postal railway service, Congress would have turned against it and refused appropriations.

A policy was adopted, however, upon Mr. Bangs's recommendation, which gave efficiency to the service and at the same time was entirely satisfactory to the Senators and members of Congress. It was to appoint such men as were recommended, upon probation, to give them a three months' trial, and if, at the end of that time, they proved to be competent and valuable, to keep them. Otherwise they were dropped, and others, recommended by the members of Congress, given a trial.

Among other reforms a system was instituted under which the accuracy and efficiency of a postal clerk could be tested so thoroughly that there could be no question about the character of the work he performed — a system still followed.

At the time of the first inception of civil service

reform, George William Curtis, Joseph Medill, and Dorman B. Eaton, three of the most earnest advocates of the reform, were made the commissioners to put it in operation. They at once repaired to Washington and visited the different departments of the Government. At the post-office department, in their calls upon the heads of the different bureaus they finally found themselves in Mr. Bangs's office. After some preliminary conversation in which they briefly outlined the work upon which they had entered, Mr. Bangs drew from his drawer a letter and handed it to Mr. Curtis, who appeared to be the spokesman of the party, saying, "Gentlemen, here is a letter I have lately received from one of my postal clerks. Perhaps it will interest you." I afterwards saw the letter and found it to be the most wonderful specimen of orthography I had ever seen. There was scarcely a word spelled correctly. It was a marvel how any one could possibly, with premeditation, develop the ingenuity to spell English words in so remarkable a manner. The construction of the sentences was not so bad — the writer stated clearly what he wanted and why, but the spelling was ridiculous.

Mr. Curtis, after reading the letter, passed it to the other members of the commission. It was so extraordinary and so full of surprises that they could

not suppress their merriment, and as attention was directed to especial words they broke out into hearty laughter.

Thereupon Mr. Curtis proceeded to point the moral which was uppermost in his mind. He said, "Now, Mr. Bangs, you see the importance of the work of this commission. A man who writes such a letter as that, an official letter, evidently the best he can write, occupies one of the most responsible positions in the service of the Government. He is entrusted with missives the most important,— letters upon the prompt delivery of which may depend great business enterprises, that affect the weal or woe perhaps of vast numbers of people,— messages of love and condolence, of sympathy and hope, of sorrow and despair. It is the object of this commission to correct such evils, and to drive from the public service all such men." The others took up the matter and expressed themselves in the same manner and even more earnestly.

Mr. Bangs waited patiently until they finished, and then quietly remarked, "The man who wrote that letter is the best postal railway clerk in the United States."

The three commissioners were dumfounded and could scarcely believe Mr. Bangs to be in earnest. When they found him to be so, they asked how he

could have the temerity to make such a statement in regard to a man who writes such a letter.

"I say so," answered Mr. Bangs, "simply because it is true; and you gentlemen propose to drive such a man out of my service. You cannot do it while I am here. You may be able to drive me out; you can have my resignation at this moment if you want it, but while I am here you cannot drive the best man I have out of my service. The question for me to ask concerning my men is, not whether they can spell or parse or name and bound the countries or cities of the earth, but whether they can do satisfactorily the work that they are put to do."

"But how can you say, Mr. Bangs," asked Mr. Curtis, "that a man who spells like that is a good postal clerk? How can you possibly give any evidence of it?"

"Come with me," said Mr. Bangs, "and I will show you."

He led them into a room where two men were at work before cases set up on a table, each case divided into numerous pigeon-holes. Upon the table were a great number of cards, upon each of which was printed the name of a post-office.

"These men," Mr. Bangs explained, "are postal clerks. All the men in the service are required at stated intervals to appear at one of the larger post-

offices, and distribute into a case like this, cards like these. While upon their runs they are given every aid possible for informing themselves — maps, charts, time-tables, schedules of connections, and the like. When a clerk comes before this case he can have no book before him to which he can refer for information, but he must distribute the cards from memory. Upon his ability to distribute correctly these cards, we learn how many mistakes he would make if upon his run. If he throws a card right it shows that the letter he would distribute must be placed upon the right train or stage line or boat, and go at once to its proper destination. If he throws it wrong, it shows that the letter would go astray and would certainly lose a connection. When the postal clerk has finished this distribution of these cards, he goes back to his run and an expert goes through the case, with books and charts of all the postal railways and stage lines and steamboats, and notes every mistake made. Upon the report of this expert depends the standing of the postal clerk, or the question of whether he be continued or dropped from the service. The boys have named this case the 'sweat' case.* The

* After the postal clerk has finished this distribution of the cards, he surrenders the case to the examiner and is not allowed to make any changes in the casing of the cards, with a view to rectifying errors in distribution, but must, if possible, remain at the case while his work is being reviewed.

man who wrote the letter I showed you made fewer mistakes than any other man in the service. In fact, he scarcely made any mistakes at all, and besides, he proved to be more speedy in his work than any other, a test that we are also now making.

"The thing to find out in the public service, as I said before," continued Mr. Bangs, "is, who can best do the work he is put to do, and keep him and promote him, and to rid the service of those who prove themselves incapable. This I am trying to do."

It is enough to say of the commission that they became convinced that the postal railway service

---

The examiner begins the examination by taking the seat just vacated by the clerk, and placing at hand, for reference, a corrected scheme of the State and a schedule of railway connections, to which he refers when in doubt as to the correct casing of a card. Then he takes the packages from the case, one at a time, and examines the address on each card until all the cards in the case have passed under review. In doing this work the examiner relies on his memory mainly, as the clerk does, except he has, as before stated, the scheme and schedule to refer to in cases of doubt, and this in the interest of the clerks as well as a help to the examiner. In distributing the cards the clerk places those addressed to offices at junctions in a special box or in the box occupied by those for the route which can supply them the quickest.

If distributed in a special box they are allowed to remain therein until the other boxes have been examined; then the examiner takes this package from the case and passes it in review, card by card, naming each in succession, and the clerk must be prepared to give the designation of each railway post-office centring at that junction, the time each is due to leave and arrive, and by which he would despatch mail to insure its quickest delivery when it can be despatched via two or more routes.

If the junctions are distributed to the route supplying them the quickest, the examiner calls the clerk's attention to them as they are reached and he must treat them as mentioned above. As the examination progresses and errors in the distribution are discovered they are shown to the clerk, as a matter of information, and on completion of each examination the examiner gives the clerk a statement of the result, the name of the State upon which he will next be examined, and informs him what will be the nature of the examination.

A record of all examinations is kept in the office of the superintendent to whose division the clerks examined are assigned.

was at that time the most practical and the best civil service in the United States, and they so declared.

George William Curtis was so pleased and delighted with the service that he, in "Harper's Magazine," of which he was editor, published articles giving full and exhaustive accounts of it, illustrated with pictures of postal cars, showing the men at work and everything relating to the service, among which there was nothing more conspicuous than the sweat case.

This "sweat case," let it be noted, was invented by Captain James E. White, afterwards general superintendent of the postal railway service,— the examination case, as it is officially called. He was then chief postal clerk at Omaha, having been assigned to that position while running as a postal railway clerk. He conceived the idea and had the case made for the purpose of testing the capabilities of the clerks in his jurisdiction. When he had designed this examination case, as he named it, he had the master car builder of the Union Pacific shops make it.

But George S. Bangs's greatest achievement lies in the establishment of the Fast Mail. He was accustomed to say that he expected to see the time come when the mails would be given the preference over any passenger, and mail trains the

right of way over all passenger trains, and that he was working to that end. In those good old conservative days of slow and sure, I thought his views chimerical, but I saw him succeed in inaugurating his system, — not only this, I, by his invitation, accompanied him on the first fast mail train ever run.

THE FIRST FAST MAIL TRAIN

This epoch-marking train went from New York to Chicago over the New York Central & Hudson River and the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railways. It left New York at four o'clock on the morning of September 16, 1875, and was scheduled to arrive in Chicago at six o'clock on the morning of the following day. Mr. Bangs himself was in charge of the train when I joined it at Cleveland. I shall never forget the look of triumph that illumined the face of the great postal official as he stood upon the platform, watch in hand, as the mighty train, all of postal cars, came thundering into the station at Cleveland, on time.

It was interesting to talk with Mr. Bangs, seated as we were together on mail pouches and watching the postal clerks at their work, while the train sped upon its way. He told of the incidents of the momentous journey and of his campaigns with railway officials, finally expressing his high appre-

THE FAST MAIL

ciation and regard for the officials of the New York Central and the Lake Shore railways, who, so soon as they understood the matter, entered into it with enthusiasm, and provided this splendid train, thoroughly equipped for the service. As for the matter of the importance of a fast mail service, he said, "After loading this train to its utmost capacity, we left a large amount of mail on the platform in New York which we could not take. The fast mail is now established for all time. The public will never permit it to be discontinued."

Upon arriving at Toledo,— I think it was Toledo, — we were about twenty minutes late. The division superintendent of the railway, with Bangs, walked forward on the platform to the engine, and I followed. The schedule time for the train was fast for those days, and it was important to the railway that it should arrive on time, as the whole nation was watching it through the public press. The engineer leaned out of his cab as the superintendent spoke to him a few hurried words, of which I only heard him say as we hastily withdrew to the car, "You must make it."

We drove into the Lake Shore station at Chicago and stopped, some said, a minute ahead of, certainly on, time,— and the fast mail service was inaugurated. From that day forward there has never

been a cessation of the fast mail service. Its benefits were so immediately apparent and gratifying that every one appreciated them. The people would no more consent to returning to the old system than they would to going back to the old stage-coach mail routes.

The public watched this fast mail experiment with profound interest. There were those who said that such an innovation would be too expensive and was unnecessary. I remember that the St. Louis papers grumbled because the experiment was not made in the direction of St. Louis instead of Chicago, and assailed Mr. Bangs for taking the Chicago route. Wagers were made that the train would not make schedule time. The daily papers published reports from the train, and bulletins were displayed giving the time it was making from hour to hour. It was important to the railway officials that a train, every movement of which was being watched by the people of the whole great nation, should be on time. No man felt this in a greater degree than the engineer who made the final run into Chicago. He was wrought up to such a degree as to be overcome, but he held on until the goal was reached. As we got out of the cars there were a number of persons gathered about the engine. Upon approaching it we found the engineer lying flat upon his back in

the cab. He had held the lever and kept his train in hand until he reached his destination, but upon releasing his grasp, had fallen back apparently dead; the great strain had been too much for him. But the brave engineer was soon restored to consciousness.

All the leading railways of the United States, East and West and North and South, now have fast mail trains, the speed of which averages forty miles an hour. They cover thousands of miles in extent, and each is equipped with the finest mail cars and ample crews of the most competent and efficient postal railway clerks. Trips both ways are made over these roads by fast mail trains every day.

As men and women read their letters from home and friends and kindred thousands of miles away, almost before the ink with which they are written is dry; as business men receive cash remittances and households get returns from their mail orders with such promptness; as, hundreds of miles from the metropolis where they are printed, we read at breakfast in our morning papers the news from every part of the globe, it is eminently proper, fitting, and just that we pause to reflect upon how and when and by whom all this has been made possible. When we so pause and reflect, we must place high

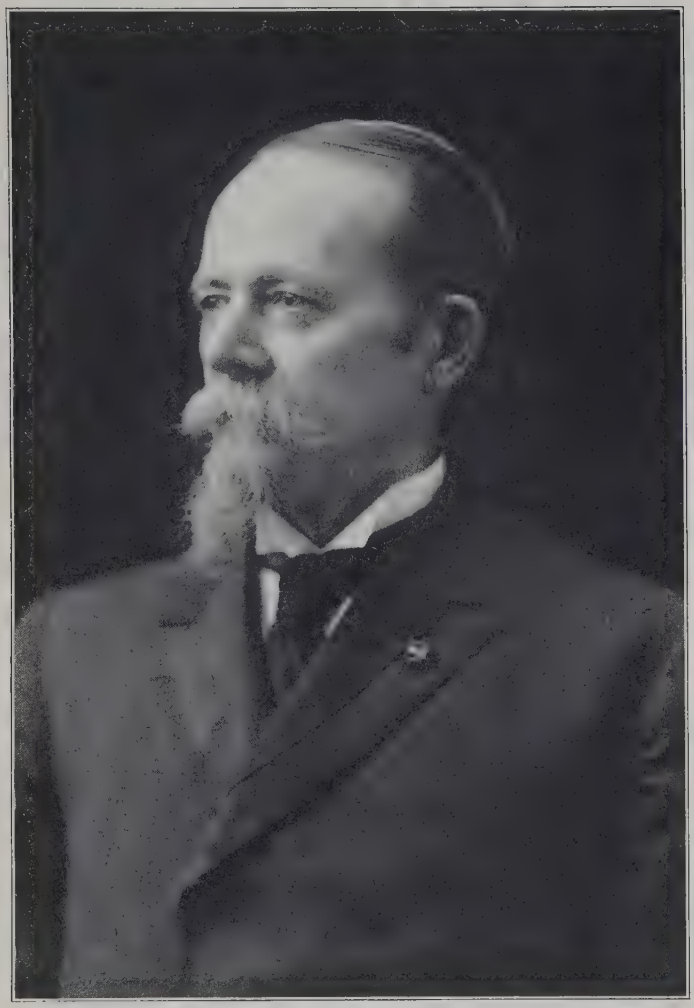
upon the scroll of fame the names of George B. Armstrong and George S. Bangs.

CAPTAIN JAMES E. WHITE

In 1870 at Chicago, George S. Bangs introduced me to Captain James E. White, then quite a young man.

Mr. Bangs spoke of the young gentleman in terms of high commendation, saying that he had served for several years as a postal clerk, was capable and efficient enough to attract the attention of both George B. Armstrong and himself, and that they were about to make him, or had made him, chief postal clerk at Omaha. Captain White held this position of chief head clerk until the reorganization of the service through the retirement of Mr. Armstrong and the appointment of Mr. Bangs to the position of general superintendent, when, after a brief interval, he was made superintendent of the sixth division.

Finally, after several years of honorable service, Captain White was made general superintendent of the railway mail service at Washington. In the interim between the retirement of Mr. Bangs and this last promotion of Captain White, six persons held the position of general superintendent of the railway mail service, performing its duties conscientiously and ably and with credit to themselves. It was



JAMES E. WHITE

not my privilege to know those gentlemen so intimately as I knew Armstrong, Bangs, and White, and therefore I cannot venture to give an account of their valuable services. They were Theodore N. Vail, William B. Thompson, John Jameson, Thomas E. Nash, William L. Bancroft, and J. Lowrie Bell.

On February 4, 1907, on account of failing health, Captain White retired from the service. He had held the position of general superintendent for sixteen years, a period longer than that of all the six general superintendents between the retirement of Mr. Bangs and his own accession, combined.

When Captain White retired, the Postmaster-General, the Hon. G. B. Cortelyou, wrote a letter highly commendatory of his long and faithful service, which was read with great interest and satisfaction throughout the country.

While Captain White was general superintendent, the postal railway service was increased enormously. When he became general superintendent, October 4, 1890, the number of postal railway clerks was 5,836. When he retired, February 4, 1907, the number was about 14,000, an increase of about 8,164. The number of miles of railway upon which mail was carried when Captain White became general superintendent was about 154,779. When

he resigned, the mail was carried upon 203,000 miles of railway, an increase of 49,000 miles. The annual transportation of mails increased during these sixteen years about 161,945,391 miles. The annual miles of service performed by crews increased, during the sixteen years, about 146,509,096 miles. The number of pieces handled of all classes increased 11,684,158,875.

There was a remarkable decrease in mistakes in proportion to pieces of mail handled, during Captain White's superintendency. In 1890 out of 7,847,723,600 pieces of mail handled, 2,834 were distributed correctly for every mistake, while in 1906, in handling 19,531,882,475, there was but one mistake in handling 11,822 pieces, a very remarkable showing, considering that the work of the railway postal clerks has increased in other directions to a degree not deemed possible a few years ago.

Well might Captain White proudly exclaim in a letter to the writer, received since his retirement:

> The railway postal clerks deserve the highest commendation for the steadfastness of purpose they have manifested, the energy they have displayed, and their persistence in developing that concentration of mind upon the acquisition of knowledge of the work in which they are engaged — and memorizing it — that is so essential to efficiency and usefulness.

Time and space do not permit going into a detailed account of the improvements of the railway mail service in the handling and despatch of registered letters and packages. Such a detailed account would prove the high character and strict integrity of the railway mail clerks as well as show that there has been as great improvement in this important branch of the service.

THE EXAMINATION CASE

Had Captain White done no more than invent and put into operation the examination case, he would have accomplished enough to place his name high up among those of the illustrious men whose achievements created and brought to the highest efficiency the railway mail service. That device is a perfect test of the ability, the aptitude, the efficiency of every individual railway mail clerk in the United States. It makes no mistakes. It deals honestly and justly with each man who comes before it. There is no favoritism. It accords to every man the full meed of credit he deserves, just that and no more, and it exposes inefficiency and weakness. While it recognizes capacity and encourages the deserving, it has no patience with the incompetent and unworthy, and they are glad to retire from its august presence to other vocations. It is not re-

markable that the unworthy tremble when required to stand before and be judged by such an inexorable tribunal. It is not remarkable that it should have been given the title of the "sweat" case.*

Captain White was a patriotic Union soldier in the Civil War and was wounded in his country's service. In his career as a postal official, through the grades of the railway mail service, he has imbued and maintained among all those in his department an *esprit de corps* that has given life and ambition and character and devotion to those with whom he has come in contact. Sitting at the feet of George B. Armstrong and George S. Bangs, and learning of them, he drank from the copious fountains of their experience and wisdom, and his breast became animated with the emotions that moved them. Their influence upon his youthful sensibilities caused him to think as they thought and to do as they did, to such a degree that in his judgment the delay of a letter was a crime, and with him carelessness or neglect in handling of mail was inexcusable.

---

*Captain White also originated "The schedule of mail and express trains at junctions."

The initial schedule was for the State of Wisconsin and was printed in the March, 1872, number of the "Chicago Postal Record." It was immediately approved by General Superintendent Bangs, who predicted it would become of inestimable value, and directed its use throughout the service. This schedule was followed month by month by schedules of other States. The first schedules had footnotes explaining and illustrating how they were intended to be applied, and the clerks soon understood the method sufficiently to make the discontinuance of these notes feasible.

There was in his estimation no higher attribute of government than that of facilitating intercommunication among the people, and with the least possible delay bringing information to them from all parts of the world through the newspapers and

---

The first schedules were in sheet form, the next in book form, containing the names of the junctions and the information under each, as for instance:

JUNCTIONS		MAIL	EXPRESS
PEORIA			
Bureau Junc. & Peoria, Agt.	Leave	8:45 A. M.	10:00 P. M.
	Arrive	5:00 P. M.	6:00 A. M.
Indianapolis & Peoria, Agt.	Leave	9:05 A. M.	7:25 P. M.
	Arrive	3:20 P. M.	7:40 A. M.
Logansport & Warsaw, Agt.	E.	9:05 A. M.	7:15 P. M.
	W.	2:55 P. M.	8:40 A. M.
Peoria & Decatur, Agt.	Leave	11:45 A. M.	4:45 P. M.
	Arrive	7:15 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
Peoria & Galesburg, Agt.	Leave	3:20 P. M.	8:15 A. M.
	Arrive	11:25 A. M.	7:20 P. M.
Peoria & Jacksonville, Agt.	Leave	9:00 A. M.	5:00 P. M.
	Arrive	10:20 P. M.	7:00 P. M.
Peoria & Terre Haute, Agt.	Leave	10:50 A. M.	
	Arrive	3:10 P. M.	
Rock Island & Peoria, Agt.	Leave	8:50 A. M.	
	Arrive	6:30 P. M.	
Chicago & Peoria, Agt.	Leave	7:40 A. M.	
	Arrive	8:00 P. M.	
MACKINAW			
Indianapolis & Peoria, Agt.	E.	10:05 A. M.	8:37 P. M.
	W.	2:36 P. M.	6:29 A. M.
Peoria & Terre Haute, Agt.	E.	11:24 A. M.	
	W.	2:22 P. M.	
PARIS			
Danville & Vincennes, Agt.	N.	7:30 A. M.	
	S.	5:40 P. M.	
Indianapolis, Pana & St. L. R. P. O.	E.	2:43 P. M.	12:51 A. M.
	W.	11:21 A. M.	2:04 A. M.
Peoria & Terre Haute, Agt.	E.	6:00 P. M.	11:40 A. M.
	W.	8:10 A. M.	6:25 P. M.

Next came the sheet form again, which was more artistic and embraced all the States in the division and more information. The above example was copied from a schedule issued August 5, 1878.

public journals. He thought no effort should be spared and no outlay in appropriations by Congress wihtheld, that would tend to bring about these results.

Captain White also realized that in order to make effective the work of the government in providing fast mail trains, with their equipment and all other appliances, the men in the postal railway service should be thoroughly equipped and ready upon the instant, through study and training, to handle and distribute all mail, and that they be conscientious in the performance of duty. He brought those men up to his own ideals — the highest standard of excellence, and kept them there during all his career as superintendent.

Captain White has laid down his burdens and retired to private life to try to recuperate from the strain of his long and arduous labors in the service of his country, followed by the affection and devotion of every man who ever knew him, and especially of those who served with him and under him. It is hardly possible that any other man could have accomplished so much in extending the scope and enlarging the bounds and usefulness of the railway mail service. Certain it is that no other man could have built up a more intelligent and efficient corps of men than those in that service.

During several years Captain White has had the assistance and support of Mr. Alexander Grant, who grew up and was trained under his eye, a man who has gained the confidence and esteem of the men in the service. Upon Mr. Grant's shoulders has fallen the mantle of Captain White. Most properly he has been appointed to succeed his chief as general superintendent.

THE MEN OF THE POSTAL RAILWAY SERVICE

The men of the postal railway service perform their duties so quietly and with so little ostentation that the general public hardly realizes that they exist. Yet there is no class of men in the Government who bring to their vocation more intelligence, or are better equipped for their duties. In the education of the schools they are proficient, and in all that pertains to their duties there are no more exact and thorough specialists. They have been tried and found worthy and thoroughly competent before that august tribunal, the sweat case. They know every route and every connection of every railway, and so completely have they mastered the problems connected with them that to throw a piece of mail right has become so natural that they cannot, without doing violence to their sensibilities, throw it wrong.

There is no class of men more conscientious and faithful. In the mails there appears to them nothing so unimportant or trivial that it can be neglected or slighted. A little child's letter to Santa Claus is forwarded with care and attention not less faithful than that of a registered parcel of great value. Of no other service can it be truthfully said that in 11,822 specific acts, as involved in the distribution of mail, only one mistake is made.

As has been said, the postal clerks who handle the vast amount of mail carried upon the railways number fourteen thousand. Their duties are exacting. They must be at their posts, ready to go out, at a specified moment. For them to fail would cause disappointment and grief, and might disarrange and overwhelm vast business enterprises. To have a proper realization of how important they are to the public weal, let one imagine them to cease work for twenty-four hours. The business of the country would be for the time being paralyzed, and the wheels of Government stopped in their revolutions.

There is no governmental service more laborious and exacting. They must be alert every moment, and the work must be performed with celerity and despatch. As the train speeds on its way out, showers of mail pour in, which, unless cleared away, will overwhelm the whole force in a car. There

ALEXANDER GRANT

is scarcely any other work so trying upon the nerves or so fatiguing.

They are, while the train is in motion, always exposed to danger. At all hours of the day or night, in pitch darkness, when storms are raging, streams are swollen, and bridges unsafe, when, soaked with water the roadbed is unsteady, if the train goes out, the postal clerk must be in his car. Through desert sands and miry, treacherous swamps, through deep gorges and tunnels, around precipitous rocks, along shelves chiselled into the mountain-side, the train must go. Shut in his car, though the train be flying at the utmost limit of speed, though perils threaten and dangers appal, he has no warning. He has no chance to save himself. At the last extremity the engineer and fireman may jump, the soldier may shelter himself behind the breastworks, but there is no place of refuge for the railway postal clerk. In nearly every casualty that has happened to a railway potsal clerk it has been demonstrated that when the crash came he was before his table at work, his memory enshrouded and enshrined in the messages of love and devotion and sorrow and hope he was faithfully striving to forward to their destination. When one becomes a railway postal clerk he takes his life in his hands.

During the last fiscal year (1907), there were 328

railroad accidents in which postal clerks were either killed or injured, and in which mail matter was lost or damaged. There were killed sixteen mail clerks and one weigher. Seventy-seven mail clerks were seriously injured, 414 slightly injured.

I believe that the corps of fourteen thousand railway mail clerks is the most efficient body in the public service of the United States. I believe that in intelligence and devotion to duty and in heroism they are not surpassed by any body of men, including those in the army and navy. I believe that every postal railway clerk who faithfully serves through the strength and vigor of his mature life ought to be pensioned by the Government when he retires from the service.

XXVII

JAMES J. HILL

XXVII

JAMES J. HILL

RETURNING from the Paris Exposition in June of 1900, I found Mr. James J. Hill among my fellow-passengers on shipboard. Of course, I had heard of the builder of the Great Northern Railway, the capitalist and dominant character in great railway enterprises, but I had never met him personally before. I saw him first promenading with the ladies of his party on deck, where all seemed to be enjoying the opportunity for exercise, where he was pointed out to me, and I soon after met him in the smoking-room, the assembling-place for the men on board. There, as in the business of the Northwest, he seemed to dominate the conversation, the company gathering about him and listening to every word that fell from his lips. He had been in Europe, it was stated, for the purpose of arranging loans for his various plans of upbuilding the country, and had met with success, the amount promised him being practically unlimited.

But it was from other sources that this information was imparted to me. If I had expected him to talk about railways and railway affairs — shop —

in that promiscuous gathering, I was to be agreeably disappointed. Neither then nor afterwards, during the six days of the voyage, though he was with us and one of us in the smoking-room much of the time, did he so much as refer to the great business of his life, for all that he generally led the conversation with our tacit approval and encouragement. On the contrary, he spoke generally of his early experiences in the Northwest, all of which were extremely interesting in the telling, and one of which I am able to recall.

He was sent, he said, on the 500-mile journey from Saint Paul to Winnipeg when still a young man, on an errand of importance. He was given a dog team and a helper, who was to cook and, in general, take care of him. He soon discovered that instead of the man's taking care of him, the drudgery of caring for both fell upon his own shoulders, and was speedily convinced that the fellow was both dangerous and treacherous. So sure was he that serious trouble might arise at any moment that he straightway determined to rid himself of this needless worry and burden.

Waiting until they reached an eminence that commanded an unobstructed view of the prairie in all directions for a great distance, he did up a package of provisions and, taking his companion unawares,

ordered him, rifle in hand, to return to Saint Paul, threatening his death if he turned back. Watching until he was satisfied that he was to be left alone, he went on without further mishap with his dog team, laden with supplies, leaving himself to walk as he drove. Much of the time they were forced to travel only at night, the increased cold at that time freezing the crust on the snow, which broke through in the heat and light of the sun and made progress impossible.

One night, in that wild and desolate country, he camped at the junction of two rivers, the spot now occupied by the enterprising and prosperous city of Grand Forks. At that time there was not so much as a human habitation in sight. It is hardly needful to add, in the light of Mr. Hill's subsequent career, that he accomplished all that he set out to do.

What seemed to be more surprising to me in the casual conversation of this remarkable man was the fact, soon disclosed, that he lived and moved in the realm which Colonel George R. Peck eloquently describes as "The Kingdom of Light." He seemed to have read everything, and to remember all that was best in his reading. He was familiar with the productions of the great masters of painting and sculpture in ancient and modern times, and equally well informed with the work of the artists of our own

time, of whom he has been a liberal patron. What little he said of the objects of art he had himself acquired in this way left the impression that he was a connoisseur.

He had, I also learned, given considerable attention to the speculations of philosophers, especially of such Germans as Kant and Hegel, and that he was reading Lecky's "History of European Morals," from which he quoted copiously. I did not see Mr. Hill on the wharf in the excitement of landing at New York; we did not know each other well enough to warrant a formal good-bye. I parted from him with regret, and from that day have never seen him again.

Since coming home on that voyage Mr. Hill has acquired control of the great Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway, with its vast mileage, and I do not know how many more lines. On the Pacific coast he has been able to connect the vast business of his railways with the Orient — to transport passengers and freight to China and Japan. He has built a great fleet of ocean steamships which include some of the largest vessels afloat. Instead of driving a team of dogs upon the uncertain crust of Dakota snows, he holds within his leash thousands of iron horses with breath of steam and lungs of flame, coursing upon highways of steel, which, subject to

his direction, are traversing a vast continent, and with his hand upon the ocean's mane, he is sending to the Orient and the islands of the sea, myriads of human beings and millions of tons of treasure.

Mr. Hill is constantly improving and making more valuable the properties he controls, is opening and bringing under cultivation and peopling vast regions of country, is, especially upon the Pacific coast, doubling the population and wealth of cities.

Sagacious, far-seeing, indomitable, and potential as he is, Mr. Hill appeared to us to be simply an intelligent, kindly, unobtrusive, and unpretentious American gentleman.

XXVIII

OUR CORN KITCHEN AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900

XXVIII

OUR CORN KITCHEN AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900

FORTY-FIVE years ago there was not a pound of oatmeal in the United States. Oats were as plenty then, and cheaper than they are now, but no one ground them. They were regarded only as food for horses.

In 1862 a World's Convention of physicians was held at Edinburgh, Scotland, in the course of which something was said by the Scotch doctors in regard to oatmeal gruel as a diet for patients afflicted with certain types of fever. This attracted the attention of American physicians, who soon became interested. The result of this was that they formulated a plan by which they could have oatmeal at home for their own patients.

This movement did not contemplate the introduction of oatmeal into this country as an article of food for the general public. It was designed to be used only in cases of sickness; and a wholesale drug house in New York was induced to import oatmeal for this purpose.

It came across the ocean in barrels, was put up

in five-pound tin boxes, and sold thus throughout the country; but its sale even in such quantities was limited to druggists. There are druggists still living who remember having these boxes of the precious cereal, in stock, and dealing it out by the ounce upon physicians' prescriptions. The physician wrote out the medicine required, and added so many ounces of oatmeal to be made into gruel.

It was through this that oatmeal was introduced into the United States as food for man. Enormous quantities are consumed now by our people, and most of the oatmeal eaten in Scotland to-day is exported from this country.

Many other foods have been introduced in a somewhat similar way. The potato, for example, did not come into general use even in Ireland until a little more than a century ago. It has several times saved the people of the island from starvation, and is so generally used there that the failure of the potato crop is sure to result in famine.

Samuel Pepys says in his diary under the date of September 28, 1660: "I sent for a cup of tea (a China drink) which I had never drunk before." This is thought to be the first time tea is mentioned in English literature,— less than two hundred and fifty years ago. It was long after that that tea, as it is now drunk throughout the world, came into general use.

AMERICAN CORN KITCHEN AT PARIS EXPOSITION, 1900

Our Corn Kitchen in Paris, 1900

Many men now living can remember when tomatoes were first placed upon the table as food.

When I went to Denmark as Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States in 1889 there was not a pound of corn-meal or of hominy in all Scandinavia. Having been accustomed to Indian corn as an article of food all my life, I soon felt the want of it, but sought for it in vain. Finding there was none in Denmark, I sent to my colleague, our Minister at Stockholm, and he replied that there was none in Sweden, and our Consul at Christiania made the same reply in regard to Norway.

Indian corn was imported into all three of those countries from America; but was only regarded as food for beasts, or to be distilled into spirits. Learning of a shipload of shelled corn in the harbor, I procured half a bushel and had it ground. It was not fit to eat. Exposure on the voyage had left it damp and musty. Finally I sent to a provision house in New York and received thence as fine corn-meal as I ever saw at home. It was put up in large tin boxes, not hermetically sealed, but simply kept dry. I thus learned that it was as practicable to ship corn-meal abroad as wheat flour.

I became convinced that I could do no better service to my people at home, especially to those in what is known as the "corn belt," where my home has

always been, than by getting those Scandinavians to adopt Indian corn as food. I also believed that if I could accomplish such a result it would benefit them even more than ourselves, and I accordingly recommended to our Government a policy of demonstration to those people of the excellences of Indian corn as food for man.

Previous to my appointment the great agricultural interests of the Government were administered by a bureau of the Interior Department. Now this great industry had been elevated to a department of the Government. The Hon. Jeremiah M. Rusk of Wisconsin, who should always be remembered with gratitude by the farmers of this country, was made the first Secretary of Agriculture.

Secretary Rusk who was impressed with the importance of such a movement, took up the matter at once, and carried it into effect by sending to Europe Colonel Charles J. Murphy, who had already in more ways than one proved his interest in the matter, having given many years to efficient and valuable service to this work. I was in frequent correspondence with him before he arrived in Denmark. He first went to Scotland and Germany. He and I labored in harmony together, and I continued the work after his departure, so long as I remained there. As a result, the year after I returned home,

two hundred barrels of corn-meal were shipped from New York to Copenhagen. The next year the amount was doubled; the next year it had doubled again and the export had continued to augment from that time. The last annual report I have seen shows that twelve hundred barrels were shipped to that port within a twelvemonth.

My interest thus aroused was to manifest itself in broader fields than those of Denmark.

Ferdinand W. Peck, of Chicago, was Commissioner-General of the United States in charge of our exhibits at the Paris Exposition. A man of ability, resourceful, energetic, courageous, he sought in every way to place his country in her proper position before the people assembling at the French capital as the foremost producing nation of the world.

Realizing the need for proving the value of Indian corn as food for man, he decided to establish an American Corn Kitchen at the Exposition and asked me to organize it. I consented to do so upon condition that the Hon. B. W. Snow, an expert in all matters pertaining to agriculture, though now a Chicago alderman, should be my assistant.

We were given a location at the Exposition which at first seemed too much out of the way to be desirable, but we soon found that the position assigned us was better for the Kitchen than to have had it

placed on an aisle through which numbers were to pass. Even as it was, we were often in danger of being overwhelmed with guests.

We decided to serve corn foods as perfectly prepared as possible, entirely free of charge, to every one who came. My first thought was to have only the cheapest of corn foods and announce the cost to show how cheap it was, the cooking to be what is colloquially known as plantation cooking. With this in view we employed a colored woman known as Aunt Jemima, who was quite well known through having cooked corn foods at many fairs and corn exhibits. I thought that in this way the masses of poor people would become interested in and adopt corn as their food.

Upon reflection it occurred to me that if one announces a thing as provided for the poor because it is cheap, the poor will have nothing to do with it. But if it is announced as the very best food procurable and is thus placed before the public and the prominent and wealthy and noble induced to adopt it, the poor will tumble over each other to get it. If then, upon trial, they find it to be all that it is advertised and so cheap as to be within their means, they will never give it up.

One of the best chefs in Chicago was Henry Weis, of the Auditorium Hotel. Through the influence of

Commissioner-General Peck, his employers were induced to lend him to the Corn Kitchen. He was delighted to go back to his native land, and thus he became the chef of the institution. But we did not give up good, genial, picturesque Aunt Jemima, with her plantation cooking. Besides these, we had other competent cooks as assistants, and the necessary waiters and other help.

The Corn Kitchen was equipped with two fine gas ranges, as gas was the only fuel permitted, good cooking utensils, serviceable chinaware, plenty of shelving, a room with sinks and pans for dish-washing, and everything so required for a first-class restaurant, the ranges and most of the equipment having been bought by Mr. Snow in Chicago and shipped over.

Around the front of the Kitchen ran an ordinary lunch counter about forty feet long, upon which the viands were served, giving standing room for many guests.

There was no charge for anything. Everybody was invited to partake of the foods, though precautions were taken that they did not come too often. At first we were overwhelmed by Americans, but a hint that the Kitchen was not necessary to teach them to eat corn foods was usually sufficient to keep them away, except to come and find how the

institution, in which they took great interest, was going on.

As careful counting of the number served each day as could be made demonstrated that more than a hundred and twelve thousand persons partook of our corn foods. Of these, the greater number of course were French, but there were thousands from every country of Europe and many from Turkey, Egypt, Japan, and China.

Provision houses in Paris soon imported corn foods, and we distributed leaflets showing where in Paris corn-meal, hominy, and other similar material could be bought and how they should be cooked.

The innumerable dishes made of corn were all served in the Kitchen, among them — corn soup in cups, corn bread, corn fritters, corn griddle cakes, corn mush, johnny cake, hominies, green corn, succotash, hulled corn, and corn patties.

Mr. Weis, the chef, proved to be an artist in the preparation of corn foods. His corn soup was delicious, and so was everything he made. His greatest triumph was in corn patties. He himself made the shells, mostly of corn, which he filled with great white delicate kernels of hulled corn, flavored with a delicious sauce. They would melt in one's mouth.

While Mr. Weis and his assistants were preparing these fine foods, Aunt Jemima was making grid-

dle cakes. She prepared a great quantity of batter before the Kitchen opened in the morning and baked the cakes, which of course were small, on a thin flat polished steel griddle two and a half feet square, under which burned two dozen gas jets. I think that she could have made these delicious cakes for a regiment.

Complaints soon began to come in from the city that the cooks were not able to prepare the corn foods so well as it was done at the Kitchen. We did not begin serving until eleven o'clock in the morning, the chef preparing the foods as far as possible before we opened. I suggested to Weis that we invite the chefs from restaurants and private houses to come in and see the foods cooked. This they were glad to do, and it was interesting to see them standing before the ranges watching the cooking. The Kitchen thus became a training-school for corn-cooking.

Most of the corn foods we used were presented to the Kitchen without charge, we paying the freight. One firm to whom Mr. Snow applied for hominy answered that they would give us free of charge two tons. A firm in Peoria gave us six hundred quart cans of the best "Cupid" brand of hulled corn, or lye hominy.

The formal opening of the Kitchen was attended

by some of the most distinguished personages connected with the Exposition, Commissioner-General Peck presiding. He brought with him several of his colleagues, the Commissioners-General of other countries. General Horace Porter, our illustrious Ambassador to France, who did everything in his power during all the season to bring the work of the Corn Kitchen and our great cereal to the attention of the world, made the principal address. Our Commissioner-General made the address of welcome, and I followed, giving a brief account of the objects of the demonstration to illustrate to the world the excellence of Indian corn as food for man.

We served a superb luncheon entirely of corn foods, of which all partook, vying with one another in commendation of the victuals. At one time during the luncheon, becoming anxious lest the dishes should not be served so promptly by our limited number of waiters as was desirable, I myself took hold, as I should have done in similar circumstances in my own home, and waited upon some of the guests. This was taken up and commented upon by a Paris newspaper, which said that "it showed why Americans were so successful in putting forward their products,— because a distinguished diplomat who had formerly been an ambassador had taken hold and waited upon the guests with his own hands."

HORACE PORTER

We occasionally had distinguished Americans as our guests, among them the Ambassador and his family, Mrs. Potter Palmer, herself an American commissioner of the Exposition, Mrs. General Logan, and Mr. and Mrs. John Monroe, of the great Paris banking house.

The Paris newspapers were most generous and enthusiastic in commendation of the Corn Kitchen, that great journal, *Le Temps*, especially so. *Le Temps* had each week a great edition designed especially for circulation in the rural districts of France. In one of these they gave an entire page to the American Corn Kitchen. The agricultural editor of this paper one day suggested to me that he was thinking of recommending in his columns to the French farmers that they grow Indian corn for food upon their own tables. This did not at first strike me favorably, as our object was to make a market for our own corn. Upon reflection, however, I concluded to advise him to recommend that they raise corn, which he did. It would encourage these people to eat corn, and certainly their product on their little strips of land could not compete with the vast amount we grow upon our quarter sections.

After remaining three months and getting the Kitchen into good working order we turned it over to Mr. Charles R. Dodge, chief of the division of

agriculture, under whose direction it was conducted until the Exposition closed.

The cost of the Corn Kitchen to the Government was about $12,000.

The consumption of Indian corn as food for man is extending throughout the world. It is found upon the tables of tens of thousands of people who only a few years ago had no knowledge of its excellence. When the Corn Kitchen opened in 1900, there was not a restaurant in Paris in which it was served. To-day there is scarcely a restaurant in Paris where it cannot be obtained — due almost entirely to our efforts as described. I read in the newspapers a short time ago that the Sultan of Turkey has for his breakfast hominy prepared as it was in the Corn Kitchen at Paris. A vast field can be opened to us in the Orient, in Japan and China.

We produced when the Kitchen opened two thousand million bushels of corn annually. By adding one cent a bushel to its price we gain annually twenty millions, and in ten years two hundred millions of dollars, in the value of the crop. The amount of corn produced at this time is much greater.

Early in 1900, when the Kitchen was opened, it was estimated that only thirty-one per cent of the people of the earth knew anything of Indian corn as food for man. Sixty-nine per cent, if they knew

anything of this cereal, regarded it only as food for beasts or for distilling into spirits. That so few knew of it as human food was entirely our own fault. We might at a trifling expense have brought its merits to the attention of the world long before.

When we reflect that Indian corn occupies the leading position in the agriculture of the United States and that our country has practically a monopoly of its production as against all the other countries of the earth, that in foreign markets we do not have to compete in corn with other countries as is the case with wheat and other cereals, it is remarkable that greater effort has not been made to extend the uses and demand for it.

In a careful analysis of all the cereals we produce, Dr. H. W. Wiley, chief chemist of the Department of Agriculture, long ago declared that maize is fully equal in value as a food to any other cereal. We Americans know that it is palatable and wholesome. Why not extend its use? Why not renew efforts to further its use as food similar to those made in the Corn Kitchen at Paris?

There are Americans abroad who are working to this end. That is the case with some of our consuls. Colonel Murphy, hereinbefore mentioned, has devoted his mature life to the work. These men should be sustained and encouraged. To feed hungry men

and women and children is worth all that it will cost this prosperous, opulent, and happy people, if we receive no other compensation.

In 1887 and 1888 eight millions of people starved to death in India, four times the population of Chicago, and double the population of Illinois, dying of hunger and of the diseases incident thereto. Were we not in some degree responsible for that awful famine? At that very time in certain localities of our own country the best of Indian corn was being burned as fuel. True, had we sent it to them those poor people would not have known how to use it. We might as well have sent them chips and sawdust. They had had no Corn Kitchen. But think of what a market there would have been for our corn, and what a market there would always be in the Orient, upon failure of the rice crop, if they had been taught how to use Indian corn as food. Some one has said that "the highest statesmanship is the most enlightened selfishness." Nothing more conclusively proves the truth of this maxim than our dealing with Indian corn.

There is an abundance of food produced upon the earth, enough to feed all the peoples of every region and of every clime. The sails of thousands of ships whiten the seas. Millions of revolving wheels,

bearing the bountiful products of our farms that

"Far outshine the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,"

are forever rolling. How to increase the demand for these products is one of the most important problems that confronts us.

The sentiment that "he who makes two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before is a public benefactor" has been so often expressed that it has become trite. In these days of abundance and want, of opulence and penury, of satiety and starvation, he who makes two measures of nutritious, palatable, wholesome food to go where but one went before, is the true benefactor.

THE END

INDEX

INDEX

ABOLITION, Owen Lovejoy on, 276; Judge Kellogg's statement of Republican party's attitude toward, 334
Adams, John, 223
— John Quincy, 223
Agriculture, creation of department of, 426
Alexandria, Queen, 113, 115, 116, 126, 153, 158, 165, 246
Alps, 41, 42, 96
Altona, Ill., 368
Amaliaborg, palace of, 147, 244
America, early discoveries in, as recorded in Flatey Book, 185, 187, 193, 195–198, 202, 203
Americans a democratic people, 154
Americus Vespucius, suggestion that America was not named for, 198
Anderson, Hon. Rasmus B., 148, 149
Armstrong, George B., 373–390, 402, 403, 406
Arnold, Hon. Isaac N., 138, 368
"Aunt Jemima" at American Corn Kitchen, Paris Exposition, 428–431
Aurora, Ill., 369, 370, 375, 389

BADGER, Sen., of North Carolina, 319
Baker, Col. Edward D., 257–270
Baltimore National Republican Convention of 1864, 134-136, 140
Baltimore, U. S. ship, 121, 356-358, 360
Bancroft, William L., 403
Bangs, George S., 369, 375, 376, 379, 381, 388–403, 406
Bank of California, San Francisco, 48
Bards, Norse, 192
Barn, palatial, of California millionaire, 54
Barnum's Hotel, Baltimore, 140
Bateman, Newton, 323, 324, 328
"Battle Cry of Freedom," 345–348
Beecher, Henry Ward, 229–234, 337
Bell, J. Lowrie, 403
Belmont, William C. Ralston's country place, 50, 53
"Ben Bolt," 344
Bernstoff, palace of, 121
Bierstadt, —, painter of the Yosemite Valley, 92
"Big Four, The," 43
Bille, Mr., Danish Minister, 243
Bissell, Col. William H., 277–281
Black Hills, 18
Blair, Hon. Montgomery, 381, 382, 386
Blairs, the, Conservatives in campaign of 1864, 139
Bloomington, Ill., 273, 274
Bonanza fortunes in Bank of California, 49, 55

Boone, Iowa, 382
Bowles, Samuel, 137
Bradley, Judge Joseph C., 297, 299, 304
Breckenridge, Senator John C., 262–268
—, Judge Samuel M., 138, 139
Brevity of our national history, illustrated, 222, 223
Bridal Veil Fall, Yosemite Valley, 91
Broderick, —, duellist with Judge David S. Terry, 51
Brunn, Mr., librarian Royal Library, Copenhagen, 187, 188
Bryant, John H., 274
—, William Cullen, 274
Bryant's Grove, Princeton, Ill., 274
Buchanan, President, 277, 318, 319
Buffalo herds on the plains in 1869, 17
Bunn, Jacob, 326
Burlington Railway, *see* Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy R. R.
Butler, Benjamin F., 211–214
Byers, Major Samuel H. M., 170, 171, 176

CABINET woods from Mariposa, Cal., 72, 73
Cairo, Ill., importance of post-office during Civil War, 377–379
California, 28, 29, 40–103, 259–262, 338
"Carpet-baggers," 17, 38
Carr, Col. B. O., 211
—, Col. Clark E., on Western tour, 1869, 15–103; reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, 107–109; Minister Plenipotentiary at Danish Court, 113-129, 147–160, 163-165, 241–247, 425; at Republican National Convention, 1864, 134–144; recollections of General Sherman, 169–176; Commissioner of Soldiers' National Cemetery at Gettysburg, 181; secured Flatey Book from Denmark for World's Columbian Exposition, 185–190; recollections of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, 211–214; of President Martin Van Buren, 219–225; of sermon by Henry Ward Beecher, 229–234; of Hon. John C. New and Roscoe Conkling, 237, 238; of Sen. Shelby M. Cullom and King Christian IX of Denmark, 241–247; of Abraham Lincoln, Owen Lovejoy, and John G. Nicolay, 251–253; of Sen. Edward D. Baker, 257–270; of Abraham Lincoln, Owen Lovejoy, William H. Bissell, and Joseph Knox, 273–281; of Sen. Oliver P. Morton, 285–289; of the Hayes-Tilden Campaign, 293–306; of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, 309–312; of Benjamin F. Wade and Chief Justice Roger B. Taney, 315–320; of the Greeley Campaign in Illinois, 1872, 323–328; of the Ingersoll-Kellogg debate on the Fugitive Slave Law, 331–338; of the songs of the Civil War period and of George F. Root, 341–348; of the honors paid John Ericsson's remains in Sweden, 351–363; of the organization of the Railway Mail Service,

Carr — *Continued.*
367–412; appreciation of J. J. Hill, 415–419; interest in the American Corn Kitchen at Paris Exposition, 423–437.
—, Mrs. Clark E., 114, 116, 117, 121, 124, 125, 128, 148
—, Gen. E. A., 18
Cass, General, 221
Cathedral Rock, Yosemite Valley, 90
Cathedral Spires, Yosemite Valley, 90, 96
Cattle on the plains in 1869, 18
Central Pacific Railway, 43
Chase, Salmon P., 134, 136, 319
Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railway, 368, 370, 383
"Chicago Postal Record," 406
Chicago, scene of organization of Railway Mail Service, 367 *et seq.*
Chicago *Tribune*, 137, 373
Chicago & Northwestern Railway, 382
Chicago & Rock Island Railway, 383
Chickasaw Bayou, 172
Chinese Exclusion Act, 47, 48, 52
Christian IX, late King of Denmark, 114–118, 121, 147–160, 163, 165, 243–247
Church hierarchy in Utah, 33
Church, Captain L. B., 170–172, 174, 176
Civil service in Mail Service, 390, 391, 397
Clark's ranch, 79
Cleveland Radical Democracy Convention of 1864, 136
Cliff House, San Francisco, 45
Clinton, Iowa, 382
Cochrane, John, 136, 144
Codex Flateyensis, 185–207
Colfax, Cal., 36
—, Hon. Schuyler, 381
Colton, Cal., 51
—, Gen. David D., 51
"Colton Prize, The," Knox College, 51
Columbus's discovery of America, 193, 199, 203–207
Commissioners, Government, in control of Yosemite Valley, 94
Common language once spoken throughout Scandinavia, 190–192
Confederate army before Washington, 267
Conkling, Roscoe, 237, 238
"Conservatives of Missouri" in 1864, 135, 138–141
Cook, Burton C., 140
"Coon-skin and hard cider" campaign, 220
Copenhagen, 117, 121, 128, 147, 148, 150, 153, 160, 163, 164, 241–243, 352
Corfu, King George's estate on, 126
Corn Kitchen at Paris Exposition, 423–437
— meal, use of, 425–437
"Coronation," hymn, 347
Cortelyou, Hon. G. B., 403
Cosmopolitan population of San Francisco, 45
Council Bluffs, Iowa, 382
Cowcatcher, ride down a mountain on, 18–22
Credit Mobilier scandals, 213
Crocker, Charles, 43
Cullom, Sen. Shelby M., 33, 241–247
Cultus, Danish Minister of, 186

Cumberland, Duchess of, 113, 115, 158, 165
Curtis, George William, 392–394, 397
Customs duties, 42

Danish royal family, 113–129, 147–160, 163–165, 246
"Danites," 24
Davidson, Hon. William T., 258
Davis, Judge David, 298
Davis, Jefferson, 264, 279–281, 310, 325
—, William A., 385
Debates, reason for political, 332, 333
Delaware's electoral vote in re-election of Lincoln, 144
Deliberation characteristic of Danish Government, 189
Democratic party, 56, 61, 143, 213, 221, 262, 276, 293, 297–300, 324, 325, 331, 335, 338
Denmark, Crown Princess of, 116, 121, 152
Dickens, Charles, 75
"Dickens in Camp," 76, 77
Discovery of America, Norse accounts of, 187, 193, 195–198, 206, 207
Dodge, Charles R., 433
Dome, Yosemite Valley, 100
Douglas, Stephen A., 107, 222, 276, 331–335, 337
Downer's Grove, Ill., 369
Downing, George, 181, 182
Dred Scott case, 315, 316, 320
Dubois, Jesse K., 323, 324, 327, 328
Du Chailleu, Paul, 193
Duel, threatened, between Jefferson Davis and Gov. William H. Bissell, 279–281
Dunn's Hall, Galesburg, Ill., 333

Eastman, Col. Francis A., 379
Eaton, Dorman B., 392
Eddas, Norse, 193
Eddy, Hon. W. H. ("Hoss Eddy"), 367–370, 372
Edmunds, Sen. George F., 34
El Capitan, Yosemite Valley, 90
Electoral Commission's decision of Hayes-Tilden vote, 293–306
Elsinore, scene of "Hamlet," 118
Encyclopædia Britannica quoted, 206
English, Doctor, author of "Ben Bolt," 344
English spoken by Danish royal family, 119, 150
Eric the Red, Norse viking, 195
Ericsson, John, 351–363
—, Leif, 196–199, 202, 203, 206, 207, 362
Erie Railway, 383
Etiquette at Danish Court, 117, 119, 120, 147–150, 152–157, 163, 243, 244
Evarts, Hon. William M., 296, 304
Examination case in use in Mail Service, 405, 406. *See also* "Sweat Case."
Ezrom Sea, 117

Fairbanks, Charles Warren, 289
Farmington, Fulton Co., Ill., 37
Fast Mail, 388, 397–401
Fessenden, Senator, 265, 266
"Fifty-four-forty or fight," 56
Fillmore, Millard, 181, 182
Finch, Col. Caleb, 259–262
Fiske, John, 198

Flag, Senator Baker's speech for safety and honor of, 269
Flatey Book, *see* Codex Flateyensis
Flateyjar Book, *see* Codex Flateyensis
Flatöe manuscript, *see* Codex Flateyensis
"Flower Queen, The," George F. Root, 343
Foote, Rev. Dr. Horatio, 311
Fort McPherson, 18
Fort Sumter fired on, 338
"Forty-niners," 58–64
Franklin, Benjamin, 154, 371
Fredensborg, palace of, 117, 119, 147, 148
Frederick, Crown Prince (now King) of Denmark, 113, 115, 116, 152–154, 158, 159, 160, 165
Free Soil party, 220, 221, 275
Free-trade country, United States the greatest, 42
Frémont, John C., 37, 60, 72, 136, 139, 144
Friendly relations between United States and Denmark, 188, 200, 201
Fruits of Utah, 25; of California, 52
Fugitive Slave Law, 182, 275, 332, 334–337
Fulton County Democrat, 258

GALESBURG, Ill., 51, 259, 332–335, 338, 372
Galileo, 205
Garfield, James A., 213
Garrison, William Lloyd, 337
Gentiles residing at Salt Lake City, 23, 24, 26
German citizens of Cal., 43, 44
Gettysburg, Lincoln at, 108, 252
Giddings, Joshua R., 337
Glucksborg, Prince Hans of, 163–165
Gold basis, California on, in 1869, 49
Gold, discovery of, in California, 57, 58, 61
Gold-seekers, Salt Lake a stopping place for, 28, 29
Goos, Mr., Danish Minister of *Cultus*, 186, 187
Government relations with Mormons, 28–34
Grand Canyon of the Colorado, 91–94
Grand Forks, North Dakota, 417
Grand Review at Washington, 173
Grant, Alexander, 409
Grant, Gen. U. S., 59, 139, 142, 172, 214, 323, 326, 328
Great Britain's surrender of the "Oregon Country," 56, 57
Great Northern Railway, 415
Greece, King George of, 113, 115, 126, 153, 158, 159, 165
Greece, Queen of, 153
Greeley, Horace, 39, 137, 323–328
Greenback party, 298, 299
Guadalope Hidalgo, treaty of, 57
Guitteau trial, 214

HALF Dome, Yosemite Valley, 90, 100
"Hamburg," hymn of, 347
Hamilton, Alexander, 223
"Hamlet," castle where scene of, was placed, 118
Hardin, Col. John J., 278
Harper's Magazine, 397
Harrison, Benjamin, 221, 289
—, Gov. Benjamin, 220

Harrison, Gen. William H., 220
Harte, Bret, quoted, 75–77
Hatch, Mr. and Mrs., of White and Hatch's ranch, California, 82
Hatch, Ozias M., 323, 324, 327
Hayes and Tilden campaign in Indiana, 285–289
—, Rutherford B., 293–306
"Haymakers, The," George F. Root, 343
Hayward, Mr., of San Francisco, 54
"Hazel Dell, The," George F. Root, 343
Heber, Bishop, hymn-writer, 347
"Hebron," hymn of, 347
Hendricks, Thos. A., 286
Herald, New York, 358
Hill, James J., 415–419
Hinsdale, Ill., 369
"His Accidency" President Hayes, 300
"History of European Morals," Lecky, 418
Hopkins, Mark, 43
Huntington, Collis P., 43

ICELAND, Columbus's visit to, 204–207
—, language of, 191
Illinois, campaign of 1860 in, 37; said to have three Senators, 38; fine horses in log stables in, 54; "Forty-niners" from, 60; influence in Republican National Convention of 1864, 134–143; represented on commission of Soldiers' National Cemetery at Gettysburg by the author, 181; soldiers' gathering at Peoria, 211; Martin Van Buren's admiration for, 221, 222; as pictured by Henry Ward Beecher, 233; Edward D. Baker's fame in, 257, 258, 262; typical prairie home as pictured by Edward D. Baker, 261; Republican mass-meeting at Princeton, 1856, and speakers, 273–281; steps to have State represented in Hayes' cabinet, 294, 305; represented in Electoral Commission, 298; Republican mass-meeting at Quincy, 1864, 309; in Greeley Campaign of 1872, 323–328; Galesburg debate between Ingersoll and Kellogg, 331–338; scene of introduction of Railway Mail Service, 367 *et seq.*
— State Historical Society, 258
Independent, New York, 137
Indiana, Hayes and Tilden campaign in, 285–289
Indians on plains in 1869, 17; in Mountain Meadow massacre, 30
Ingersoll, Robert G., 211, 288, 310–312, 331, 335–338
Interlocutory habit of President Van Buren, 221, 222
Irrigation as developed in Utah, 25, 27–29
Irving's "Life of Columbus" quoted, 206, 207
Isabella, Queen of Spain, 204

JACKSON, Andrew, 219, 221, 224, 225, 317
—, Mrs., daughter of Col. and Mrs. Clark E. Carr, 125
Jacksonville, Ill., 65, 257
Jameson, John, 403

Jayne, Dr. William, 323, 324, 326, 328
Jefferson, Thomas, 223
Jennings, Mrs., of Salt Lake City, 35, 36
"Jesus, Lover of My Soul," 347
"John Brown's Soul is Marching On," 172, 174
"Just Before the Battle, Mother," 346

"KALEVALA, The," quoted, 351
"Kangaroo ticket," 211
Kansas, slavery troubles in, 231, 319, 337, 338
Kearney, Dennis, 45, 52
Kellogg, Hon. William, 331–337
Kellogg, Hon. W. P., 15–17, 19, 21, 31, 36–38, 45, 65, 103
Kent, Edward K., 220
Kentucky's electoral vote in re-election of Lincoln, 144
Keyes, Hon. E. W., 375, 376, 379, 381
Kinderhook, Martin Van Buren's home, 219, 221
Kinsley, H. M., 36, 38
Knollys, Miss, lady of honor to Princess of Wales (now Queen Alexandria), 116
Knox College, Galesburg, Ill., 51
Knox, Joseph, 273, 276–281
Kronborg, castle of, 118

LABOR demonstration in San Francisco, 45, 46
Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway, 398
Lee, John D., 30
Leibe, Mr., of Denmark, 243
Leif Ericsson, *see* Ericsson, Leif.
Leif the Lucky, *see* Ericsson, Leif.
Lewistown, Ill., 258
"Life of Columbus," Irving, quoted, 206, 207
Lincoln, Abraham, 34, 37, 44, 60, 107–109, 133–144, 251–253, 257, 262, 273–275, 298, 309, 310, 315, 317–319, 324, 332, 333, 337, 338, 372, 376, 377, 381, 388
Lincoln-Douglas debates, 107, 333
Linnegar, Hon. David T., 376–378
Lion House, Salt Lake City, 24, 27, 35
Logan, Gen. John A., 211, 298, 299, 377
—, Mrs. General, 431
London *Times*, 188
Los Angeles, California, 63
"Lost speech," Lincoln's, 37
Louise, Queen of Denmark, 113–129, 147, 148, 150, 160, 165, 246
Louisiana, 17, 37, 38
Lovejoy, Owen, 251–253, 273, 275, 276, 337
Lumbard, Frank, 346
—, Jules, 345

MADISON, James, 223
Madison, Wis., 375
"Marching through Georgia," 170–172
Marino Faliero, Doge, 320
Mariposa big trees, 79–81
Mariposa, Cal., 66, 70–72, 77, 83
Marseillaise, its influence on career of Napoleon, 341
Marshall, Chief Justice, 315
Marysville, Cal., Edward D. Baker's speech at, 259–262
Mason, Dr. Lowell, 347
Mathews, Judge Stanley, 297, 304
Maude, Princess, 153

McClellan, Gen. George B., 143, 144
McCurdy, Robert H., 181
McDonald, Sir Hugh, 243
McGrath, Capt. M. J., 383
McKinley Bill, 123
Medill, Joseph, 137, 392
Merced River, 70, 98, 101
Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, 60, 67
Mexican War, 56, 57, 257, 277–280, 338
Mexico, 57
Miller, Joaquin, 91
Milligan and Bowles conspiracy (Indiana), 289
Mills, Lieutenant, military *attaché*, 360
Minden, Kearney Co., Neb., Danish church in, 128, 129
Minister's standing at foreign court, 149
Minstrels, Norse, 192
Mirror Lake, 89, 100
Mississippi troops in Mexican War, 279
Missouri Compromise, 274, 276, 332, 334
Missouri's part in renomination of President Lincoln, 135, 138–142; sympathy with South, 309, 310
Monroe, James, 223
—, Mr. and Mrs. John, of Paris, 431
Montgomery Hotel, Montgomery St., San Francisco, 45
Mormons, 22–36, 40
Morrill, Sen. Justin S., 35
Morrison, William R., 298, 299
Morton, Oliver P., 285–289, 296, 300, 301, 303, 305
Mountain Meadow massacre, 29, 30
Mountain trout, 78
Murphy, Col. Charles J., 426, 435

Napoleon, influence of Marseillaise upon his career, 341
Nash, Thomas E., 403
Nebraska, 17, 37
Nevada, 28, 29, 39, 40
Nevada Fall, Yosemite Valley, 91
New, Hon. John C., 237, 238
—, Mrs. John C., 237, 238
New Hampshire's part in renomination of Lincoln, 134; support of Van Buren's candidacy, 222
New Jersey's electoral vote in reëlection of Lincoln, 144
New Orleans, 37, 38
New York Central & Hudson River Railway, 398, 399
New York *Herald*, 358
New York State, 39, 47
New York *Tribune*, 137
Newark, U. S. ship, 190
Newport, R. I., 181
Niagara Falls, 80
Nials Saga, 193
Nicolay, John G., 141, 142, 251, 295, 296
North American Review, 33
North Dome, Yosemite Valley, 90
North Platte, on the Platte River, 18
North Vernon, Ind., 287
Northmen, *see* Vikings.
Norway, King of, 159
Nye, Sen. James W., 35, 39, 40

Oatmeal, use of, 423, 424
Ogden, Utah, 22

Index

Oglesby, Gov., 68, 69, 309
Ohio in campaign of 1864, 136
"Old Tippecanoe," 220
"Olivet," hymn of, 347
Omaha, Neb., 397, 402
Oregon, 47, 262
"Oregon Country," 56
Organ in Mormon Tabernacle, 23
Organized labor, 46, 47
Oriental laborers on Pacific coast, 47, 48, 52

Pacific coast, labor problems, 46–48, 52; prophesied development of, 62, 63
Palmer, Mrs. Bertha Honoré, 124, 125, 433
—, John M., 323, 327
—, Potter, 369
Park, Harrison, 383
Peace, for which Confederacy urged, Senator Baker's remarks upon, 268, 269; Horace Greeley's efforts for, 325
Peck, Ferdinand W., 427, 429, 432
—, Col. George R., 417
Pennsylvania, 47, 134
Pennsylvania Railway, 383
Peoria, Ill., 211
Pepys, Samuel, quoted, 424
Peyron, Admiral, of Swedish Navy, 357
Phillips, Wendell, 136, 337
Pioneers, Gov. Richard Yates' eulogy of, 62
Pittsburg and Fort Wayne Railway, 138
Platt, Sen., his retirement from Senate, 237
Platte River, 18
Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, 229
Polk, James K., 56
Polygamy among Mormons, 24–26, 30–36
Pomeroy, Sen., of Kansas, 137
"Popular Sovereignty," 331, 337
Porter, Gen. Horace, 432
Portland, Oregon, 63
Potato, use of, in Ireland, 424
Prairie dog villages, 17
Princeton, Ill., 273
Pullman, George M., 386, 387

Quincy, Ill., 309

Radical Democracy Convention of 1864, 136
"Radicals of Missouri" in 1864, 135, 136, 138, 139, 141–143
Rafin, —, student of the Sagas, 198
Railway Mail Service, organization of, 367–412
Railway, the early Western, 15, 40, 41, 43, 66
"Rally round the Flag," 172
Ralston, William C., 48–55, 65, 86, 103
Red Buttes, 21
Redwoods, California, *see* Mariposa big trees.
Reed, Doctor, Danish court dentist, 153, 154
Renomination of President Lincoln, 133–144
Republican-Democratic party, 223
Republican National Convention, 1864, 134–142
Republican party, 59–61, 133–144, 211, 213, 273–275, 277, 281, 285–289, 293, 294, 297, 298, 306, 309, 316, 318, 323–328, 331–334, 337, 338

Rhenish wine at Castle Rosenborg, 156
Rhine, defence of, 342
Riverside, Ill., 369
Rochefoucauld, François, duc de la, quoted, 109
"Rock of Ages, The," 347
Root, George Frederick, 342–348
"Rosalie, the Prairie Flower," George F. Root, 344
Rosenborg, castle of, 156
Rosenern-Lehn, Baron, 148, 243
Royal Arches, Yosemite Valley, 90
— Library, Copenhagen, 187, 194
Rusk, Hon. Jeremiah M., 426
Russia, Empress Dowager of, 113, 115, 116, 153, 158, 165
Russia, late Czar of, 153; present Emperor of, 159

Sacramento, Cal., 35, 43
Sagas, Norse, 193, 195
St. Louis, Mo., 170, 400
Salt Lake City, Utah, 22–27, 34–36, 40
San Francisco, 35, 36, 43, 45, 48, 50, 51, 53–55, 63, 83, 86, 103, 259
Sangamon County, Ill., 298
San Joaquin Valley, 70
San José, California, 50–52
Santa Anna, General, 277
Santa Clara, Cal., 52
Scandinavians in United States, 244–246, 362, 363; in Civil War, 362
"Schedule of mail and express trains at junctions," the work of Capt. James E. White, 406, 407
Schley, Admiral Winfield Scott, 121–123, 353, 356, 357, 360
Schurz, Gen. Carl, 35, 43, 44
Scott, Dred, *see* Dred Scott case.
Scribes, Norse, 192, 193
Scripps, John L., 372, 373
Seattle, Wash., 63
Secretary of the Treasury in President Lincoln's Cabinet, 134, 136
Sentinel Dome, Yosemite Valley, 90
Sentinel Rock, Yosemite Valley, 90, 96
Sequoiæ, *see* Mariposa big trees.
Seward, William H., 39
Seymour, Horatio, 328
—, Ind., 287
Shaftsbury, Lord, quoted, 109
Sharp, William, 193
Sharp's rifles more effective th. Bibles, Beecher's statement, 29
Sherman, General William 169–178
—, Mrs. William T., 170, 173
—, Wyo., 18
"Sherman's March to the Sea 171, 172, 176–178
"Shining Shore, The," 343
Ships of the vikings, 198–200
Sierra Nevada Mountains, 40, 71, 94
Simmons, Hon. David, 65
Simplon pass, in the Alps, 41
"Skulkers" from Missouri, 310
Slavery and the South: words of Abraham Lincoln on slavery, 34, 107; South's effort to extend slave territory cause of Mexican War, 56, 57; South's loss of California for slave territory, 57, 58, 338; Republican party and slavery issue, 60; feeling over Fugitive Slave Law, 182; Henry Ward Beecher on

Slavery — *Continued.*
Kansas proslavery struggle, 231; John C. Breckenridge's defence of the South, 264–267; efforts in Senate toward peace, 268, 269; Lincoln's early attitude toward slavery, 274, 275; Owen Lovejoy on slavery and abolition, 276; Missouri's proslavery demonstration, 309, 310; Robert G. Ingersoll fixed blame for slavery, 312; feeling toward Judge Taney over Dred Scott case, 315–320; Ingersoll-Kellogg debate on Fugitive Slave Law, 331–338; songs of Civil War period, 344–348
Sleeping-cars, 386, 387
Sloat, Reed, case, 33
Smith, first white child born in North America, 197, 203
Snow, Hon. B. W., 427, 429, 431
Society of the Army of the Tennessee, 169
Soldier, Union, tribute to, by Robert G. Ingersoll, 311
Soldiers' National Cemetery at Gettysburg, 181
Songs of the Civil War, 170–172, 344–348
Springfield, Ill., 326–328
'Squatter Sovereignty," 276
Stage-coaches, 68
Stanford, Leland, 43
Stanislaus River, 70
Stanton, Edwin M., 173, 174
Stanton, Elizabeth Cady, 137
Stephens, Alexander H., 300
Stevens, Hon. Thaddeus, 137, 138
Stockholm, obsequies of John Ericsson at, 351–363
Stockton, Cal., 66, 70, 71
Stuart, James E., 383
Sumner, Charles, 320
"Sweat case," 394–397
Sweden honored remains of John Ericsson, 351–363

Tabernacle, Mormon, at Salt Lake City, 22, 23
Taney, Chief Justice Roger B., 315–320
Tarpeian Rock, Sen. Fessenden's reference to, 265–267
Taylor, General Zachary, 277, 279–281
Tea, use of, 424
Temple, Mormon, at Salt Lake City, 23
Temps, Le, Paris, 433
Tennessee, Society of the Army of the, 169
Terry, Judge David S., 51
Thomas, Hon. W. W., 353, 360, 361
Thompson, William B., 403
Thorwaldsen, Albert Bertel, 203
Three Brothers, Yosemite Valley, 90
Tigerskjold, poet laureate of Sweden, 360
Tilden, Samuel J., 293, 305
Times, London, 188
Toledo, Ohio, 399
Tomatoes, use of, 425
Toscanelli, Italian philosopher, 204, 205
"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," 172, 346
Transportation, free, 16
Trees, Mariposa big, *see* Mariposa big trees.
Tribune, Chicago, 137, 373
Tribune, New York, 137

Tripp, Col., of North Vernon, Ind., 287
True, Mr. and Mrs. David S., of Davenport, Iowa, 66–75, 77–103
Trumbull, Senator, of Ill., 38
Tuolumne River, 70
Typewriting machines, 301

"UNDERGROUND railway," station at Galesburg, 333
Union Pacific Railway, 397
Utah under Mormon rule, 22–36
Utah War, 28

"VACANT Chair, The," 346
Vail, Theodore N., 403
Valdemar, Prince, 113, 115, 158, 165
Van Buren, Martin, 219–225
Varioloid, incident of President Lincoln's attack of, 251–253
Vermont, native State of leading Mormons, 26, 31
Vernal Fall, Yosemite Valley, 91, 101
Victoria, Princess, 153
Vikings, 192, 194–202
Vineland, 196–198, 202, 203
Virgin's Tears Fall, Yosemite Valley, 91
Voorhees, Sen. D. W., 286, 287

WADE, Benjamin F., 315-320
Wales, Prince of, 159
—, Princess of, *see* Alexandria, Queen.
Walker, Corporal, 175
Washington, 47
Washington City, General Sherman and his army in, 169–176
—, George, 133, 223
"Watch on the Rhine, The," 342
Weed, Thurlow, 39
Weis, Henry, chef of American Corn Kitchen, 428, 430, 431
Wesley hymns, influence of, 347
Whig party, 220, 274, 275, 324, 331, 332, 337
White and Hatch's ranch, 81, 82
—, Miss Ellen (Mrs. David D. Colton), 51
—, James E., 383, 397, 402–409
Wiley, Dr. H. W., 435
Willard's Hotel, Washington, 174
Wilson, Col. Bluford, 241, 243, 244, 247
Wines in use at Danish court, 155, 156
Women, Mormon, field work performed by, 25
Woods, Californian, 72, 73
World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, 124, 125, 185, 190, 198

YATES, Henry, 15–18, 38, 45, 65 *et seq.*
—, Richard, War Governor of Illinois, 15–19, 21–23, 26, 27, 29–34, 37, 38, 43, 45, 55, 59–65, 67, 103
—, ex-Gov. Richard, 65
Yosemite Fall, Yosemite Valley, 91
Yosemite Valley, 64–66, 71, 88–103
Young, Brigham, 22, 24, 26–34

ZEVELY, Hon. A. N., 381

By CLARK E. CARR

THE ILLINI

A STORY OF THE PRAIRIES

IN this remarkable volume Colonel Carr presents in narrative form a reminiscent and historical account of his life in Illinois from 1850 to the Civil War, and of the many famous men and important events he has been connected with. Living in Illinois for over half a century, and during all that period identified more or less intimately with public affairs and public men, especially those of the Republican party, Colonel Carr's studies have been made and his material collected chiefly at first-hand, and his accounts have the veracity of an eye-witness. His character-sketches of the famous sons of Illinois are most illuminating, and must be taken as authoritative, even though some new interpretations are given of their character and motives. A thread of romance running through the work adds greatly to its charm—its skilfully constructed web forming the background of a vivid drama, of which the great state of Illinois is the stage on which the heroic figures of her greatest sons appear as leading characters. Lincoln, Grant, Douglas, Logan, Oglesby, Yates, Trumbull, Palmer, and a score of others, all figure in a work which is at once a romance, a drama, and the epic of a mighty State.

"Rich in experience, reflective by nature, with the excellent pride of that strongest of all men, the virtuous and successful provincial, the writer of 'The Illini' has been able to invest it with a fine and wholesome flavor, rich as good wine, nourishing as ripe nuts. And there are thousands of Colonel Carr's contemporaries who will appreciate to the full this fine flavor." —CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

Sixth Edition, 20 full-page portraits. $2.00 *net*

"THE ILLINI" can be bought at any bookstore. Should your bookseller not have it in stock, he will order it from the publishers

A. C. McCLURG & CO., Chicago

By CLARK E. CARR

THE ILLINI

A STORY OF THE PRAIRIES

IT would be hard to find any one better qualified to write the noble story of Illinois than Clark E. Carr—the intimate associate of Lincoln, Grant, Logan, and Douglas.

COLONEL CARR was born in Erie County, New York, in 1836, but in his youth his family moved to Illinois. He early identified himself with the anti-slavery movement, and has been active in the Republican party in every campaign since 1856, when he went on the stump for Fremont. In 1860 he had an important share in securing the election of Lincoln to the presidency. During the war he served as a colonel on the staff of Governor Richard Yates. In 1864 he was a delegate to the National Republican Convention; in 1884 a delegate-at-large from Illinois. In 1889 he was a member of the Conference of Consuls-General at Paris; from 1889 to 1893 he was United States Minister to Denmark. Few men in this country have had greater opportunities to observe the course of public affairs and the growth of the Middle West, and the interesting characters who played their parts in the critical period of our history.

By CLARK E. CARR

LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG

AN ADDRESS

COLONEL CARR was a member of the original Gettysburg Cemetery Commission—probably the only member now alive—and sat upon the same platform with Lincoln when he made the famous Gettysburg address. His account of the event, and analysis of both Lincoln's and Edward Everett's speeches, are most illuminating, and as the book presents only facts, it is without question the most important contribution to the subject that has appeared from any source.

"Colonel Carr has made a most interesting little book *which no one living is in a position to do as he has done it*, and it is beautifully printed, illustrated and bound."

— New York Mail.

"Colonel Carr has told this bit of history with a graphic simplicity and sincerity worthy of the subject. His book contains numerous full-page portraits and is handsomely printed. It makes a dainty and acceptable volume." *— Chicago Record-Herald.*

BEAUTIFULLY BOUND IN TAPESTRY CLOTH

THIRD EDITION, WITH PORTRAITS, $1.00 *net.*

A. C. McCLURG & CO., Chicago